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My new list of what I like and don't like so much in a woman.

My dislikes

1. A woman who talks about money all the time.

2. Who won't even answer the telephone without makeup.

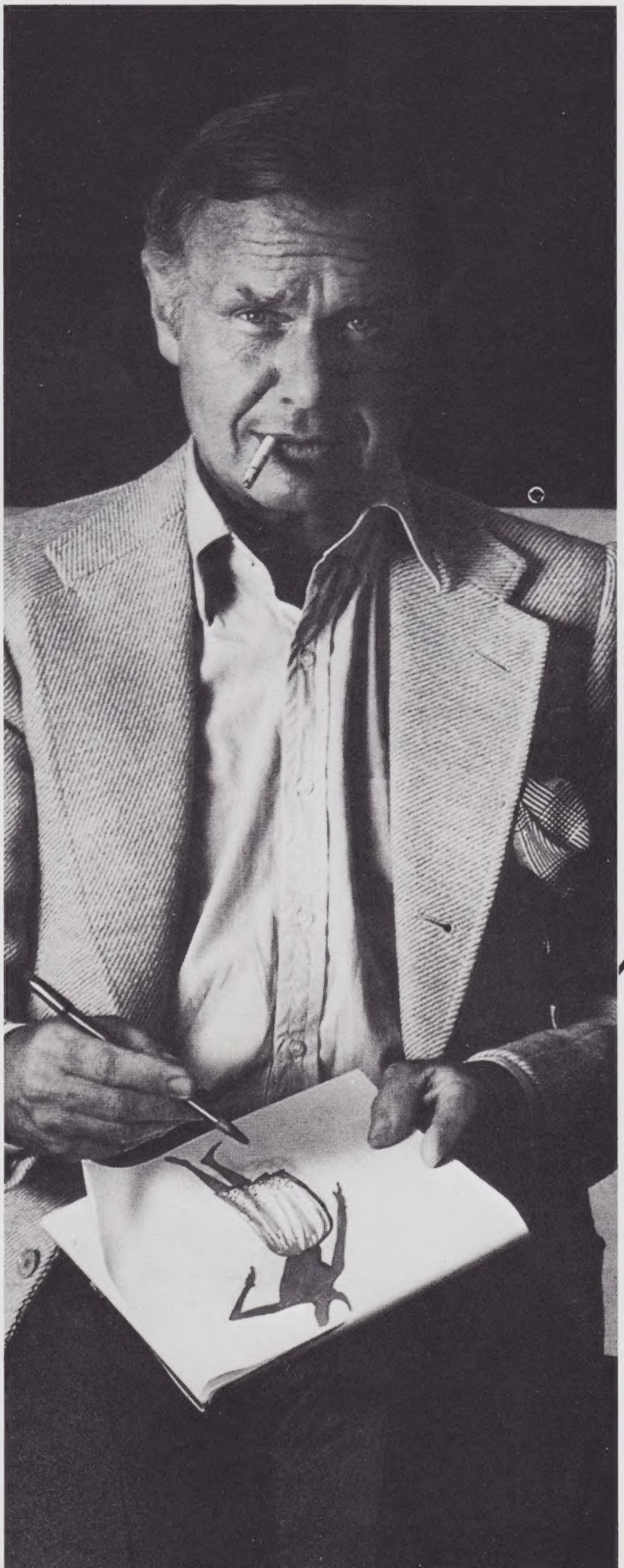
3. Who lies about her age.

4. Who expects help from self-help books.

5. Who's a sore loser.

6. A woman who talks about old lovers. In front of new lovers.

7. Who won't spend her last few bucks on perfume.



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My likes

1. A woman who still likes older men.

2. A woman in a little red dress.

3. Who lives on something besides salads.

4. Who can whistle for a cab.

5. Who wears perfume when nobody's around.

6. A woman who refuses to have her prominent nose fixed.

7. Who will spend her last few bucks on perfume. Mine, I hope.

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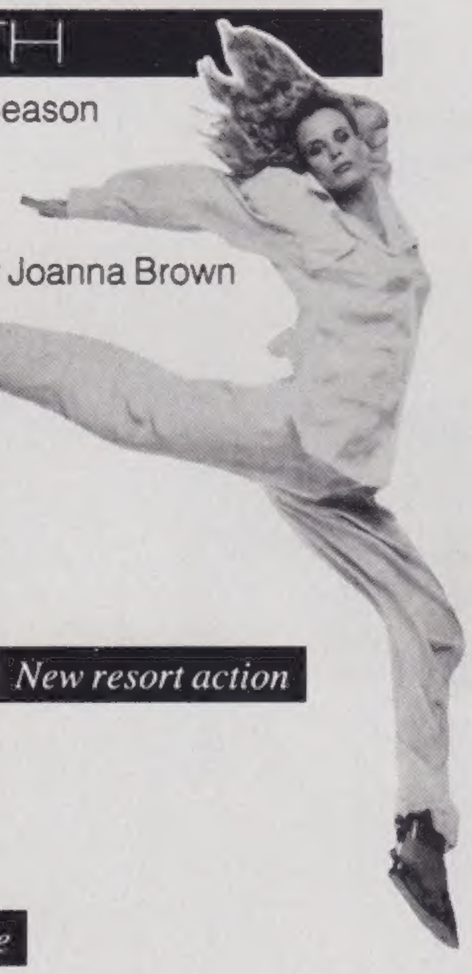
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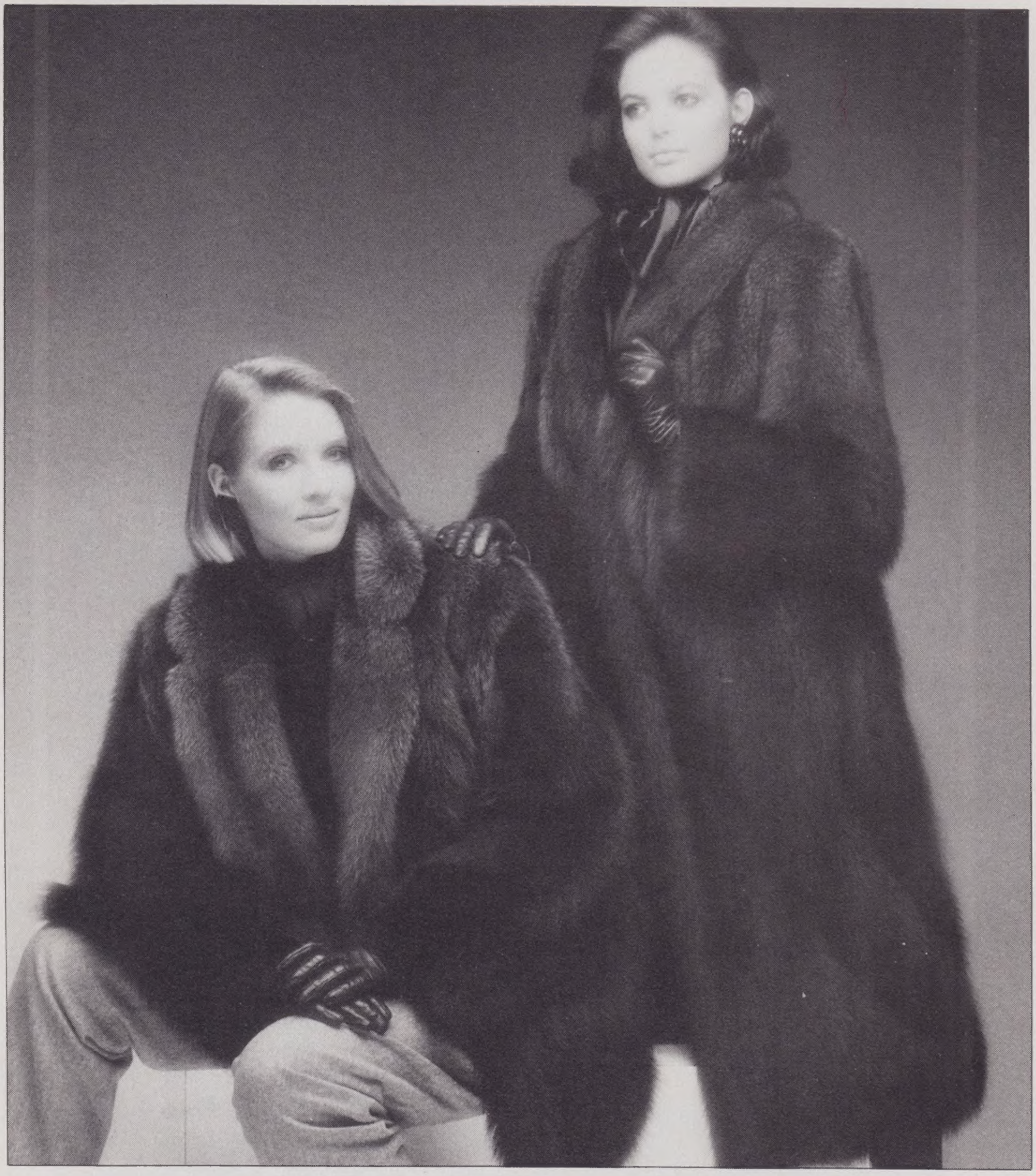

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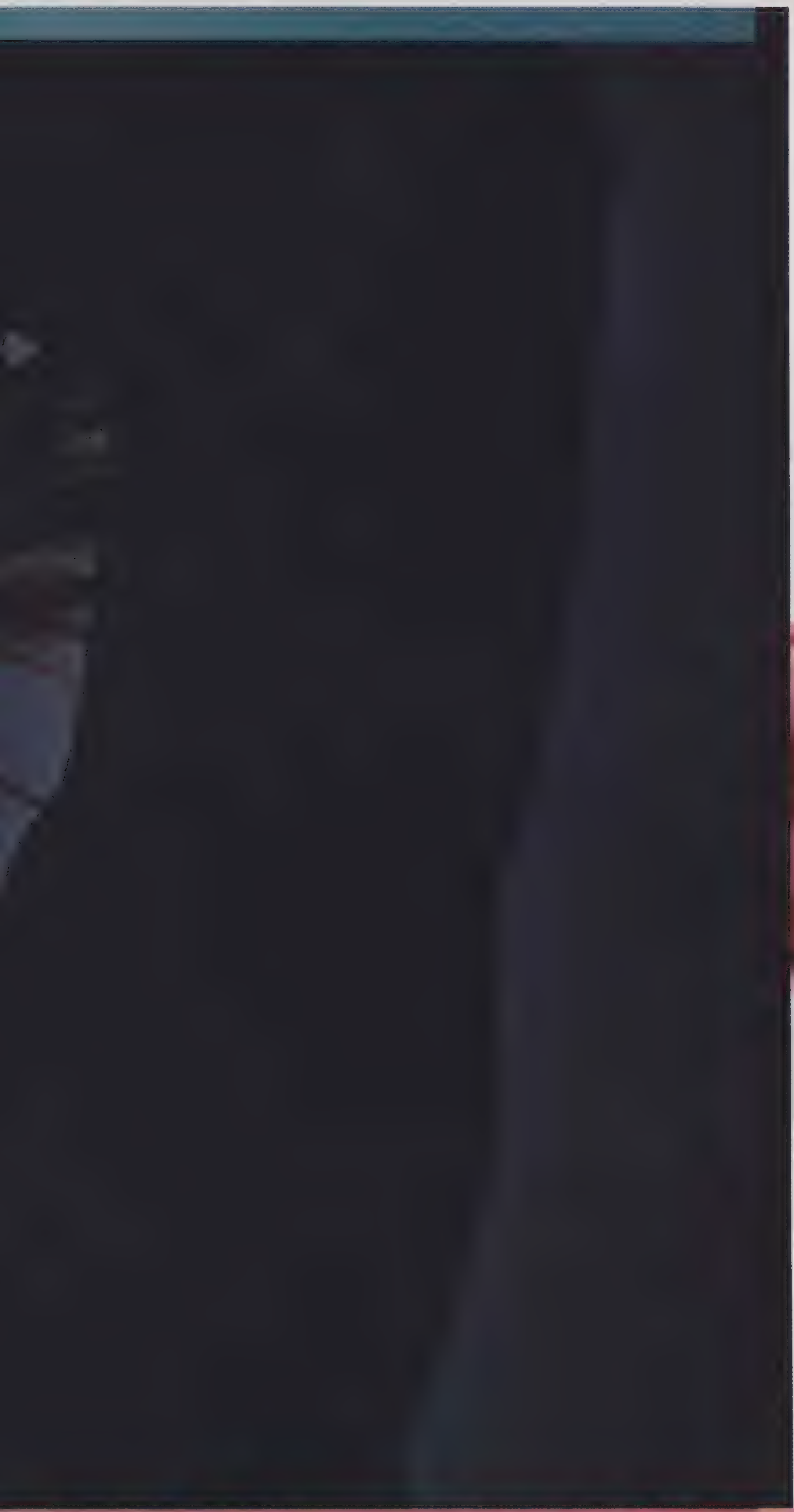

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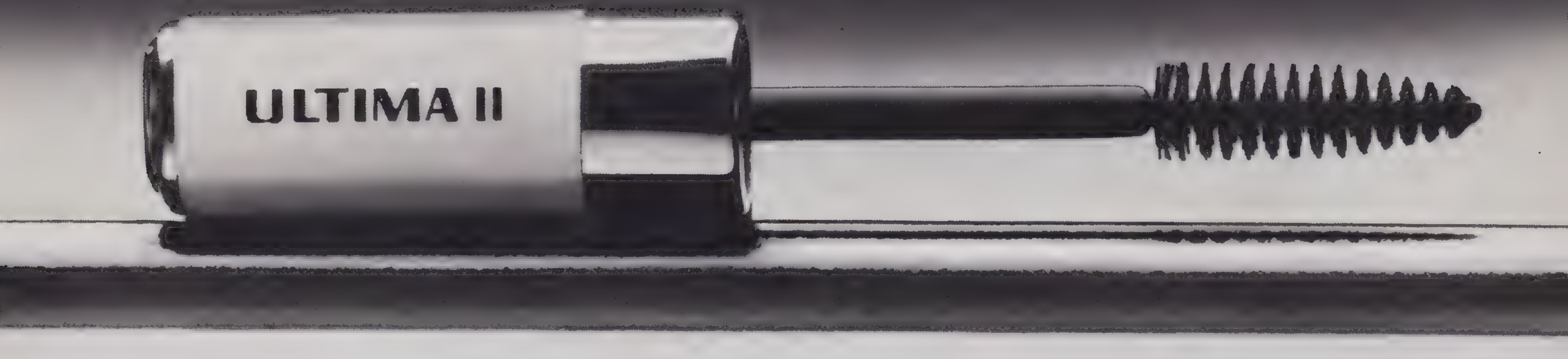

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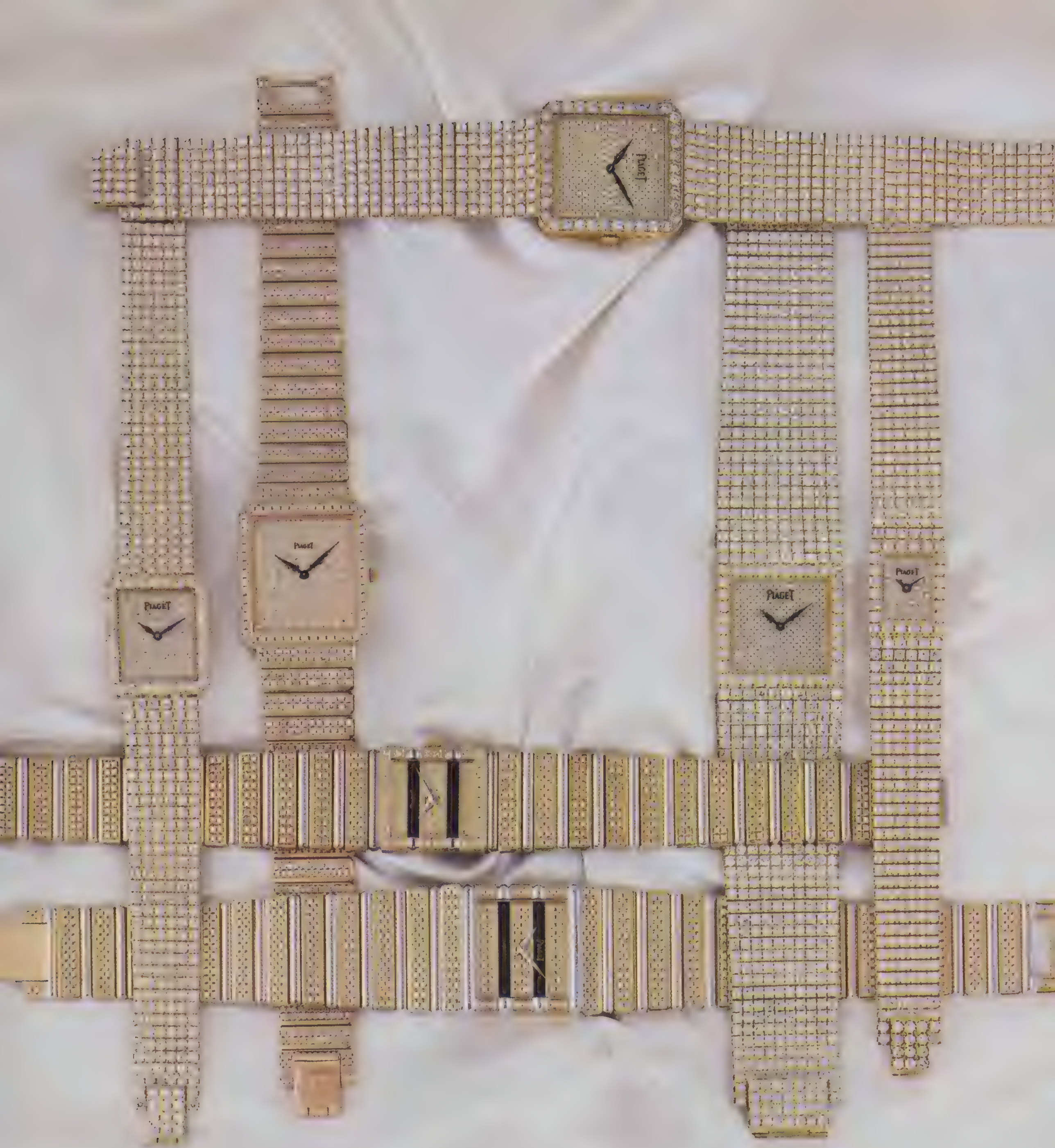

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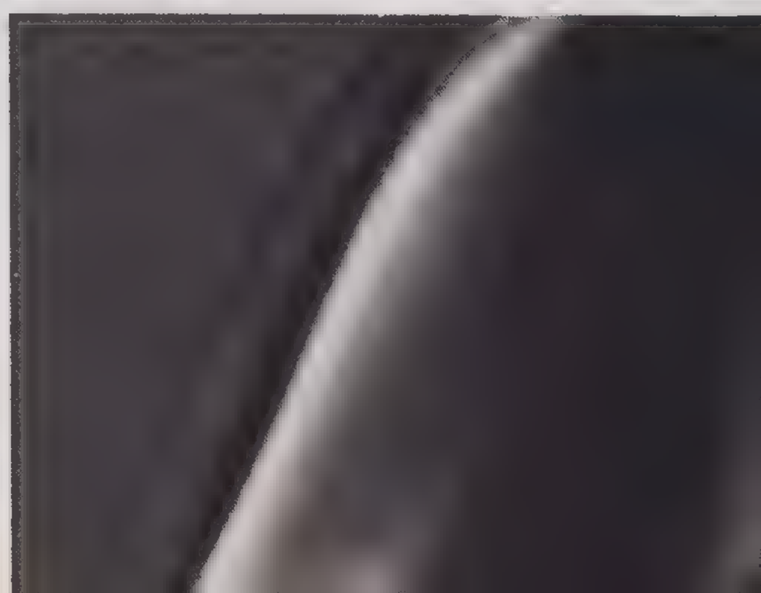

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Estée Lauder introduces her new

SWISS HAIR CARE

Now. Glorious hair. Hair that shines and swings. Healthy-healthy-looking hair.

Estée Lauder's new Swiss Hair Care starts with two new dynamic shampoos your hair can thrive on and goes on from there with super-achievers in conditioning and control.

Blended in the U.S.A., these formulas include scientifically advanced ingredients and special Swiss extracts. And each product is so concentrated, a small amount accomplishes a great deal.

The new shampoos have restorative powers for all kinds of hair. The new conditioners help mend split ends and breakage without heavily coating your hair or making it limp. The new controllers help take charge of even the most frustrating problems such as the flyaways and shape loss.

Today your hair needs the most sophisticated help it can get. And this is it.

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Condition:	Swiss Instant Conditioner Swiss Intensive Conditioner
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Canada Majestic white and pearl mink jacket

CANADA Majestic MINK

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SAGA
FOX
FROM SCANDINAVIA

Saga red fox stroller

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LONDON LABEL

London Label ivory dyed mink and fox jerkin

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On wet hair.
On dry hair.
Or just in spots you
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It's real easy. Look:

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EMPHASIZE BODY.

Towel dry. Apply.
Blow dry hair
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or totally dry hair.
Blow dry your own
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around face.
Finger or blow dry.

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Mousse towel dried
or dry hair. Especially
where you want to work
in waves. Lightly
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Apply Free Hold.
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EMPHASIZE YOU.
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Once you try it,
it's goodbye stiff
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Forever.
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hair-do
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mousse-do.

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a special season

Makeup: the pleasures of loose powders…richer fragrances with a new scale of luxury

COVER LOOK

Clearly, the attitude toward makeup and hair for evening has never been freer. Where once evening meant makeup and hairstyles that followed a formula —and bore little resemblance to the way a woman looked during the day—now, that beauty "edict" has been replaced by ease and real options. One, at left and on our cover, on model Alexa Singer: the disarming—and very charming—contrast of played-down makeup and hair against the ornamentation of a beaded beret. The makeup from Christian Dior: Golden Ochre, Brown, and Grey on eyes; Petalé Powder Blush on cheeks; Naturel gloss on lips topped with Syrup on lower lip. Christian Dior Couture tunic, beret. Makeup by Tyen for Christian Dior; hair by Suga of Suga Salon, NYC. Photograph by Avedon.

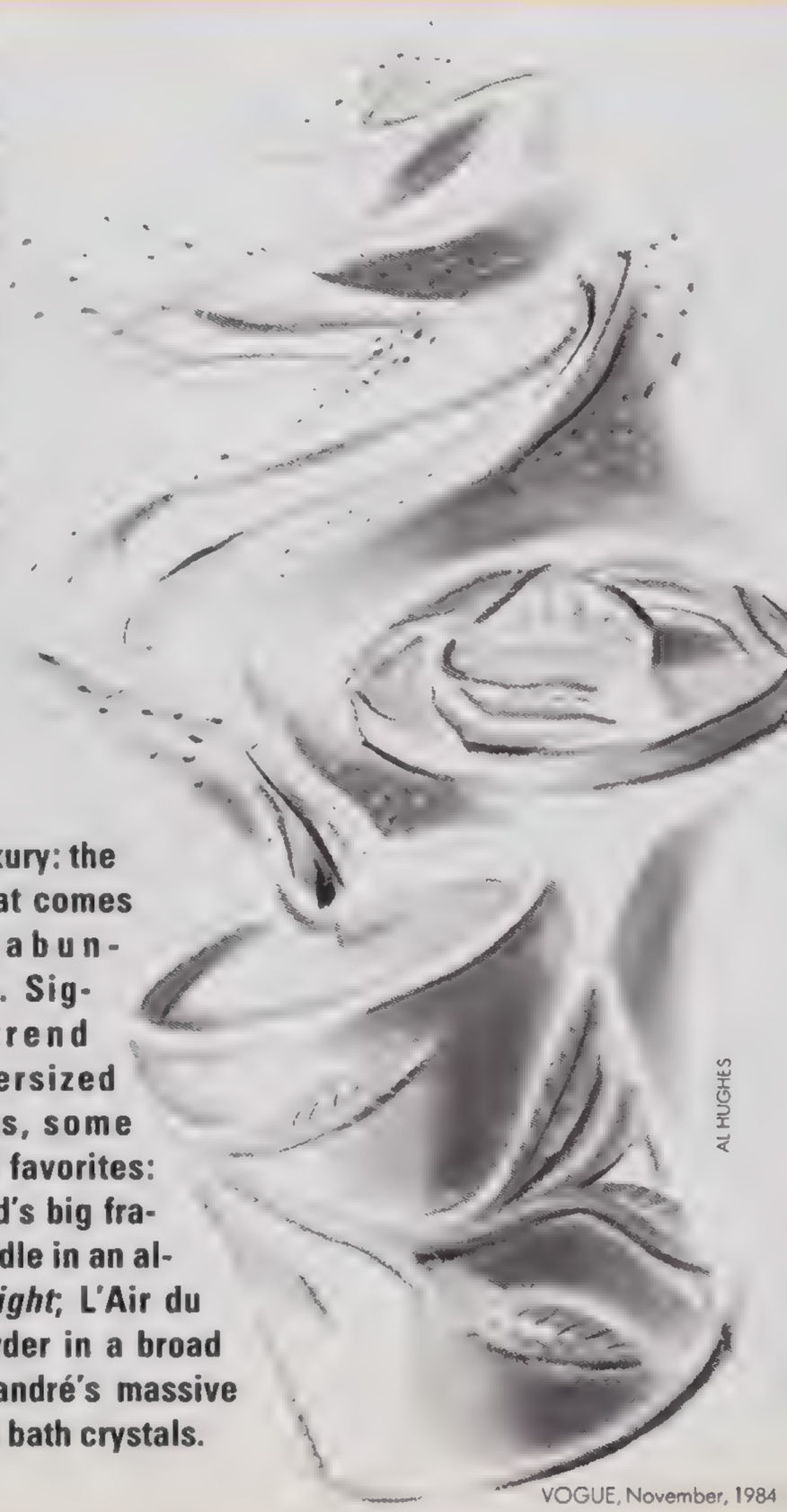
powder: the finishing effect

There's a whole new approach to loose powders—and a broader range to their results. Part of the pleasure is powder's luxurious feel on the skin, its ease of application. And, also appealing, its smooth, matte, very sophisticated finishing effect.

The newest loose powders are slightly shimmered or colored in pale pastels. Used with restraint, iridescent powders on cheekbones, eyes, even on top of a blotted glossy lipstick give a glinted highlight to skin. With a low-cut dress, powders flecked with pink or bronze (e.g., Prescriptives Special Effects Powders) are particularly striking when brushed on shoulders, collarbone. Violets, peaches, butterfly pastel powders, such as Chanel Luxury Powder, will create a satiny sheen on face, even on eyelids.

The match-your-powder-to-your-skin-tone rule remains a good one, but it can be broken for special effects. Example: Lighter-than-skin-tone powder can be used instead of foundation to "pale" skin, an orange-hued one for an allover healthy glow.

Translucent powders can "set" makeup or "take down" a strong blusher or eyeshadow. Because powders draw attention to wrinkles, however, it's best not to use them directly under eyes. To prime skin for powders, start with a more emollient moisturizer—such as Clarins Multi-Regenerate "Special" Cream for very dry skin or Stendhal's Bio-Concentre cream—and a richer foundation.



AL HUGHES

SCENT DIRECTIONS

In the past few years, French designers have been relatively quiet when it came to fragrance, while American input flourished—especially with lighter scents. Now, a surge from the classic French houses breaks the silence and indicates a return to opulent, rich, more evocative scents. Evidence: the recent creations of Coco by Chanel, a "baroque/classical" complex of flowers, spices, woods; the elegant floral and animal mosaic of Ysatis by Hubert de Givenchy; the floral/natural Parfum d'Hermès. These fragrances, available in Europe, will be coming to the U.S. by late '85. . . .Also French born: Sinan by Jean-Marc Sinan, a romantic blend of exotic flowers, woods, is available in the U.S..... Something different: For men, the appeal has gone even further towards sporty, fresh fragrances. Filling that need in name and scent, spirited new Fair Play by Italian designer Nino Cerruti.

Fragrance luxury: the pleasure that comes from abundance. Signaling a trend toward oversized scent forms, some grand-scale favorites: Ashley David's big fragranced candle in an alabaster cylinder, *right*; L'Air du Temps dusting powder in a broad Lalique bowl; Benandré's massive jar of clean-scented bath crystals.

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Stylocils. A mascara of precision for new natural lash beauty.

LANCÔME
PARIS

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Saks Fifth Avenue

Bill Blass

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Photography by Gideon Lewin

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FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

Your Letters

Chic thrills
And here I thought my new fascination with fashion was the result of spending time listening to my teenaged daughter's enthusiasm for clothes. Not so!

After reading Joan Juliet Buck's wonderful article, "Making Peace With Chic," I understood exactly what's going on with me. My delight in revamping my wardrobe and feeling good about looking chic is higher than ever.

Thanks for a marvelous piece of writing.

Barbara J. Hinrichs
Boulder CO

Thank you Ms. Buck for coming out of your clothes closet to talk to women about the closets in our minds in your August article "Making Peace With Chic." I went through similar phases of cloaking my femininity and frivolity behind serious frumpy garb from baggy dresses and flat shoes, to unflattering shades of brown (reflecting a strange allegiance to the refugee look), to appear "credible."

When I left my job to finish college full-time, I found a new freedom of cerebral expression and freedom too in dressing on campus when I inadvertently introduced knickers and French berets. I not only nailed down a respectable degree, but a wonderful man who interestingly admits to this day, "It was the way you *carried* yourself. . . ."

The confidence that was nurtured from within finally spilled over into the boutiques and I got the nerve to experiment with fashion. If women have already arrived, why should we knock ourselves out with conservative put-ons when we're secure enough to dress with a flair.

The article was a long-awaited epiphany that finally buries the fears of being feminine underneath a pile of unsalvageable Army threads where they belong.

Nancy Adams
Clifton NJ

Fond memories
I thought your "Do I Know You?" piece in the August Vogue one of the funniest, anxiety-relieving articles I've ever seen, and was moved to send Xeroxes to my brother, ex-husband and assorted friends who share with me the affliction you have so brilliantly described. Thank you.

Jane R. Gelfman
NY NY

Focus on film
I have never written a fan letter in all my forty-one years of life but I could not resist writing to you after reading [Molly Haskell's] film critiques in the [June] issue of Vogue. I was so impressed with [her] style and humor, and her sarcasm was absolutely wonderful. Perhaps I reacted so strongly because I cannot stand Jeremy Irons and [she] really let him have it. I would prefer to think I am above that kind of thing, but the review of *Swann in Love* was fantastic and all my friends have enjoyed it too. . . . I believe that women reviewers and interviewers should have strong opinions and let them out as male reviewers have no problem doing. . . .

Linda Holman
University of Washington
School of Medicine
Seattle WA

Price of fashion?
Your menswear article in the August edition, while describing an important trend, fails to report that women are being had. I am an employee of a major corporation where women wear a business suit daily. Having recently joined the company, I had to embark upon a crash course in shopping for natural shoulder clothing, covering major haberdashery shops, department stores, and pipe-rack operations. While I am now a proponent of single-needle tailoring and hand-rolled lapels, I cannot comprehend the price disparity between men's and women's suits and accessories.

Suits in the same fabric are consistently higher for women's wear than for men's garments in stores selling both. The same situation prevails among shirts and accessories. I look at the craftmanship that comprises a man's tie, which is much more involved than for a simple rectangular silk tie, and am irritated to no end to see that the woman's tie is only slightly lower and sometimes the same price as a man's. In a major Fifth Avenue department store, there are current displays of women's narrow ties for the fall, and the wool Rooster, which is narrower and shorter, is the same price as the men's version.

Women have been the targets of advertising for a long time, to get us to buy styles that are often short-lived, requiring a constant replenishment of one's wardrobe. Now that some of us are copying men's ways of dressing, I find the differential price points that are unrelated to craftsmanship or materials a holdover of our gullibility in the marketplace. I don't know how to eliminate this, but now that I've scouted all major shops, I will patronize only those whose pricing policies don't take me to the cleaners. . . .

Roslyn Sholin
NY NY

"Real" women on TV
Cathleen Schine's review of the television series *Cagney & Lacey* [August, 1984] really angered me! Her description of two "real" women, who develop a warm, loving relationship with each other, confronting issues and realities over which most women are fearful and outraged (pornography, rape, crimes against the elderly, exploitation of children), had a tongue-in-cheek ruthlessness and flippant insensitivity. What a snob!

What woman portrayed on TV has Ms. Schine come across so far who is honest and courageous enough to say what she feels; to be affected so deeply by the degradation and humiliation of women, which is the essence of pornography? How many television portrayals of women has she seen, so far, that have illustrated the ways in which pornography affects women—in the center of their beings—in the way they view themselves, their sexuality, and their men? I know for certain that I have felt Mary Beth Lacey's feelings and cringed at the thought of "making love" after seeing porno stars in the brutal, mutually deadening act of "screwing." In the context of all the "T and A" that comprises the television industry's packaging of women, how can Ms. Schine criticize a show that comes so close to being a realistic representation of what women are and hope to become?

Melissa Lerner
Williston Park NY

Getting it right
I read with interest Ellen Switzer's article on reproductive medicine in the August issue of Vogue. In it, however, is a statement which I find hard to believe. You quote a Dr. Shangold as stating that "an adult woman needs 1000 grams of calcium per day, and a menopausal one at least 1500. . . . This would mean that a menopausal woman would have to eat over 3 lbs of calcium per day which would be not only "a lot of calcium to get out of your daily diet" but indeed an impossibility.

To me a more likely figure would be 1500 milligrams per day which is quite a difference. . . .

Gabriele M. Zu Rhein, M.D.
Professor of Pathology
University of Wisconsin, Madison

Editor's reply: *A typographical error converted the mg's into g's; we apologize to Shangold, Switzer, and our readers.*

We would like to correct an error in Barbara Rose's essay in "Talking About. . . Art" (August 1984).

Although at present installed in the Freer Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., James McNeill Whistler's "Peacock Room" was originally commissioned by Frederick Richard Leyland for his house at 49 Princes Gate, London, and not by Charles Lang Freer. . . .

John J. Taormina
Mark A. McMillan
The George Washington University
Washington DC

Editor's reply: *Barbara Rose is blameless in this slip-up, in which the editing process changed a "collector" into the "commissioner" of the work in question. She knows the facts, and we thank you for reminding us.*

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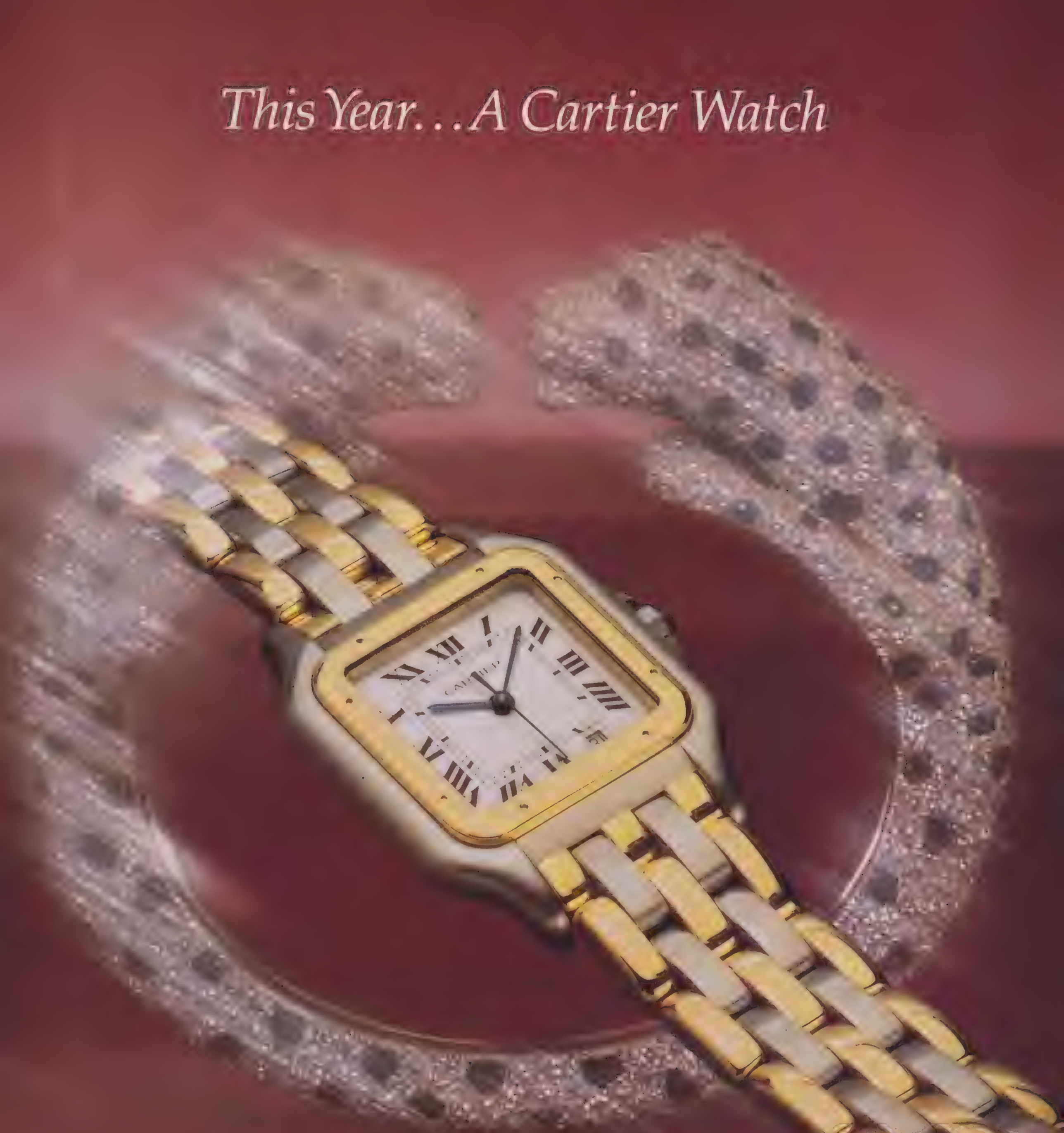

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A perfect blouse...a pajama pant. Both of the softest silk crepe washed in the most alluring shade of aquamarine. Together they become the kind of ensemble that enhances during resort, and beckons for warmer weather to come.
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REVILLON: FROM A BOLD LEGEND THE THRILL OF BEAUTY

Paris March 20, 1916

Dear Jean,

Congratulations on your promotion! We are very pleased to have you leading our New York office. As you know, the war has stopped us here in Paris almost completely, so you must be aware of the responsibility you now hold!

With this in mind, we are sending you Jacques Raphael, our best furrier. His father and grandfather were with Revillon, so he'll be able to pass along three generations of skills to your American tradesmen. Jacques' talent for cutting and finishing is second only to his love of teaching others what his father and grandfather taught him. Tell your staff to get ready to receive this great master!

With Jacques' influence plus our top-quality pelts from Canada and Alaska, we'll need to increase our distribution! Perhaps we should establish salons in one of the more exclusive American department stores. This approach has been successful here in France, allowing more and more women the chance to see our furs. Please begin investigating the better stores in New York and keep me informed of your progress.

Warmest regards,
Victor

Translated from the letters of Victor Revillon II (1958)

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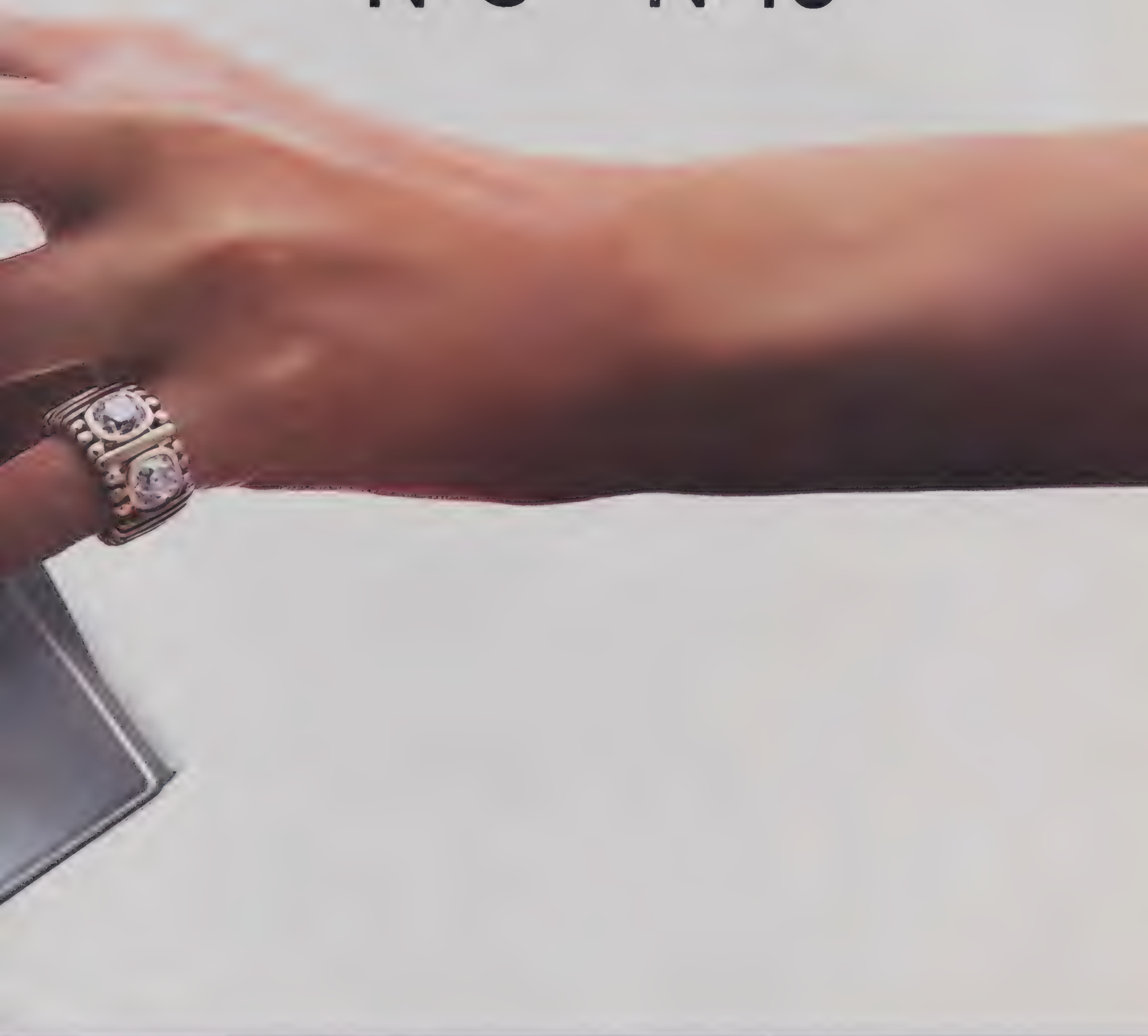

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Unlike soaps that leave a filmy residue that can clog your pores, irritate your skin, interfere with your makeup...

Unlike cleansing creams and lotions that make your face feel as if something's been left on your skin...

Unlike all of them, Neutrogena is naturally pure and clear. It is the only cleansing bar of its kind. It liquifies instantly and washes off thoroughly. It gives you cleaner skin for clearer, healthier-looking, more beautiful skin.

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RECOMMENDED CLEANSING BAR IN THE WORLD.

Neutrogena contains nothing that can harm your skin. Only ingredients to help your skin. There are no detergents. No dyes. No hardening agents. No abrasives. No harsh acids or free alkalis. It's hypo-allergenic and clinically tested, so even sensitive skin can feel safe with Neutrogena. Your skin is left clean and cared for. Not stripped and feeling dry and tight, not robbed of needed moisture and oils.

If you care, really care about your skin—how it looks, how it feels—this is the one cleansing bar that makes sense to use.

Neutrogena. The difference is clear, your skin is clear.

NEUTROGENA

SKIN-SMOOTHING.

WALK OUT OF THE SHOWER WITH UP TO 28% SMOOTHER SKIN.

Smoother skin all over your body isn't a claim, not a hope, but a Neutrogena® fact.

Tests have proven that women with normal skin actually had 12-28% smoother skin after using Neutrogena Rainbath® Shower and Bath Gel.

Rainbath is truly a product with a purpose, hard to compare to all of the frilly bath and shower indulgences sold today.

Rainbath functions. Performs. If you have dry or rough skin, you can expect smoother, softer skin every time you use it.
Rainbath also does two functions at once. When used in a shower or bath, Rainbath not only brings your skin to a much higher degree of smoothness, softness, silkiness, but cleans your skin with the famed Neutrogena effectiveness and mildness.

Unlike soaps you may have used, Rainbath isn't drying or skinstripping, leaving virtually no filmy, soapy residue to clog your pores or cause skin irritation.

Neutrogena Rainbath. It's not a bath or shower luxury. It's a skin necessity, if smoother, cleaner, more beautiful skin is what you want to see and feel.

And who doesn't.

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SKIN-SAVING.

PROVEN MOISTURIZING RESULTS WITH NEUTROGENA® PURITY.

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Neutrogena's non-greasy formula is free of what many other moisturizers are made of. There is no irritating fragrance, coloring, or mineral oil. It is hypo-allergenic, non-irritating and non-acnegenic.

And Neutrogena Moisture is superbly effective. It has been clinically proven to hold more moisture in your skin longer. Skin becomes more supple. Dry lines are minimized. And, it has an age retardant that protects your skin from premature wrinkling due to the sun's damaging ultraviolet rays.

You'll have skin that is softer, younger looking, more beautiful.

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And because Neutrogena Body Oil thoroughly mixes with water, your skin is replenished with moisture.

Just smooth on a few drops after you shower or bathe, before you pat yourself dry, and your skin looks and feels lustrous, healthy, silky. Caressable, yet immediately dressable—supple without a filmy, oily after-feel.

Neutrogena Natural Sesame Body Oil. The moisturizing effectiveness of a body oil combined with the lightness of a lotion. In short, it's the best of both. And isn't that better?

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Choose your favorites from an array of colors that dare to wear and wear.

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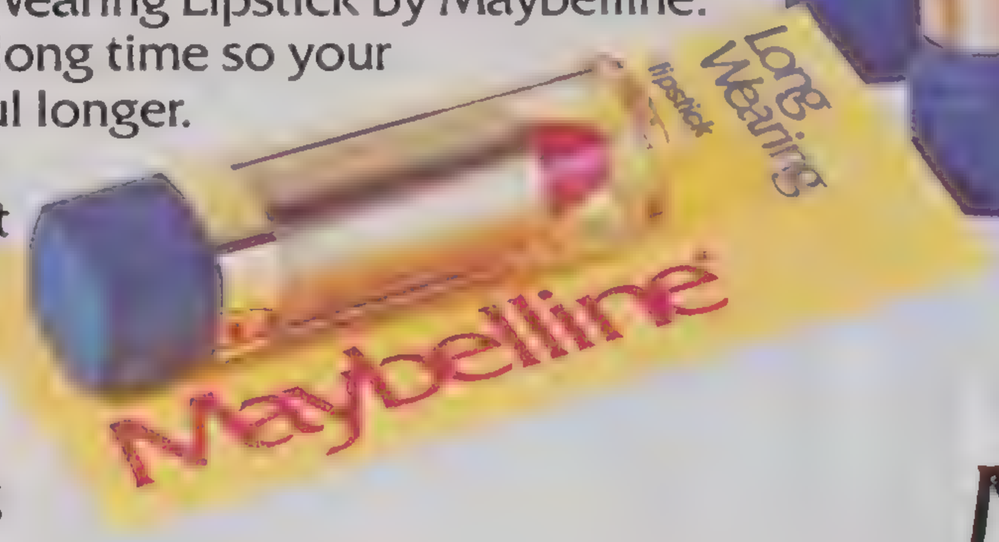

Long Wearing Lipstick

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Velvet and lace have strayed from demure. Powered by sheer glamour this black dress fires imaginations. The crushed velvet bodice flatters, finishes in a flourish of rose-patterned lace that sweeps toward the ankle. Time to shine! In Expressions at Bamberger's in the Garden State Plaza, Paramus, N.J.

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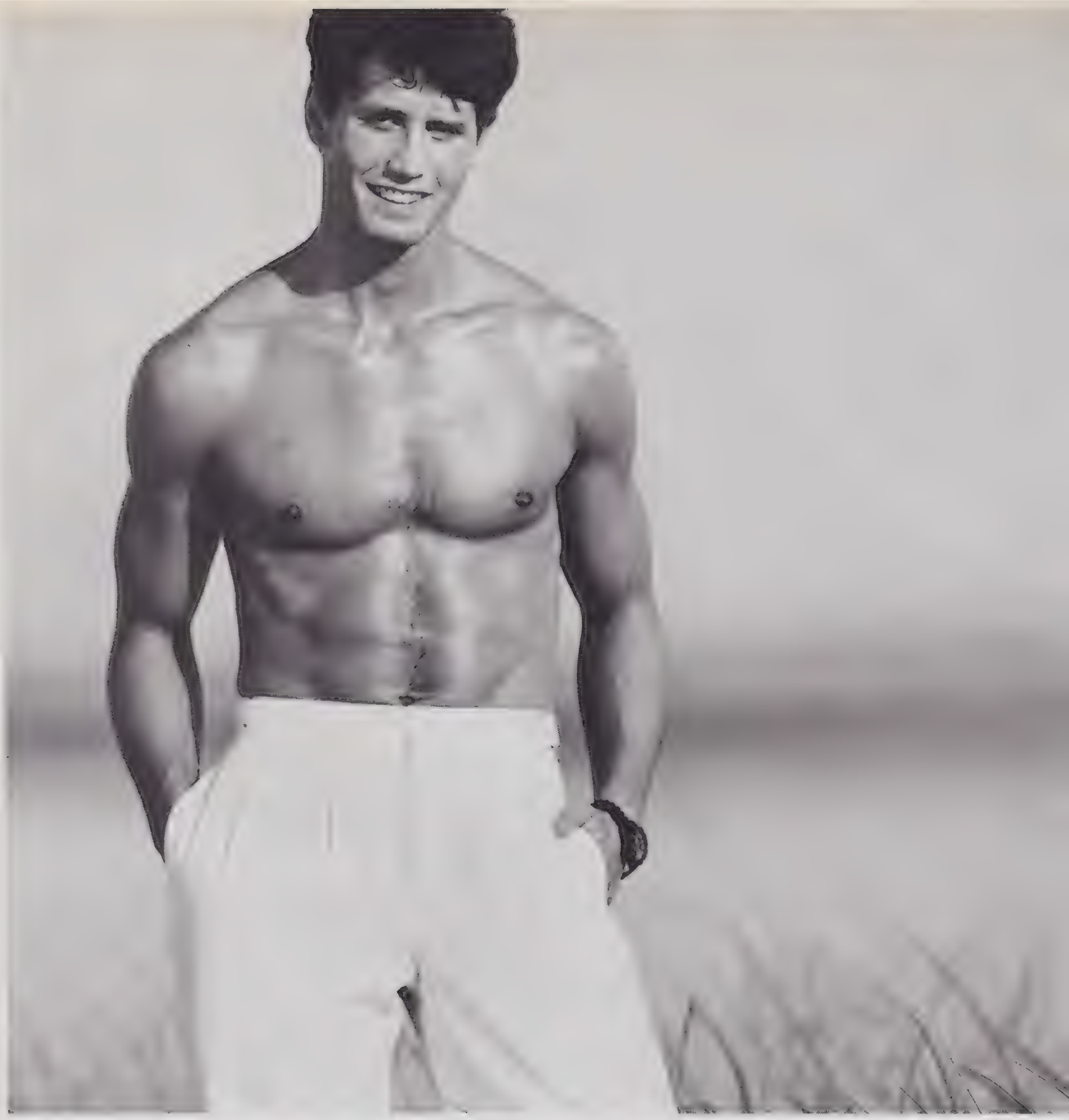

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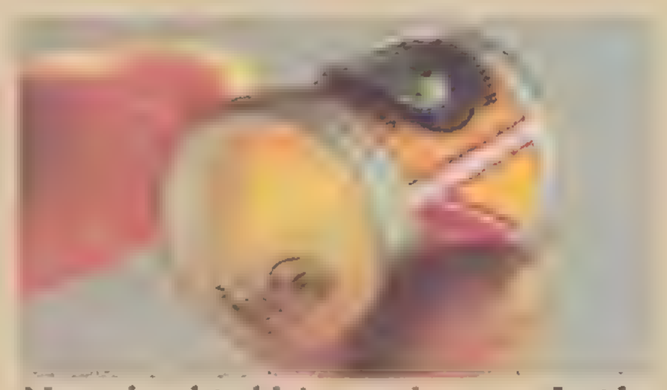

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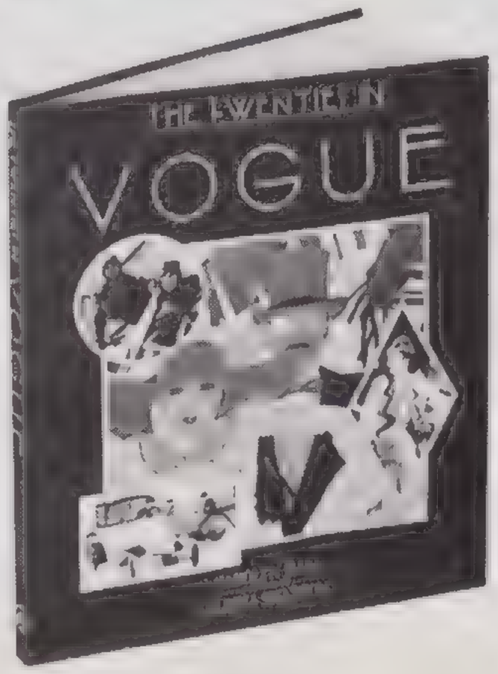

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

Just be yourself, Di: Keaton, with Bill Nighy, in "Drummer Girl"

CAN MOVIE STARS ACT?

BILL MURRAY AND DIANE KEATON SURE DO TRY

Plausibility-busters: Murray fox-trots Theresa Russell in "Razor's Edge"

British actors can wrap themselves in the past, go back to Coward, Waugh, Trollope, Shakespeare, Shaw, Marlowe without so much as a strain of the eye muscle; but plunk American actors into any era more remote than the 'fifties, and they look like little kids in mommies' and daddies' clothes. Is it our eternal innocence as a nation, our refusal to grow up that makes our actors look out to sea in period? Or is it insufficient training in the classics on their part, combined with rampant individualism encouraged by a society that values stars and personalities more than craftsmen?

These thoughts, prompted by seeing Diane Keaton in *The Little Drummer Girl* and Bill Murray in *The Razor's Edge,* lead to my next question: Wouldn't they be better advised to give up and go back to doing what they do best, i.e., being themselves?

Early on in *The Little Drummer Girl,* George Roy Hill's morbidly faithful adaptation of the John le Carré novel about Arab and Israeli terrorism, Diane Keaton appears as the actress heroine doing a scene from *Saint Joan*. When she marches downstage in a small British repertory house and declaims Shaw's passionate final speech, you half expect Woody Allen to reach out with a vaudeville hook and yank her offstage. If only....

Bill Murray is hardly more plausible as the truth-questing hero of *The Razor's Edge,* an unintentionally funny adaptation of W. Somerset Maugham's novel about life, love, death, truth, and hanky-panky after World War I.

Keaton and Murray both have strong, quirky, essentially "now" personalities that have dictated the shape of their roles, and these roles, in *(Continued on page 108)*

Fest's Best: Sam Shepard and Jessica Lange, the heart of "Country"

MOVIES . . . MOVIES . . .

FILMS THAT DARE

Every year, the New York Film Festival unleashes on the world the sort of provocative, adventurous, offbeat pictures that never enter the realm of Hollywood bottom-line imaginings. Herewith, a list of the films I would pick as this year's highlights. Confidentially, I *did* pick them, or at least, as a part of the disputatious five-member selection committee, I bear some responsibility for their appearance on the program.

COUNTRY This controversial opening night film was not one of my personal enthusiasms. Sexy couple (Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard), strong woman, a theme with substance—how could it miss? And it doesn't in any obvious way. This earnest movie about the financial plight of Midwestern farmers just sits there, too conscious of being honorable to be fun.

Lange and Shepard play an Iowan farm couple in a latter-day Depression story that captures with documentary authenticity the shy, hesitant manners and primal strength of the people outside the urban mainstream. Yet so great is the empathy that Lange, her director Richard Pearce, and screenwriter William D. Wittliff feel for the farmers, that a sense of defeatism casts a pall over the proceedings. The hopelessness represented by those chillingly bare Midwestern landscapes seems to have robbed the characters of the power of speech, the story of dramatic energy. Interesting tensions, like that between Lange's strong wife and Shepard's emasculated husband, remain undeveloped, as if any confrontation would be so much Hollywood hokum.

With pink hair curlers and no make-up, Lange is amazing—convincingly homely and beautiful at the same time. But in avoiding any taint of star glamour, she and Shepard have drained all the sex appeal out of themselves to the point where drabness becomes an affectation.

MAN OF FLOWERS Paul Cox, Australia's most interesting new *auteur,* makes movies about grey people who suddenly explode into color. This is the elegantly kinky tale of a repressed middle-aged momma's boy (the incomparable Norman Kaye, known to American audiences from Cox's *Lonely Hearts*) and the erotic adventures which a sudden inheritance permits him to enjoy. Weird, moving, funny, and *(Continued on page 108)*

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

(Murray/Keaton continued) turn, have stuck to them like adhesive.

If Diane Keaton had been any less memorably funny as the Kierkegaard-spouting culture vulture in *Manhattan*, perhaps we could take her more seriously as a tragedienne that Britain would waive Equity rules to hire. Her implausibility is compounded by the fact that Le Carré's "Charlie" was one of the most unmotivated characters ever to carry the plot of a respected bestseller. During an all-night "persuasion" session—fudged over in both book and movie—this actress with Arab sympathies (inspired by Vanessa Redgrave?) becomes an Israeli spy. Is she meant to be a "cause-y" dilettante? a fanatic in search of religion? a girl with a "thing" for swarthy terrorists?

From the horrifying, casual malignancy of the opening scene—the bombing of a household in broad daylight—to the final nocturnal bloodbath, Hill effectively sustains a mood of creeping danger and uncertainty. But some of the uncertainty comes from the blurring of ideological differences that has always been Le Carré's literary trademark and which the ambiguity of the Keaton character does nothing to resolve. We're never quite sure whom we're rooting for, and perhaps that's the point: at night, all terrorists are black. This is indeed a black movie, except for those odd flashes of color as Diane Keaton flits across the screen.

Bill Murray is one of the most effortlessly funny performers around, and not without sex appeal. He has the surliest way with a throwaway line since Mae West, or Bob Hope. And that's what he and writer-director John Byrum of *The Razor's Edge* should have done with some of his lines in this gaseous cartoon saga for the Hesse/Castaneda crowd.

The fact is that Americans who have never lived through a war can no longer play Americans who have. Murray's discovery of male camaraderie in the trenches is so maudlin you keep waiting for Dan Aykroyd and Eddie Murphy to pop out of a foxhole and roll their eyes. No less laughable are his efforts, with costars James Keach, Catherine Hicks, and Theresa Russell, to look elegant in 'twenties drawing rooms and couture. The women, particularly, look out of joint, figurines with exquisite dresses and hairstyles who can't move. Their gestures are awkward, their speech patterns anachronistic.

The Razor's Edge comes to life only when Bill Murray steps completely out of character with some outrageous Murrayism. We crack up—and so does the pasteboard edifice of this pseudo-historical soap opera. —MOLLY HASKELL

MOVIES... MOVIES... MOVIES...

(Film Fest continued) unexpectedly lyrical, this is a gem of narrative poetry from a director worth attending to.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS A wrenching, powerfully dramatized study of class conflict in 1960s Spain, this is one of the few five-hanky festival films you are likely to see. Mario Camus breathes new life into leftist stereotypes of villainous landlords, virtuous peasants, and hunting as a metaphor for class oppression. Heading an extraordinarily vivid cast of characters on both sides of the class divide is Francisco Rabal's portrait of a grizzled, addlepated old man with unfortunate toilet habits and a Franciscan rapport with birds.

STRANGER THAN PARADISE This daffily original, picaresque movie was written and directed by Jim Jarmusch and filmed in a black and white as expressively deadpan as the faces of the two leads. John Lurie, the composer of the film's score, plays a two-bit hustler, and Eszter Balint is the slyly ingenuous Hungarian cousin who lands on his doorstep uninvited and stays to show him a thing or two. In a series of darkly comic scenes Jarmusch takes them, and us, on a funny-fabulous trip through America's junk-tourist underside.

FLASH OF GREEN Though flawed, Victor Nuñez' second film is far more interesting than his overrated *Gal Youngun*. In the atmospheric backwater of southwestern Florida, a cast of characters headed by Blair Brown and Ed Harris struggles to save the bay from real-estate interests. The movie builds its tensions so interestingly that its meandering into anticlimax is all the more disappointing.

...Norman Kaye contemplates Alyson Best in "Man of Flowers"

DIARY FOR MY CHILDREN A bold and intensely moving fusion of political and personal theorems, this is Hungarian director Márta Mészáros' finest film to date. A young Hungarian exile in Russia (Mészáros as an adolescent) comes to live with an aunt who is a zealous party bureaucrat. Through their complex ongoing tug-of-war, the girl (played by a luminously resolute actress named Zsuzsa Czinkóczi) clings to the memory of her father and hammers out her own meanings of freedom and independence. —M.H.

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MOVIES... MOVIE

BODY BY BRIAN

Playing it as it lays: Melanie Griffith as a porn queen in Brian de Palma's "Body Double"

Holly Body is a dream of a porno film queen—a woman who not only asks for it but revels in it. As clever as she is sensual, Holly performs so cost-effectively that she could qualify for the Jaycees; her special joy is turning the tables on her directors by taking *her* pleasure with them. In other words, she is a consummate Brian de Palma fantasy and one of the most provocative characters in his brutally elegant new thriller, *Body Double*, a parody of the porn business, Hitchcockian plots—even previous De Palma films.

"Holly is a very contemporary businesswomen. I'm sure she has a corporation—she makes $2000 a day," says Melanie Griffith, the young actress playing her who is the daughter of Tippi Hedren, star of Hitchcock's *The Birds* and *Marnie*—another sly De Palma conceit.

During the course of *Body Double*, Griffith is called upon to engage in a nightly orgy of autoeroticism wearing nothing but diamonds (her every move watched, of course, through a telescope), and to fellate a member of the film crew of *Holly Does Hollywood*, the porn movie within the movie. Griffith, who sounds the way a kitten would if it could talk, is not only nonplussed but pleased with the way she and Holly have comported themselves. "Holly is proud of what she does; she doesn't try to hide it. I played her very flamboyantly because I think that when everyone is judging you, why not feel really good about yourself?"

At one point during the shooting of *Body Double*, the action veered too close to real pornography for Griffith—a scene in which Holly is alone in her dressing room, "rehearsing" for an audition, the voracious camera stalking her every contortion. "It was a difficult day for me," Griffith says. "I felt degraded. I was an emotional wreck. I understood then what it is like for these women to hold their heads up."

Griffith still ranks De Palma just a notch below St. Francis of Assisi. "Brian is so wonderful. I understood before I worked with him that he was a little bit of a male chauvinist. And he is. So is every man," she says. "Maybe some of the things we connote as chauvinist are ultimately out of respect for women."

Respect is the last quality that is evident in the scene from *Body Double* in which a man stands astride a woman and literally drills her into the floor with an electric drill—surely one of the most explicit linkings of sex and violence on the screen. "Yeah," says Griffith, "I guess that's ultimate 'fuck you' isn't it? Yeah, it's really sick. But it's the only violent scene in the movie. And anyway," she says, carefully adhering to the party line, "it's very Hitchcockian."

—DEBORAH MASON

JIM VARRIALE

AND DON'T MISS IT... AND DON'T MISS IT...

● **Full Moon in Paris:** Set in the dark, chill months of late autumn and early winter, this film is the latest installment in Eric Rohmer's continuing obsession with modern manners and the ways in which time is passed. Self-absorbed Louise (played by a big-eyed, scraggly genius of an actress named Pascale Ogier) lives in the suburbs of Paris with her lunkish boyfriend and is prone to saying fate-tempting things like, "The one experience I've missed is loneliness and the pain it causes." She takes to spending one night a week in her old Paris apartment, eventually finding a balance, to her way of thinking, between her need for independence and her need to have a big, possessive lover. But *zut!* Louise's contentment, never the most enduring of emotions, only lasts about five hours, no more....

Full Moon in Paris lasts a little over an hour and a half, which is all the time it takes for Rohmer to concoct a world sublimely well-observed. He wastes nothing, not a shot, not a gesture, not even a word of his typically talky script. How often do you watch a lengthy scene of a character doing nothing but futzing around her apartment and find yourself exhilarated rather than asleep? This is a near perfect movie.

● **Metropolis:** Giorgio Moroder, the musical wizard of *Flashdance*, has given a pop, synthesizer soundtrack to Fritz Lang's 1926 silent film classic *Metropolis*—a brazen act not unlike painting the ear back into a Van Gogh self-portrait. His chutzpah has paid off. For the most part, although they don't have anything to do with either the 1920s or the year 2026 in which the film is set, Moroder's instrumental pieces—dense baroque washes of sound—serve Lang's grandiose vision well. (Just suffer through the rock songs that Moroder has included, along with their stupid, commentating lyrics more appropriate to a sitcom theme.)

The film's beautiful, pop-Futurist look is as stunning today as it was in 1926, but its politics, an idealistic blending of Marxism and Warren Harding capitalism, are bizarre; and its plot is nothing but high-faluting melodrama. Like a lot of cinematic landmarks, *Metropolis* is kitsch city.

Moroder's overblown and emotional music is harmlessly kitschy too, although both rock fans and film purists may have a hard time seeing it that way. But when 2026 rolls around, this *Metropolis* will have an odd, double-the-pleasure nostalgic charm.

—BRUCE HANDY

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

TV... TV... TV.

A "moist" Donald Pleasance in "Barchester Chronicles"

TROLLOPE AND TROLLOPS

The latest in soaps, high and low

Every character in Trollope's novels *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers* thinks himself right, if he thinks at all. Trollope the narrator knows better, knows they're all a little off, but values them none the less for that. In **Barchester Chronicles,** PBS's new series based on the novels, this ambivalence toward the ladies and clerical gentlemen vying for power in the cathedral city of Barchester does not exist. On television, the hero, Mr. Harding, warden of a home for the poor, wanders about in the gaseous despair caused by a truly Christian heart: he is so utterly good he can barely breathe for the sanctified fumes surrounding him. Donald Pleasance makes his soft voice tremble, as if he were always on the verge of tears, pausing portentously between words of the most homely sentences. "May I travel with you?" Mr. Harding's daughter asks as they prepare to leave a party. "You always (*pause*) travel (*pause, tremble*) with me, my (*pause*) dear...." Lighten up, Dad, you know what I mean? I imagine this moist hesitation is meant to convey the good Warden's modesty. But such an affected performance reduces poor Mr. Harding to a humorless, self-righteous old bore.

Mr. Harding's right to his comfortable church living has been challenged by reformers, and his staunchest ally in the ensuing battle is his severe and defiantly conservative son-in-law, the Archdeacon, Dr. Grantly. Narrowing his eyes and strutting about on stove-pipe legs, Nigel Hawthorne plays Dr. Grantly as a sputtering clerical clown, his outraged chin wagging violently above his stiff white collar. He has not the slightest shred of dignity and seems to have escaped from a vaudeville stage.

Susan Hampshire is the only performer in *Barchester Chronicles* able to maintain the delicate Trollopian balance of charm and malice. As Signora Madeline Vesey Neroni, a heartless crippled enchantress, Hampshire is so lovely, her voice so innocent and clear, her smile so open and bright, that we can't help but feel tenderly toward the "lame lady," even as we watch her coldly bring men to their knees and to their ruin. Susan Hampshire holds out her pretty hand to be kissed, smiles shyly and boldly eyes her victim: she is a perfect Trollope character, someone to be feared, to be pitied, to be exasperated by, and to be admired.

Barchester Chronicles gets better as it progresses, partly because the complicated plot is irresistible, partly because there's more and more Susan Hampshire. But for the most part, *Barchester Chronicles* is a victim of the easy understanding of Trollope that has devalued him for so long. The series is both more serious and less serious than the novels it is based on: its humor too broad, its ideas too earnest.

There is something wrong with **Santa Barbara.** Not the city in California (although for all I know there is something wrong with that, too), but the soap opera on NBC. Perhaps it has been dubbed. Perhaps the sets have been borrowed. Perhaps the sets have been borrowed from *Star Trek*. Perhaps all the actors have been underpaid and are sulking.

Whatever the cause, *Santa Barbara* has a bizarre and airless feeling to it. No one ever seems to be speaking to any other person in the scene. They seem either to be repeating what has just been said, or to be responding to something said on some other show or some other day. Peter Mark Richman from *Dynasty* plays the inevitably ruthless patriarch, C. C. Capwell, hissing threats into the telephone from various courtyards in his hacienda-style mansion. The mansion is of a unique and unhappy design, with so many tiles in so many places it looks like an enormous do-it-yourself kitchen counter gone amok. And of all TV's upper-class powerbrokers, Richman's C.C. is surely the most non-U. "You can use my boat, my stables, my...*private* jet!" he tells a young plebe who has pleased him. He does not possess that, how shall I put it, that *insouciance* we have come to expect from even the most recently arrived of TV's self-made aristocrats. There are, after all, certain standards, and one would like to see them upheld.

As for the girls, there are a lot of them; they are all blond and they all wear royal-blue blouses. Perhaps they all wear royal-blue blouses to set off the royal-blue eyes they all have. At any rate, they are indistinguishable from each other and spend a great deal of time fibbing to their Moms. You can tell their Moms apart, because some of them are rich and some are not. The Moms who are not rich are worried about the welfare of their children. The rich Moms are worried about having sex with tan handymen just out of jail for murders they did not commit, whose Moms, needless to say, are not rich.

In *Santa Barbara*, people discuss their problems over guacamole instead of coffee. The only bright spot is Dame Judith Anderson, who plays Minx Lockridge, a jolly old reprobate whose reaction to almost anything is to raise her venerable eyebrows and exclaim, "Oop, poop, poop." —CATHLEEN SCHINE

NBC's New Soap "Santa Barbara": sun, studs, and sexpots
TIM SHEAFFER

VOGUE, November, 1984

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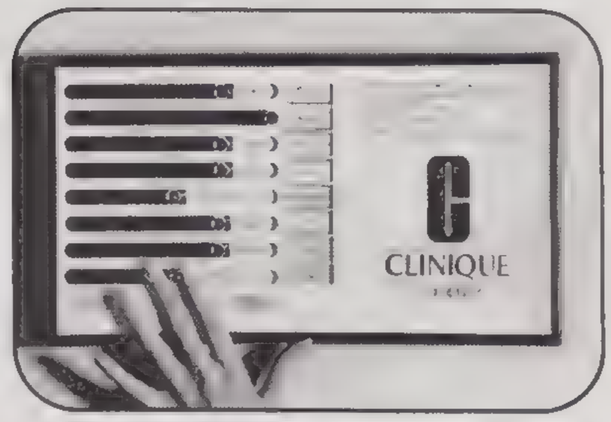

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Julia Migenes-Johnson, cream of the Carmens

SENSUOUS WITH A VENGEANCE

Carmen is a public domain myth, infinitely alluring and inexhaustibly theatrical. Revisionist interpretations have flourished in the last year, but now, in their wake, we have a traditional, wonderfully successful *Bizet's Carmen*. Italian film director Francesco Rosi has joined pageantry with naturalism to create a sensuous, floridly corrupt Spain, a hierarchical world in which a willful gypsy and a naïve army officer have no choice but to destroy each other.

Each scene is filled with movement, tension, and social detail. At the center of it all is American soprano Julia Migenes-Johnson, a riveting, complex Carmen, blatantly erotic but also defiantly pragmatic. "Carmen probably had to beg to survive as a child. She is cunning and fatalistic," Migenes-Johnson observes. From that base she has built her portrait of a woman as used to living by her wits as by her body; ruthless, contemptuous of authority, and courageous.

Julia Migenes-Johnson is drawn to Carmen, and to the other gypsies, whores, and maids of opera. "I love their strength—they go for what they want," she says, then adds with a mock-gypsy shrug, "They allow me to do things onstage I'd never do in life."

Offstage as well as on, the singer is striking: small, full of quick, spirited movements; sure of her effects and opinions. She is as much an actress as a singer and will not restrict her career to any one medium or form.

Raised in Manhattan and the Bronx, Migenes-Johnson has been performing since the age of three. Struggle and ambition came early ("My father was drinking, my mother was unhappy, there was no money. I became a loner, I worked"), and so did professional success: not long out of Music and Art High School, she played Maria in a 1964 revival of *West Side Story*. *Fiddler on the Roof* followed, as did occasional appearances at the New York City Opera. A growing desire to sing opera took her to Europe for study a few years later. Her break came suddenly and dramatically at NYC's Metropolitan Opera in 1980. On painfully short notice she replaced Teresa Stratas in Alban Berg's brilliant, difficult *Lulu*, and gave a superb performance that was nationally televised.

Migenes-Johnson will sing more Lulus at the Met this year. Television specials are planned, and so are movies. She will not sing Carmen onstage, and she doesn't need to—her film performance is definitive. Set off by fine work from Ruggero Raimondi, Placido Domingo, and Faith Esham, it is infused with Rosi's awareness that the struggle between Carmen and Don José mirrors larger struggles between anarchy and respectability, passion and duty, the law as cynically embodied by the army and the personal freedom embraced by an outlaw gypsy. Here, the powers of social criticism, melodrama, and Eros are in perfect accord. —MARGO JEFFERSON

CHRIS CALLIS

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MUSIC...

KIP HANRAHAN: AUTEUR DE FORCE

CHARLES REILLY

If there's one constant to Kip Hanrahan's music, it's surprise: musical cultures collide jarringly then resolve, sly jokes pop up in the lyrics, sobriety is subverted by humor. But the music sounds familiar, partly because it has a pop veneer, but more importantly because Hanrahan has made an art of musical reference. Strains of melancholy bossa-novas, movie music, snippets of happy Caribbean melodies, and a bit of the blues filter through his cross-cultural musical experimentation. The music works because it summons up musical memories—without cloying nostalgia.

Hanrahan is a musical auteur. He rarely sings or plays on his records, though he writes much of the material for them. When he records, he works with his musicians—members of New York's Caribbean, jazz, and rock avant-gardes—the way many directors work with their actors, discussing lines, working out inflections, and manipulating meaning. He arranges and edits, changing the role of some of the instruments—using the bass as a melody instrument, for example—and skillfully blends musical idioms to suit his own purposes.

Hanrahan has had time to digest cultural exchanges. Born in the Bronx, by age thirteen he was playing with local Latin musicians. At fifteen, he entered Cooper Union, where he studied filmmaking and sculpture, later working on a degree in political anthropology at the New School. Along the way he worked with film director Jean-Luc Godard, helped Jean-Paul Sartre on a movie, and studied with a master drummer in Haiti for nearly a year.

The songs on *Vertical's Currency,* his newest record, (available from NMDS, 500 Broadway, NYC, 10012) are perfectly focused, and all the ingredients work toward creating a mood or an image. Hanrahan chooses his musicians for their personalities, and never more than on *Vertical's Currency* has he been able to meld highly individual voices into the sound of his musical vision. There are some special touches on the record: on "Smiles and Grins," vocalist Jack Bruce (from the legendary rock group Cream) sings a melody that rhythmically kicks on a dizzying descending bass line. On "Two Heartedly," two basses carry the melody in a creamy near-counterpoint, while Bruce's melancholy voice wafts over the intricacies of their rhythmic patterns. Like much of Hanrahan's music, *Vertical's Currency* is romantic, even a touch pensive. And it's gently evocative, pulling at the recesses of memory. Pop never had it so good.

—PETER WATROUS

AND DON'T MISS IT... AND DON'T MISS IT...

● **Mikel Rouse**'s new record, *Jade Tiger* (NMDS), may have all the mathematical trappings of Minimalism—repetition, complex interlocking rhythms, calculated melodic permutations—but it's also so strong, so aggressively ebullient, that joy jumps off the record. Rouse has taken a traditional quartet of saxophone, piano, bass, and drums and has written music with an ecstatic sunniness and enough rhythm to dance to. "9.7.5" is the most austere piece on the record—synthesizers play legato, smooth tones over regular percussion—but most of the album sounds a bit like the whacked-out, carnivalish music Nino Rota wrote for Fellini's films, reinterpreted with a light, exuberant touch.

● Minimalism is also part of **Stephen Sondheim's** musical palette for *Sunday in the Park with George*. Sondheim has written a musical that happily sidesteps the tension between commercial intent and artistic sensibility. This is a score without a hit, and Sondheim draws on the entire classical tradition to punch home the action of the book: Minimalist pecking to suggest Seurat's pointillism, romantic sweeps of sound for love songs. There's tension here; but it's the tension of craft, where the lyric, the music, and the plot work in powerful harmony.

● **Sun Ra**, who introduces himself onstage as "Mister Ra, or Mister Re" (mys-ter-y, get it?) has been leading his Arkestra, an eccentric big band, since the mid-'fifties. In 1961, when his *We are in the Future* (Savoy) was recorded, Ra was on the forefront of jazz experimentation. Reissued recently, the record sounds a bit quirky but mostly conventional: Ra's vocabulary has become the norm. Many of his arrangements are in canon, with saxophones chasing saxophones, and when the band really starts riffing it generates so much motion it seems doubtful it will ever stop.

● **The Modern Jazz Quartet** is also a jazz institution, albeit a tamer one. They've been together since 1952, barring a vacation or two, and their years of playing together show. On *Echoes* (Pablo), they work through several new pieces—typically intriguing mixtures of jazz and European classical music—with a grace and faultlessness that's breathtaking. —P.W.

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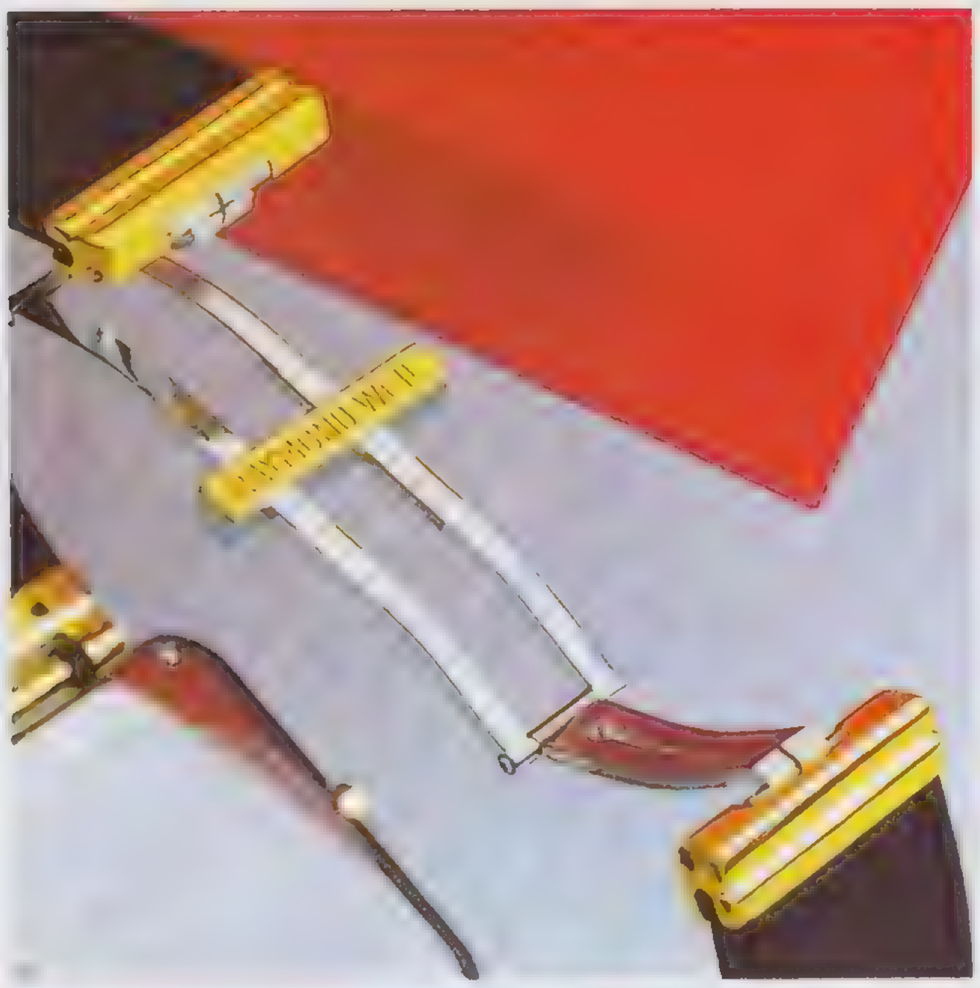

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

ART...

MAKING THE MOST OF MINIMALISM

Robert Mangold: Paintings; Akron Art Museum; November 18–January 6, 1985

The Minimal style, with its emphasis on irreducible simplicity, necessarily leads painters into extreme, even absurd positions—the attempted elimination of composition, color, and brush strokes. New York artist Robert Mangold is a veteran member of the Minimalist school—his first one-man show occurred twenty years ago—but he is also something of a misfit in that reductive style. Instead of utilizing regular, elementarily simple geometric shapes, he practices a most peculiar form of post-Euclidean geometry, creating miscarriages of logic that he pushes to paradoxical conclusions.

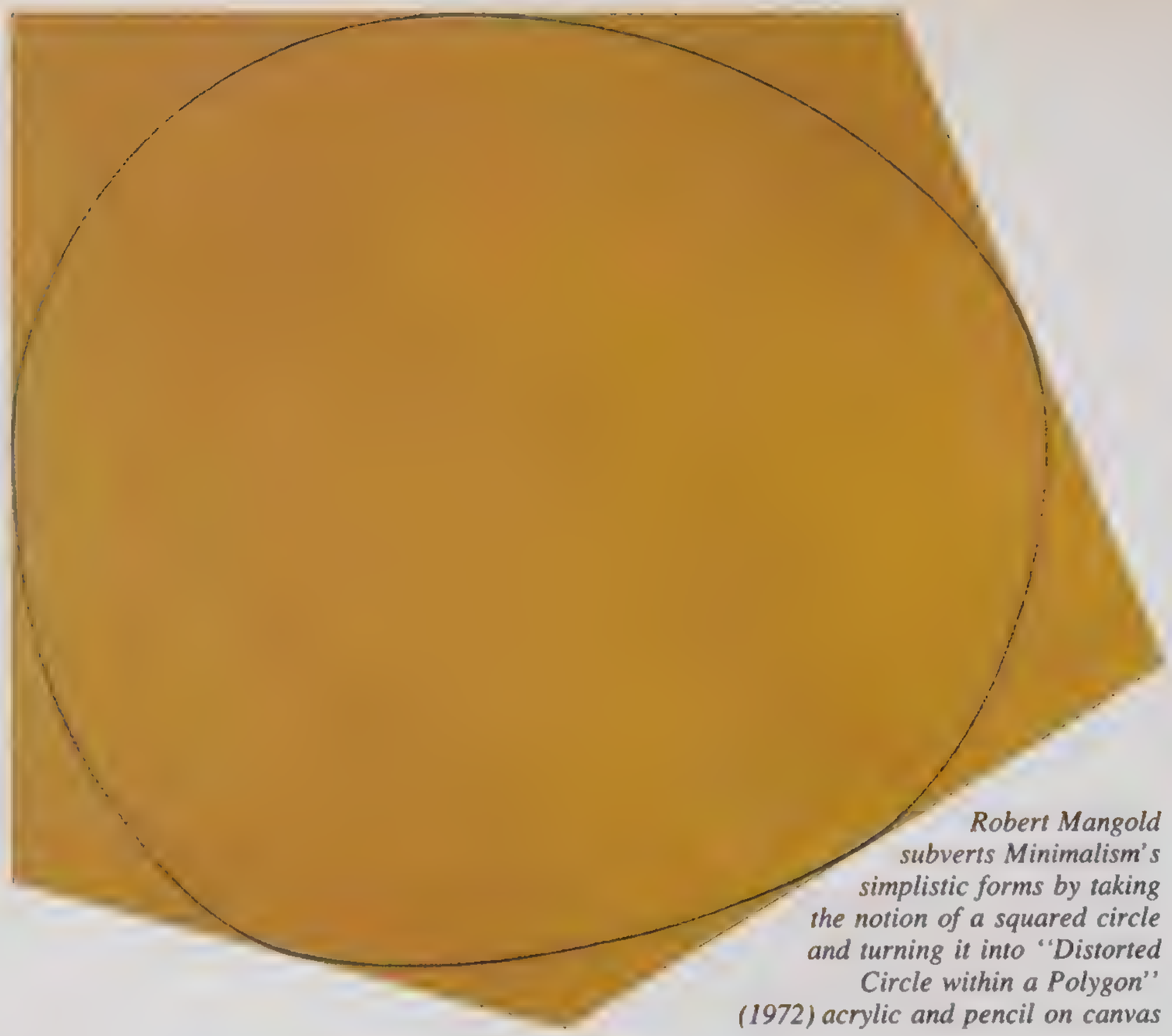
Distortions and warps—anathema to strait-laced Minimalists—are Mangold's stock-in-trade. For instance, he may start out with a circular canvas, painted in a flat monochrome, then superimpose upon it a square drawn in pencil. All four sides of the square may be the same length, but one of the four corners may fail to align with the curved edge of the canvas; something has gone askew: the square has become an irregular quadrilateral. Conversely, a circle drawn on a square canvas fails to close—either the drawn line falls short of its point of origin or overshoots it. Colors are similarly "off," muted, in-between hues that evade definition.

Such subversions of traditional geometry succeed in tweaking our comprehension. We are so accustomed to geometric verities that we *want* to see a true circle or square even as we wonder why the figures are not perfect. Surprisingly, Mangold manages to tease us without being jokey, without turning his pictures into sight gags. The calculated subtleties of his distortions and warps are precisely what make his paintings a contemplative, stimulating experience.

Mangold's spatial incongruities, which seem to run counter to the rigorous Minimalist esthetic, make him one of the most challenging painters around, and indeed a classic artist for our period.

(The show opens at the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo on February 1, then travels to Houston, La Jolla, and Berkeley.)

—DAVID BOURDON



Robert Mangold subverts Minimalism's simplistic forms by taking the notion of a squared circle and turning it into "Distorted Circle within a Polygon" (1972) acrylic and pencil on canvas

Collection Douglas Cramer, Los Angeles

OMISSION IMPOSSIBLE

Bernardo Cavallino of Naples, 1616-1656; The Cleveland Museum of Art; November 14–December 30

More than three hundred years after his death, Neapolitan painter Bernardo Cavallino is finally getting his first one-man show. It promises to be an event that reshuffles our knowledge of Neapolitan Baroque painting, putting the art in a *(Continued on page 128)*

Bernardo Cavallino's "Mucius Scaevola Confronting King Porsenna," (c. 1650) oil on copper. The central figure is the legendary Roman youth who, having failed to assassinate the invading Etruscan king, demonstrated Roman resistance by holding his hand over a fire without flinching

Kimbell Art Museum, Fort Worth

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

ART... ART...

(Continued) new, more refined perspective.

Little is known of Cavallino's life, least of all precisely when and how it ended. It is assumed that he perished in the plague of 1656 that carried off half the population of Naples. His signature or initials appear on only eight paintings; just one of them is dated. Nevertheless, a band of intrepid art historians has assembled an oeuvre of about eighty works, several of which surfaced in the last decade after languishing anonymously in museum storerooms.

During his short life of forty years, Cavallino perfected a graceful classicizing style, less grandiose and florid than most Neapolitan Baroque painting. His stately compositions are devoid of tumult; and he made restrained use of dramatic gesture, while concentrating on softly modulated light, subtle colors, and marvelously simulated textures.

Many of his subjects were drawn from the Bible or classical literature. The exhibition contains nearly half of the works presently attributed to Cavallino, including such major paintings as "Judith with the Head of Holofernes" and "Adoration of the Shepherds." Two of the works, "The Shade of Samuel Invoked by Saul" and "Mucius Scaevola Confronting King Porsenna," formerly in a Madrid collection, were recently acquired, respectively, by the J. Paul Getty Museum in Malibu and the Kimbell Art Museum in Fort Worth. Both pictures are painted on copper panels, and Cavallino emphasized the translucency of the oil medium by letting the warm coppery tones of the panel glow through certain areas of his sometimes sketchy, rapidly applied strokes.

Cavallino was clearly affected by the theatrical lighting of Caravaggio's work, but he moderated that artist's often harsh realism with a sweet-tempered lyricism. There is nothing grisly about Cavallino: his Judith wears an expression of bemused innocence as she holds the Assyrian general's severed head, while his Mucius, the courageous Roman youth, shows his defiance of the Etruscan king, Porsenna, by calmly and bloodlessly letting his right hand burn away over a glowing brazier.

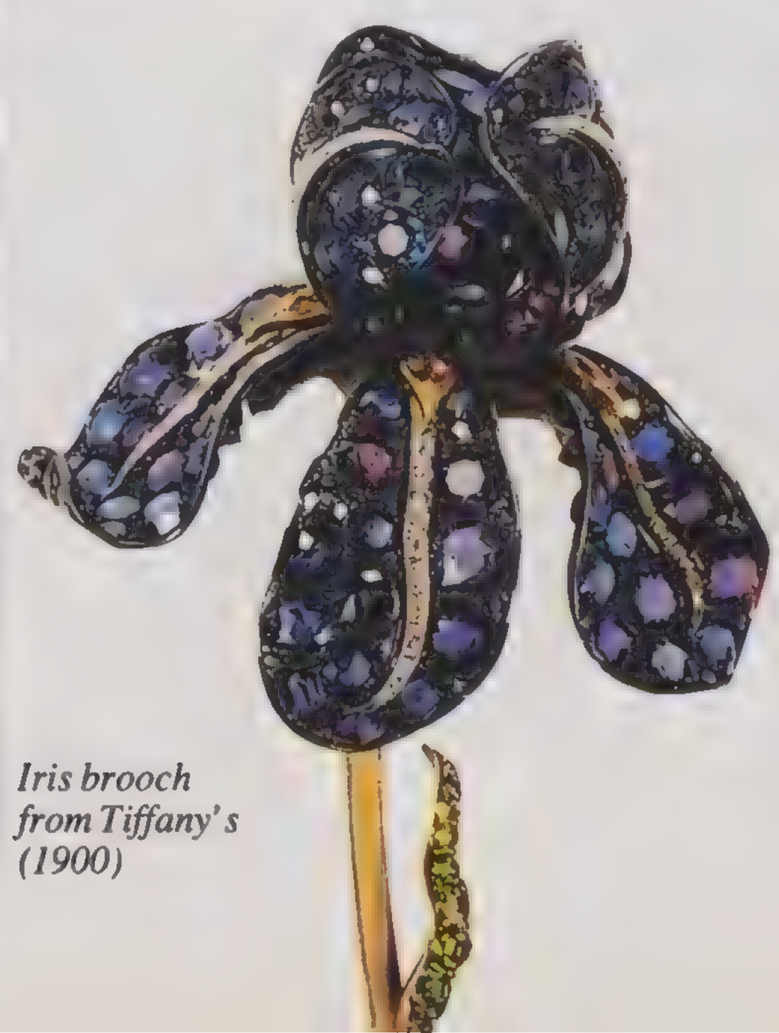
Art history's omissions cut two ways. In the past, the obscure Cavallino's paintings were sometimes ascribed to other artists. Now, scholars, caught up in the enthusiasm of his rediscovery are perhaps finding too many "Cavallinos." If he is one of the least flamboyant and melodramatic of Neapolitan painters, Cavallino is also one of that city's most controlled, tender, and beguiling artists, whose work particularly appeals to present-day taste.

(The show moves to the Kimbell Art Museum in Fort Worth on January 26, 1985, then travels to the Capodimonte Museum in Naples in late April.) —D.B.

Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore. Brooch, American Federation of Art and the Cooper Hewitt Museum

Mummy portrait (circa 100 B.C.): those Egyptians sure knew how to accessorize

OBJECTS OF ADORNMENT: Amulets, death masks, prelate's rings and pomanders, stomachers and stick pins, the spectacular, glittering legacy of centuries of superstition and adoration, are now on view at The Cooper-Hewitt Museum in New York City. Early in this century, railroad magnate Henry Walters collected these jewels, which date from three thousand B.C. to the present and range from the simplest Mesopotamian plump dove pendant to the ornate Tiffany iris brooch of sapphires and diamonds, *below*. Many of the designs whisper history's secrets; while the more often copied pieces, like the Egyptian scarab, are arrestingly modern. —DANA COWIN



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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

A LOST RUSSIA

One of the strangest and most compelling features of twentieth-century ballet is its bifurcated history. Broadly speaking, all ballet today is generically Russian. Our modern Western version of it dates from the moment in 1909 when Serge Diaghilev presented the Ballets Russes to an astonished Europe. But then there is the other Russian ballet, the dancers and choreographers who didn't go with Diaghilev but built their art in Russia, sealed off from the West. In the 'eighties, the two worlds still face each other, as two halves of a might-have-been whole—the Western side where most energy is directed into choreography; the Soviet side where it is channeled into the creation of heroic performers—masters and mistresses of archaic ballet fantasy.

Russian emigré critic Gennady Smakov has shrewdly decided to concentrate on the performers in his survey of the Soviet side of the story. His *Great Russian Dancers* (Knopf) presents a dazzling procession of thirty-three dancers' portraits, evoked through photographs (many of them unpublished until now), plus hitherto untranslated reviews and memoirs, and not least the iconoclastic impressions Smakov himself collected in his years of ballet-watching.

But the uniqueness of the book lies in its Western perspective. Some great Russians escaped to the West, becoming "invisible" to their country; many Russians stayed home, remaining invisible to us. After nearly ten years in the West, Smakov can link figures who left with those who stayed—the defected ballerina Natalia Makarova, for instance, with her stylistic ancestress Anna Pavlova; or the haunting Soviet tragedienne Natalia Bessmertnova with Diaghilev's legendary Sleeping Beauty, Olga Spessivtseva. Such bold reconnections correct the usual narrow views of ballet history.

And yet there remains a tragedy at the heart of this book. As one turns the pages one can't help seeing these dancers as so many great artists diverted by political obsessions from their rightful artistic universe, as so many wandering ghosts of official art.—ELIZABETH KENDALL

From Gennady Smakov's "Great Russian Dancers": Nijinsky in "Scheherazade," 1910

Dance Collection, New York Public Library

Merrill Ashley: growing up with the New York City Ballet

DANCING WITH BALANCHINE

THE SUBLIME DIALOGUE

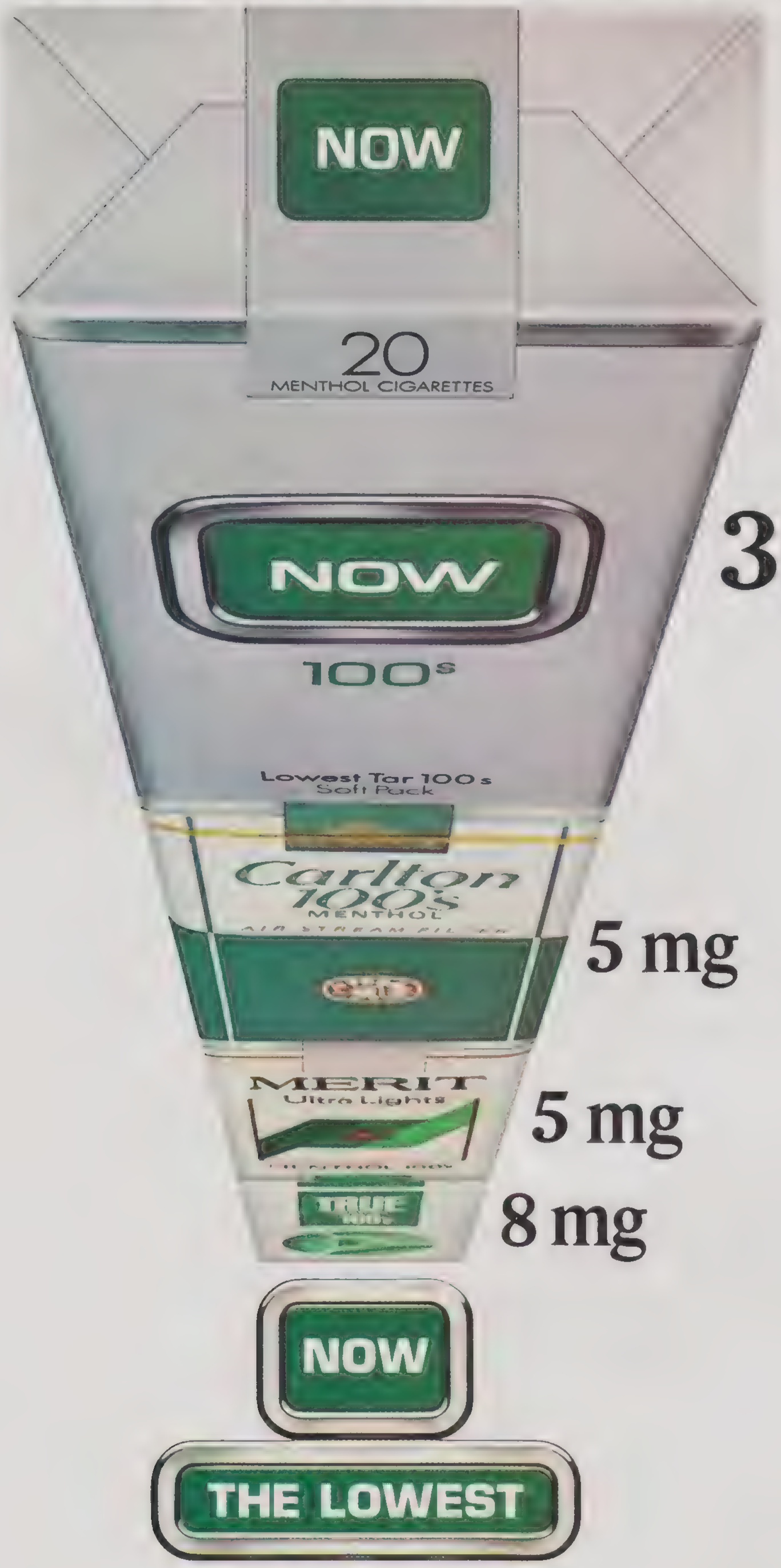
Few thirty-four-year-olds have reason to write their autobiographies. But when George Balanchine, the creator of the New York City Ballet, died over a year ago, Merrill Ashley, his most virtuosic ballerina (and the last one he taught from childhood), decided to set down her part in his story. *Dancing for Balanchine* (E.P. Dutton) is a remarkable book because in describing her struggle to become the sublime ballerina she is, Ashley also shines a demystifying light into Balanchine's great modern ballet laboratory.

Usually, when a dancer stands out in the NYCB (and its School of American Ballet) it is because she takes dramatic chances with classical material. Ashley was not like that. When her mother brought her from Rutland, Vermont, to the SAB, she was a skinny, painfully earnest twelve-year-old who preferred to do things exactly as she was told. The technicalities of *tendu, glissade, pirouette* came to her easily, but the sensuous qualities in the steps eluded her until she learned the subtle lesson many talented people never learn: how to let your own deepest instincts—in this case, her cautiousness—show you the way to imaginative authority.

The part Balanchine played in this process is fascinating. His method with his gifted dancers, Ashley makes clear, was a Socratic-style dialogue that sometimes lasted for years. By correcting them in class or not correcting them, by casting them in roles or not casting them, he talked to them, and they answered him in their dancing. As Ashley's technical capabilities broke new ground, her conversation with Balanchine intensified: she found herself collaborator instead of student.

The book's high point comes with Ashley's warm and proud description of their collaboration on the first of two ballets he made for her, the *Ballo della Regina*. Balanchine gave her a magical setting, an undersea grotto, and turned her prodigious speed and clarity into the stuff of pure balletic wit. His attention had showed her the dancer she could be; her persistence led him into an exquisitely playful new territory. Their relationship's strange symmetry is best portrayed by Balanchine's words to Ashley during *Ballo's* creation: "You know, I try before, but no one could do, so now we will do." —E.K.

Above all, the lowest.



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AMAZING GREYS

In Grace Knowlton's photographs, our sense of "insideness" is constantly being revised. White floorboards, shot close to floor level, stretch towards a baseboard the way farmland stretches towards a horizon; parallel or intersecting planes of white and off-white accented with dark lines—the cracks between the floorboards—become winter fields. In her photographs of stairwells or room corners, other transformations occur. Such passageways or backdrops, rarely paid much attention to by the rest of us, assume, in her photographs, an almost compensatory monumentality.

For Knowlton, a room is not a mere setting but a series of abstract relationships that undermine notions of enclosure, scale, and even utility. Her aim is to avoid literalness or dailiness. In a recent phone conversation, she said that she specially paints the parts of her house she chooses to photograph. In her pictures, wood cannot appear woody since that might interfere with the structural properties of floor, wall, and molding, as they apportion space and light. By painting her scenes white, Knowlton intensifies the structural elements in her photographs; and by permitting no decor, she makes it clear that space is her ultimate concern.

Her vision is rigorously minimal. The purity of her pictures is compromised only when a window, say, is presented in its entirety. In such cases—and they are very few—we identify the photographed object instead of visually constructing it. Delays in establishing the identity of objects or particular spaces are necessary. Without these delays, her work would not be so determinedly formal, nor so rewarding, and it would slip into the very literalness it seeks to transcend.

Lest it be assumed that such work is cold, it must be said that part of the triumph of Knowlton's enterprise is its warmth. Its depth and texture can be attributed to the hand-coated platinum paper the photographs are printed on—a paper highly sensitive to tonal nuance. The surfaces seem softened by shadow or washed by delicate gradations of dark or bleached into radiant planes by sunlight. And the cracks or the spaces between pieces of wood lend the photographs a graphic quality. The more one looks, the more the photographs betray Knowlton's career as a sculptor. (In December, she will have photography shows at Gallery Two Nine One in Atlanta and the Susan Harder Gallery in New York City, and a sculpture show at NYC's Twining Gallery.) What they do not betray is that she has been taking photographs for only five years. There is nothing tentative about these unfailingly elegant pictures. —MARK STRAND

Rigorous minimalism: Grace Knowlton specially paints parts of her house white, eliminates decor, to make it clear that space is her ultimate concern.

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THE 1985 THUNDERBIRD AND

BONWIT
TELLER

collecting

After decades of neglect, the market in turn-of-the-century American ceramics is heading straight up

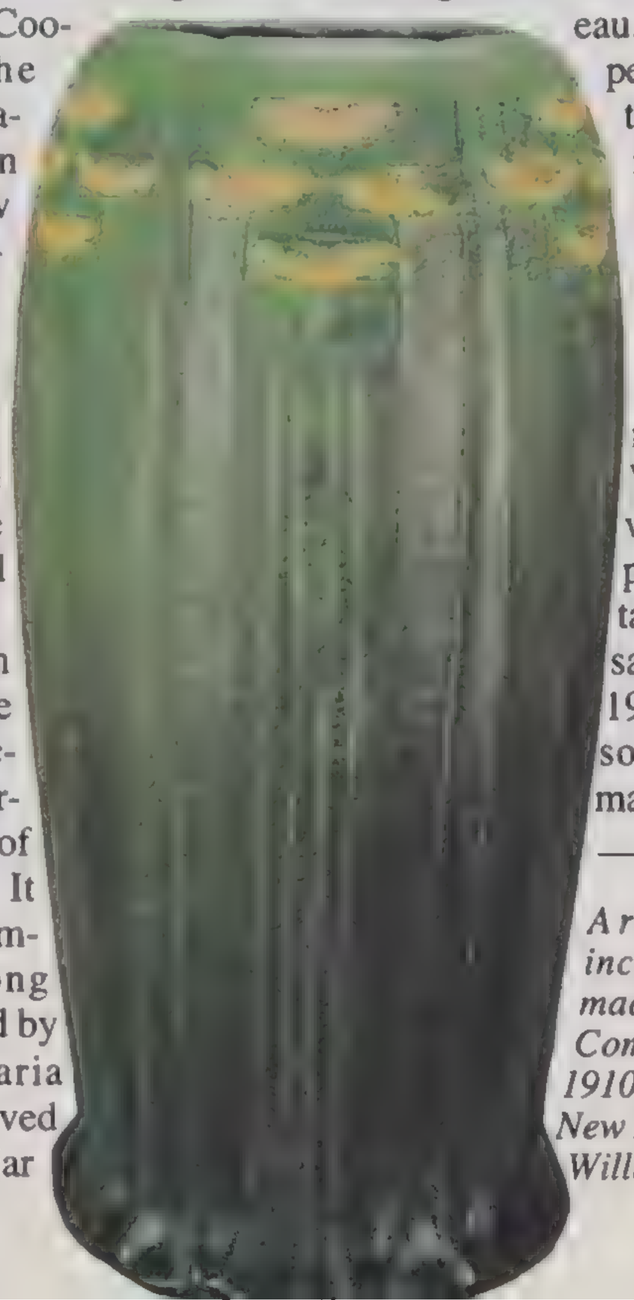
By Alexandra Anderson

Arthur Williams' American ceramics (clockwise from lower right): Rookwood's Italianate bust, 1922; Cowan vase, c. 1930; Fulper with filigreed spout, 1920s; Grueby lamp base, c. 1898-1902 period.

The intricacies, originality, and vigor of American art pottery made between 1880 and 1920 have recently been rediscovered by a handful of collectors. Until the landmark exhibition *The Arts and Crafts Movement in America* organized in 1972 by the Art Museum at Princeton and the Art Institute of Chicago, Rookwood and Fulper pottery were more often found in thrift shops than in the display cases of museums and private collections; and the pleated, ruffled, wildly expressionistic vessels of George Ohr had lain forgotten in the attic of his sons' garage in Biloxi, Mississippi.

Today's collectors of turn-of-the-century American pottery have usually stumbled into their pursuit, discovering the history and origins of their cherished ceramics as they go along. New Yorkers William and Marcia Goodman (he is the executive vice president of Grow Tunneling) began their American art pottery collection almost inadvertently in 1969, acquiring their first piece at a country auction.

On November 6, the Goodmans' gift of seventy-seven pieces to the Cooper-Hewitt Museum (the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design) in New York City goes on view in an exhibition that will remain until mid-January, 1985. They made this gift to Cooper-Hewitt with the understanding that the museum would keep a representative selection on view after the show so others can study and learn from it.



A ring of flowers graces a 16¼-inch-high earthenware vase made by the Grueby Faïence Company in Boston, c. 1899-1910. Cooper-Hewitt Museum, New York City, gift of Marcia and William Goodman.

The Goodman collection is nicely representative of the development of ceramic decoration, glazes, and form during the birth and the apogee of the art-pottery movement. It includes twenty-eight examples of Rookwood, among them two early pieces signed by Rookwood's founder, Maria Longworth Nichols. Her carved dragon vase of 1880 and her jar decorated with bats and spiders (1882) reveal a penchant for Oriental motifs and forms. Nichols and Mary Louise McLaughlin (also represented in the collection) were socially prominent Cincinnati women who were the acknowledged leaders in the pottery movement before the turn of the century. An oxblood glazed vase by Adelaide Alsop Robineau, a highly esteemed independent potter who won the top award at the 1911 international exposition in Turin, demonstrates her interest in difficult glazes; while two rare pieces by Louis Comfort Tiffany show his exceptional originality in ceramics. Several Weller vases decorated with the sinuous iridescent patterns worked out in metallic lusters by French artisan Jacques Sicard between 1902 and 1907 show great sophistication. The Goodmans have also given twelve pieces of Grueby pottery, the faïence characterized by deep-green matte glazes and simple, massive forms.

The Goodmans started their collection by paying $22 for a Weller plant stand at auction in upstate New York. "How could you buy such an ugly thing?" her husband remembers asking (in January 1983, he became the founding president of the American Ceramic Arts Society, which now has 150 members). "I wanted it because I had always remembered my music teacher's house," says Marcia. "It was filled with green pottery and Tiffany lamps, and the plant stand brought back that house to me. Now I know that what she had was probably Grueby. Then it took us months to find out what Weller *was*, after we found the company mark on the bottom of the plant stand." William Goodman recalls that "there was virtually no information about the pottery at the time."

The Goodmans collected more Weller and some Roseville pottery at the beginning "because it's what we could find then." They graduated to buying pieces by mail from a man in Texas. In 1976, they read about the Jordan-Volpe Gallery, recently opened in Manhattan's SoHo. "It was the first place we saw pieces of quality, and it's where I recognized Grueby," says Marcia. "We started to refine our eye. We got rid of most of the Weller and the Roseville. We agreed to buy only what we both liked. Even when we bought historically *(Continued on page 142)*

Cooper-Hewitt Museum; JEFF McNAMARA

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(Continued from page 138)

important pieces, we had to like the forms and the glazes.''

Now that great and significant pieces of American art pottery command high prices, the Goodmans have become ''painfully selective.'' They say they rarely buy at auction these days. ''It's very seldom that a really important piece of pottery now just comes out of the woodwork,'' says William Goodman. ''The informational network has gotten pretty knowledgeable.''

''We live with the conviction that there is a very strong, very original American feeling about all these pots we've collected,'' says Marcia Goodman. ''It makes a unique statement in American art. We are fascinated, too, by the contribution women made to the pottery movement. It was one of the few places at the turn of the century where women could express themselves artistically.''

As the individual artist-potter gained increasing attention after the turn of the century, the groups that worked at Rookwood, Newcomb College, and Marblehead (members of these groups were predominantly women) dissolved. After that initial flowering, ceramics were either turned out commercially or relegated to the more rarefied realms of individual practitioners who, like Robineau, often were affiliated with universities and crafts schools. The Goodmans have consciously avoided collecting much material produced after the early 1920s, since they feel that is when esthetic quality dramatically falls off. They have also frequently upgraded their collection by selling or trading for better pieces.

Decorated vase, 1913, by Missouri's University City Pottery

Another New York collector, Arthur Williams, has never been to an auction, never gotten rid of a single thing (he says he doesn't think about ''trading up'') in his collection of some 250 pieces of American art pottery.

''I started collecting ceramics twenty years ago, when I was an art-history student at Monmouth College in New Jersey and didn't have any money. I found the pottery by instinct. It was beautiful and it was cheap,'' says Williams, who started out as an artist, then came to New York as an actor, and finally became a television and film editor. He looked for pottery in antiques shops and thrift shops. ''I poked through second-hand stores and country stores and country antiques places and just picked things up. In the early days, pots could cost $5 or $10. My price ceiling now is that nothing should ever cost over $500, and that's fairly recent. I became aware that other people were interested in the pottery in the early 'seventies, since that is when it started getting very competitive and difficult to find things that were reasonable.''

Great design and enduring interest are the qualities Williams looks for in a piece, whether it's art pottery or the contemporary ceramics that have recently fascinated him. His art pottery collection ranges from a fine selection of early painted Weller and Rookwood vessels to some delicate, monochromatic Cowan vases and a few distinctive very early Fulper pieces. His library is dominated by a stunning Grueby lamp vase and shelves packed with smaller pieces of every shape, glaze, color, and decorative detail. Their variety creates an impression of rich vitality. Williams still looks for pots in out-of-the-way places. ''The real joy,'' he says, ''is finding a piece in an unassuming situation.''

Increasing knowledge and discrimination among collectors have made the market for pottery more and more competitive, as Arthur Williams and the Goodmans point out. But good representative pieces of Rookwood, Weller, Grueby, Newcomb, Van Briggle, and George Ohr's work may still be found under a thousand dollars. The watchword is quality—as it is for all areas of collecting. Exceptional pieces of Rookwood, signed by outstanding painters like Sara Sax or Albert R. Valentien, artists who stood out among the over one hundred decorators of Rookwood whose signatures are recorded, are usually far more expensive. So are works by Robineau, Nichols, Tiffany, and the large, colorful vessels that are Ohr's best work.

- In NYC, Sotheby's Art Nouveau auction on November 16 and 17 includes pieces of American art pottery, as does the Christie's decorative arts auction on December 14 and 15. Expect to find examples of Rookwood, Fulper, Teco, Weller, and Newcomb.
- At the Newark Museum until December 31, 1984, is the never-before-exhibited *Newark Museum Collection of American Pottery*. This show of over two hundred pieces of American pottery charts the birth, rise, and decline of the art pottery movement and wasn't shown previously because, as curator Ulysses Deitz says, ''nobody ever thought of it as a collection before.''
- Two hundred objects from the Newcomb Pottery, that model industry set up from 1890 to 1940 at Newcomb College in New Orleans, reveal the scope of the pottery's achievements and are on view at the Renwick Gallery in Washington DC from November 2 until February 24, 1985.
- For reference, the history of American art pottery is discussed in *A Century of Ceramics in the United States* by Garth Clark and Margie Hughto (Dutton, 1979), *Art Pottery of the United States: An Encyclopedia of Producers and Their Marks*, by Paul Evans (Charles Scribners' Sons, 1974).

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PHOTO MARC MALOY HAIR MAKE UP PEGGY LIAS

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Q&A

Eye makeup: how to remove it... corrective makeup... henna: when?

Q How can I remove eye makeup completely without irritating my eyes?

A It is very important to keep eyes closed and not to rub them while removing makeup. Nor should you use a product that's very emollient, such as baby oil, which will itself be difficult to clean off. Remove contact lenses before attempting to remove eye makeup (extended-wear-lens users should stick to water-soluble eye makeup). The best technique: press a cotton ball saturated with remover on the closed eyelid and over lashes for a moment, then sweep it toward the outside of the eye. Wash away residue with soap and water.

Eye-makeup removers generally come in two formulations: oily and non-oily. According to Tom Yeager, senior vice-president, research and development, Maybelline, "If you wear water-based shadow and mascara, they can be removed with a non-oily remover or even just soap and water. Oily-type removers work better on waterproof makeup. Using the correct product is important so rubbing is kept to a minimum." (Maybelline makes an oil-free as well as an oily mascara remover. Another excellent choice: Ella Baché's Eyelash Cream.)

Q I am planning to have plastic surgery and am aware of the bruising and other aftereffects. Is there anything I can do to hide these temporary problems?

A Although women are warned before elective surgery of aftereffects such as bruising, swelling, and skin tightness, they are still often unprepared. Corrective makeup is useful not only for women who work or who have to be "presentable" before they've completely healed, but also to help ease any woman through the transitional period she faces following a face-lift.

According to Diane Young of NYC's Diane Young Skin Care Center, who helps plastic-surgery patients in both the pre-operative—to clean and prepare skin—and post-operative stages, "Immediately after surgery is a good time to re-evaulate skin care and makeup, even haircolor, to take best advantage of a woman's new looks. And with cosmetics, the temporary discoloration caused by surgery *can* be concealed. Special cover creams include lavender to counteract yellowness, green for redness, pink for dark circles, pale yellow for scars, plus the normal skin tones."

Ask your surgeon to recommend an expert in corrective makeup. You might want to look at *The Art of Corrective Makeup* by Linda Seidel with Irene Copeland (Doubleday), which also explains how to hide scars, birthmarks, pigmentation problems.

Q I'm intrigued with henna because it's natural, but what can it really do to enhance my hair color?

A Rose Reti, hair-color expert and owner of the Rose Reti Salon in NYC, explains that henna is a natural coloring product that adds red tones to brown hair. It can be used on auburn hair to intensify the redness, and neutral henna can be used on *naturally* blond hair to make it more vibrant. Other pluses: Henna will add body to fine hair and will reduce the oiliness of oily hair.

When not to use henna? On *any* chemically treated—colored or permed—hair, because it will give hair a greenish cast that is difficult, if not impossible, to correct. Henna should not be used on overall grey or white hair because it may turn it orange. If a woman wants to try henna to cover a few grey strands—if she is allergic to chemical processes, for example—she should have it applied by a professional. Also, henna should not be used on dry hair because it will make it more so.

Keep in mind that henna is a plant derivative which cannot be controlled as precisely as a chemical process can (new applications, for example, do not necessarily duplicate the same degree of redness as previous ones) and that it coats the hair. To avoid an excessive accumulation of color as well as over-drying your hair, henna should be used only a few times a year. ▽

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As important as hair's length: its proportion . . . how it works with the shape of a woman's face, her height, the width of her shoulders. "The best hairstylists ask a woman to stand up, to walk around, to shake her head before they begin cutting her hair," said Mickey Mikawa of NYC's Vartali salon. "A haircut must be attractive when seen from the back and sides as well as the front, and should move with a woman when she moves. A slight difference in length—even one-quarter of an inch—can help hair to 'lift' a woman's face and heighten her best features.

"Where—or if—hair is parted should be determined not only by the shape of the face but by the natural direction hair grows in, the way it falls or curves around the head. Also key: how much time a woman wants to spend styling her hair."

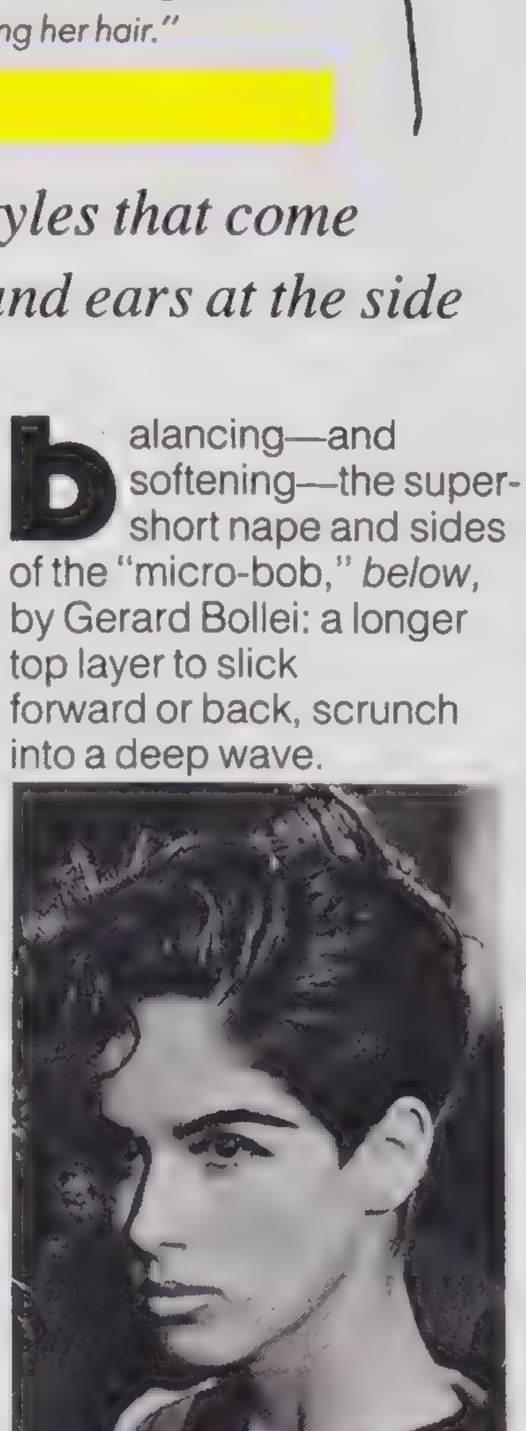
ornaments

For evening, for the holidays, there's new interest, real charm in hair accessories. What's different: their scale—definitely larger, even oversize—and spirit: wittier, meant to be worn with a certain dash. Like a big black taffeta bow tied off-center on super-short, fuller, curlier hair (*left*, Alexandre's version). Or, newest of all: wigs—or offbeat-colored hairpieces—that are frankly fake, worn with a sense of humor. A blond can go brunette for a night, say, or weave a neon streak into her bangs or pony-tail. The one caveat: when hair goes this dramatic, clothes and makeup should be kept simple, understated.

New directions in hair: to fuller, wavier styles that come forward onto the forehead, bare the face and ears at the side

There's a softer line, more shape to the classic bob this season. Sides are being cut shorter; there's more length—and movement—on top. Adding interest, volume in back: a full, "undercut" wedge. All of which means much more versatility: *at left,* Philip Carreon's "aerodynamic" look for Sebastian International, given fullness with forward-swept bangs, "textured" with Honey Wheat Cellophanes highlights.

Balancing—and softening—the super-short nape and sides of the "micro-bob," *below*, by Gerard Bollei: a longer top layer to slick forward or back, scrunch into a deep wave.



The difference a body wave can make now: it gives a woman the option of brushing hair smooth or, especially at night, leaving it a little unruly for a freer, sexier look. *Above*, a body wave used only on the longer top layers of hair, by Ury of Ury/Elodie, Washington, DC.

Photo, top: MARIO TESTINO. Hair, Oribe of John Dellarna Salon, NYC; makeup, Rumiko. Bracelets, Bill Schiffer

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THOMAS VICTOR

author, author

A couple of male novelists sitting around talking:

In this rare interview, E.L. Doctorow mulls things

over with a hot young writer **By Jay McInerney**

"Writing is like driving at night," says novelist E. L. Doctorow. "You can see only as far as the headlights, but you can make the whole trip that way."

Doctorow's journey began of necessity at night. After graduating from Kenyon College in 1952, he spent his days working as an editor at New American Library, and later as editor-in-chief at the Dial Press. He worked on his own novels at night. Doctorow took a leave of absence to finish the critically acclaimed *Book of Daniel*—which many readers took to be a fictional meditation on the case of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg—and never returned to publishing. Since then, he has been a morning writer. "If you get up and write first thing," he says, "then you know that's what you are—you're a writer."

With the publication of *Ragtime*, in 1975, Doctorow acquired both critical acclaim and a popular audience. The book won the National Book Critics Circle award, became a best seller, and commanded a record-breaking paperback advance. *Ragtime* was subsequently made into a motion picture, about which Doctorow says, "People think that movies can do anything. But they are limited by being strictly temporal and they are always limited by their budgets. It's books that can do anything. It's words as they are put together purposefully that can produce movies in people's heads."

Since *Ragtime*, Doctorow has published a fifth novel, *Loon Lake*, and a play, *Drinks Before Dinner*. This month, Random House is bringing out his first collection of short fiction, *Lives of the Poets*. The novella from which the book takes its title is told from the point of view of a successful fifty-year-old novelist who lives in New York, whose friends are poets, painters, journalists—the creative elite of the nation—all of whom, like the narrator, seem to be experiencing crises of confidence in their personal and professional lives. "We are each aloof in our private beings," the narrator of "Poets" observes, as he seeks to abdicate the claims of marriage, home life, and politics. Since Doctorow's novels are notable for their *(Continued on page 154)*

La galerie des Glaces vue par Jean Desprez

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e. l. doctorow

(Continued from page 152)

engagement with large social and historical issues, the new book seems a departure in its concern with solitary, brooding individuals.

Jay McInerney: *Why short stories, after five novels?*

E.L. Doctorow: Oddly enough, I don't think of this as a collection of stories. I think of it as a novel about a guy who has written six stories. I worked my way into this scheme. In the first story [''The Writer in the Family''], which is very realistic and accessible, Jonathan finds himself through the act of writing. He comes to some realization that allows him to separate from his father, which he hasn't been able to do. I think of it as a parable about what I'm talking about: how do writers write? He understood his father without realizing he understood his father. I think that's a truth about the writer's intelligence. It's intuitive.

JM: *Would it be accurate to say that isolation, the retreat into self, is one of the main themes of the book?*

ELD: It seems to me quite true of our current, national, psychic state that we are in retreat. Certainly, the predominant trends in recent American fiction are toward privacy and isolation. With the novel's view of its terrain as the interior of a house with the door closed and the shades pulled, what goes on in the bedroom and kitchen and living room becomes the whole world. That's why I think *Lives of the Poets* can make a fair claim not only to describing the state of this artist's mind, but also to making him a representative of the artwork of our particular moment in literary history, American history. So that's the metaphor of *Lives of the Poets*. It's not just literal poets—it's novelists, columnists, painters, actors.

JM: *You once said, ''I want to break out of the little world of personal experience which has bound the novel, to escape that suffocating closeness to the characters.'' It seems that this book reverses that program.*

ELD: It becomes necessary to say, ''Why are things this way?'' I can say what I think the novel ought to be, but why is this other thing happening? There must be something to understand from that. I think *Lives of the Poets*, in very specific terms, dwells in that kind of interior life, that isolation. Every one of these characters is alone. You've picked up on the insulated nature of all these narrative intelligences. But there are political implications to that. Into that vacuum the world advances.

JM: *The narrator finally commits himself to involvement in the world at large by becoming involved almost by accident with an underground railroad for Salvadoran refugees.*

ELD: It's not so much that he is *doing* something, but that, quite helplessly, he is open to the world. He is, after all, a writer.

JM: *He is a writer, and he has friends named Norman and Kurt. The reaction to this book may be that for the first time you have written*

autobiographically. Have you considered that just as we can't help connecting the Isaacsons in "The Book of Daniel" with the Rosenbergs, you are going to be the shadow that people see behind this narrator?

ELD: I have. But of course as a writer everything you do is autobiographical.

JM: *But your previous works seems to resist that autobiographical focus.*

ELD: It becomes more or less coded from work to work. All I can say about this is that it is no more autobiographical than anything I've written. It's a fiction. It's invented. I use myself as I've always used myself, as all writers use themselves. That guy is not me.

JM: *But it seems to me that given the narrator's relative moral drift and his lack of political commitment, readers may take this as a statement about a change in heart from the man who wrote the book. You are, after all, known as a public figure, a man of the left.*

ELD: I think the so-called center has moved so far to the right that there are very few of us who aren't on the left. I don't think my principles have changed. It's true, there is a departure for me, both formally and in the ongoing argument we have with ourselves. But I wouldn't try to encapsulate it as my going autobiographical because I don't think that's sufficient. The metaphorical reference to the way we are now suggests itself as a fragmentation of the large traditional esthetic vision, the novel that will *do* society, that will say—*This is the way we are now*. I'm hoping that this book will accurately represent the way we are now. In breaking it down into the elements of this writer's mind, I am hoping that something whole has emerged. If you want to represent the whole now, you have to represent it as something shattered. I see this book as being the closest I've come to making a true representation of my life and times.

JM: *Your narrator says that something has changed in the last five years. What is that?*

ELD: Aside from the obvious political meanings, I think I am speaking of the loss of the romantic vision in even the most serious and the best people. There seems to be a kind of emotional exhaustion among all these people, and I think, as a metaphor for American art, that may be accurate.

JM: *What can a writer, an artist, do in terms of participating in the life of his times? To put it in terms of the metaphors of "Loon Lake," should a writer be a passive observer, like the lake, or should he be active, like the loon that shatters the surface in search of prey?*

ELD: I think the writer's obligation is just to tell the truth, and that's the one commitment he can't betray without destroying himself. For the writer, the creative person, the practice of what he or she does is the connection between the inner and outer life, between political circumstances, economic and social circumstances, and his own internal being.

Jay McInerney *is the author of "Bright Lights, Big City."*

VOGUE, November, 1984

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Will Rogers / Edward Steichen
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James Cagney / Imogen Cunningham
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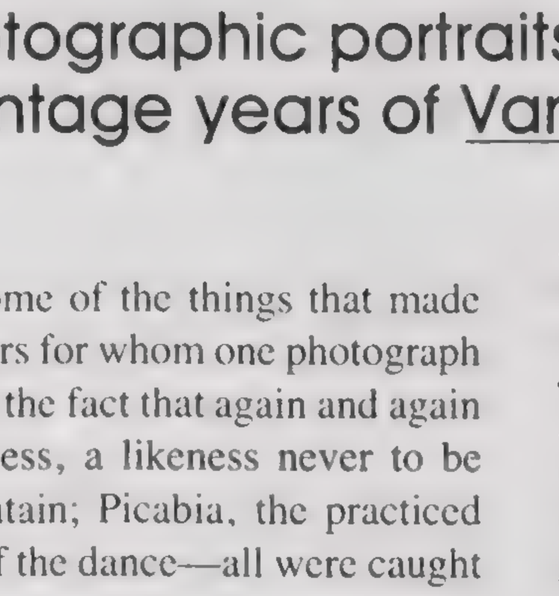

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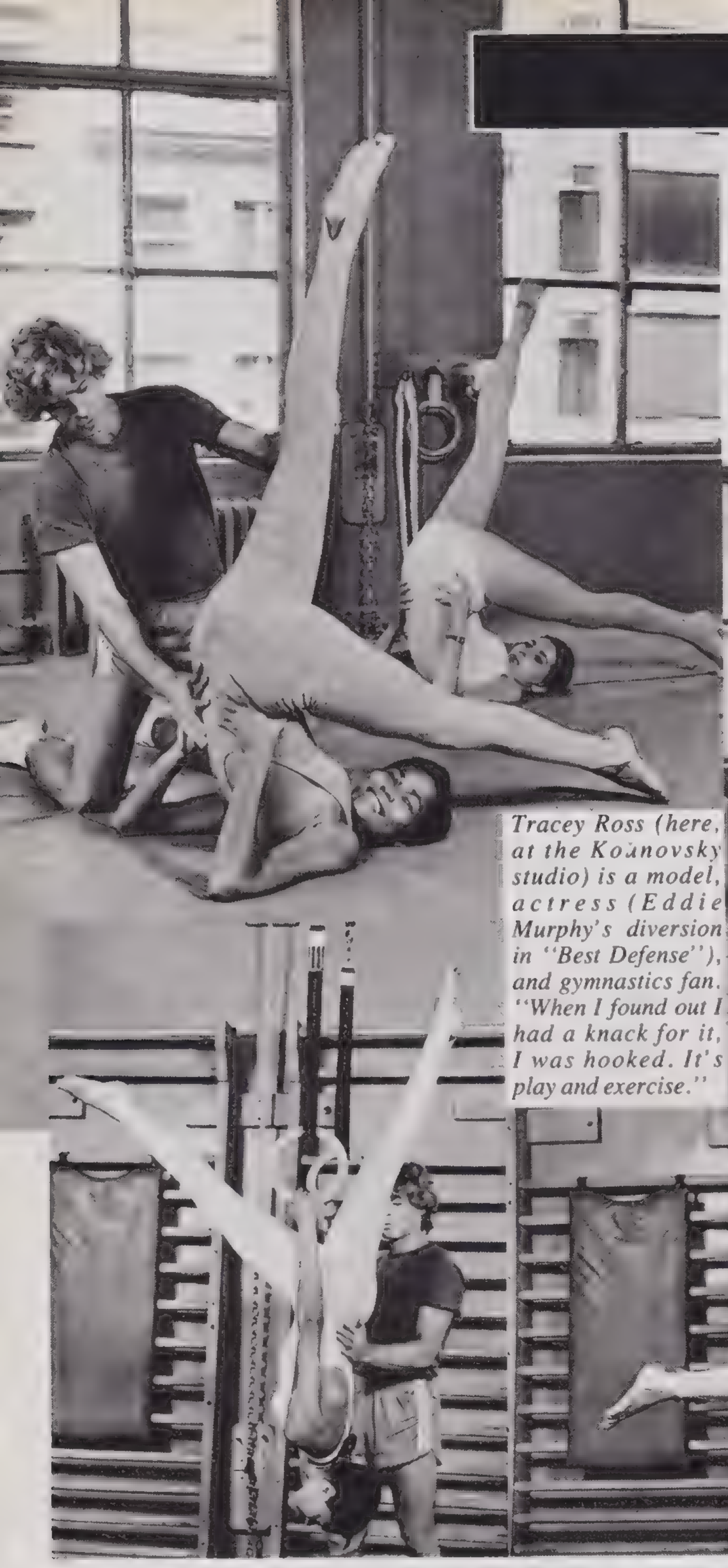
Building skill and fitness…health-club trends: ski-plus resorts, new city slick



Tracey Ross (here, at the Kounovsky studio) is a model, actress (Eddie Murphy's diversion in "Best Defense"), and gymnastics fan. "When I found out I had a knack for it, I was hooked. It's play and exercise."

EXERCISING YOUR OPTIONS

Today, there are just about as many exercise options as there are people who exercise. Take ski resorts. Until recently, they meant skiing, only. Now, with health clubs springing up alongside ski slopes, they appeal to a more broadly active person who wants variety *and* fitness from a vacation.

The addition of a health club also means that poor ski conditions matter less. And because couples are often unmatched in skiing ability and enthusiasm, each half can be active even if one chooses not to ski. For skiers, the club's steam or whirlpool baths offer a welcome unkinking after a day on the slopes.

At the newly opened Copper Mountain Athletic Club at the base of Colorado's Copper Mountain, racquetball and indoor tennis courts, free weights and Nautilus equipment, aerobics classes, stationary bicycles, swimming pool, and Jacuzzi round out the pleasures of an active vacation. Other well-equipped health club/ski combinations: The Vail Athletic Club, The Aspen Club, and The Snow Mass Club in Colorado; The Park City Racquet Club in Utah; Bolton Valley Sports Center and The Stratton Mountain Sports Center (now associated with The New Life Spa) in Vermont; and in St. Moritz, the Parkhotel Kurhaus. One ski resort transforms itself into a spa in the off-season: Valhalla at the Stein Eriksen Lodge in Park City, Utah.

The big change in city health clubs today is visual. Sleek, sophisticated exercise centers use color and design to inspire and relax. In New York City, motivation in one-on-one workouts in the SoHo Training Center's black/white/grey loft is boosted by lining up exercise bicycles in front of fitness photographs. At Madison Avenue Muscle, Inc., artist/owner John Perretti aims to "bring body-building out of the dark ages" with high-tech treadmills, all-black weight machines, video, pale cedar saunas, a fully sprung floor for aerobics (it "gives" to absorb shock).

FITNESS PLAY

Suddenly, skill-oriented fitness programs are gaining popularity—

and stealing the spotlight from run-of-the mill calisthenics…

Perfecting a skill—from a backhand to a backbend—adds its own reward to improved physical shape. Examples of the trend: people signing up for polo lessons at Los Angeles Equestrian Center at Griffith Park; the fact that gymnastics has been transformed into an amateur fitness program.

Is gymnastics for everyone? "Orthopedists call gymnastics the football of women's sports, owing to the relatively high incidence of injury to knees and back," says Lyle J. Micheli, M.D., clinical instructor of orthopedics at Harvard Medical School and attending surgeon for the Boston ballet. "A woman should get her doctor's okay before participating in gymnastics. To keep injuries low and benefits high, it's essential to supplement gymnastics with a strength and flexibility exercise program. As in any activity, the warmup period is crucial to safety. And, you must advance very slowly under the supervision of a spotter."

With these cautions in mind, the Kounovsky studio in New York City, *above*, offers a program for adults, not Olympians, that measures up well. The warmup—which includes light weight work, stretching, and aerobics—lasts a full twenty minutes. Each tumbling, trapeze, and rings maneuver is closely supervised by one-on-one spotters. The payoffs: gymnastics builds endurance, suppleness, balance, strength, speed, and coordination. And, it's fun.

BETH BAPTISTE Unitards by Stew Brooks Details, last pages

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DETCHEMA: FROM A BOLD LEGEND THE THRILL OF PASSION

April 17, 1916

Bukhara

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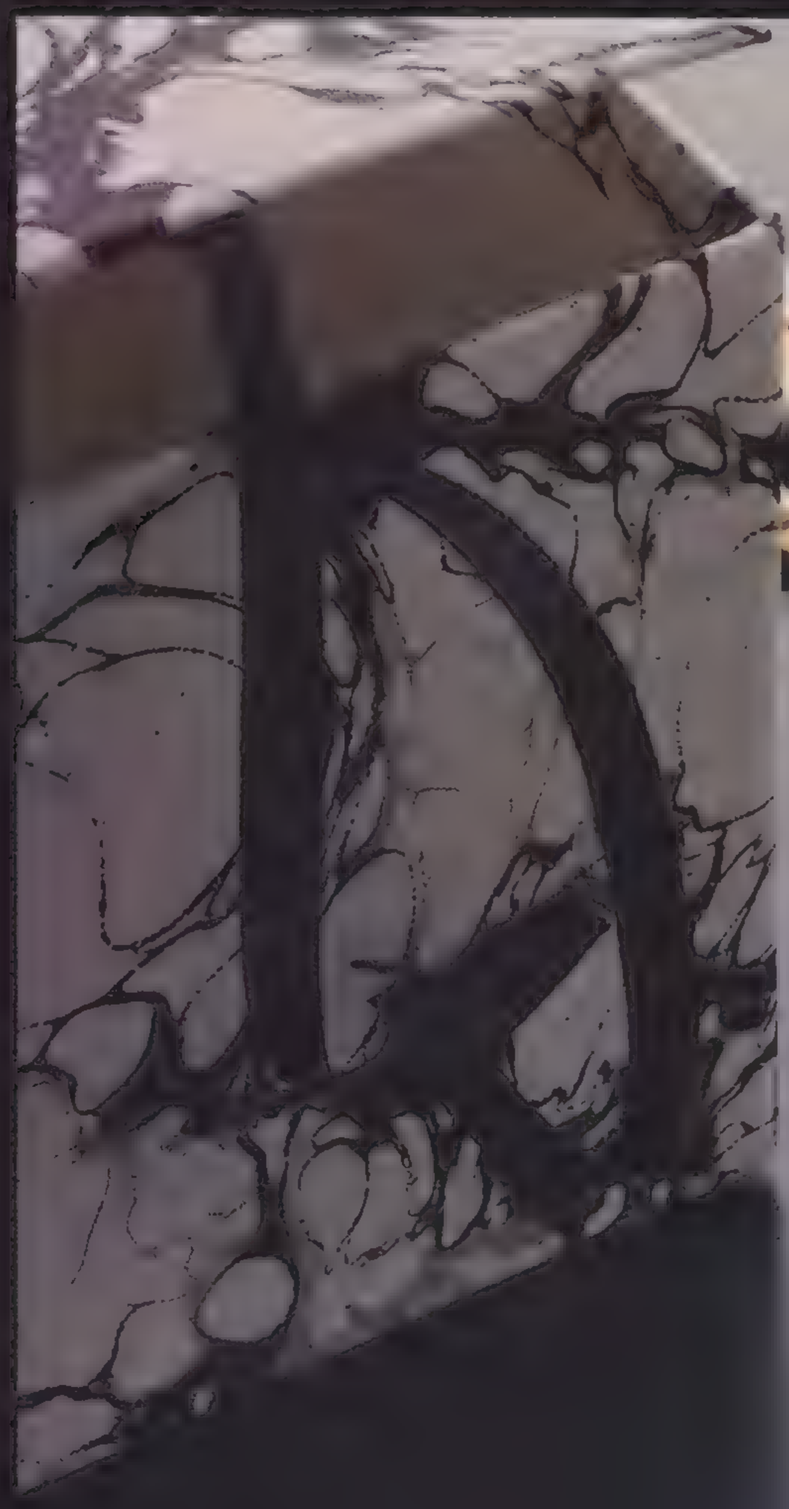
But the passion of my thoughts will live forever. Indeed I must create a lasting memento when I return to Paris. Something that will remind me of her alluring beauty. Something that will live forever so that others can share the passion and the joy of DETCHEMA.

Translated from the diary of Victor Revillon II (1958)

Revillon

ANGELA CUMMINGS



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Between Us

Long-distance love... money talk for women ...victory by voting

By Lorraine Davis

IN HER OWN WORDS . . .

"I think it's a sad pity that most people go through their lives hating their work. I always tell young people they must find the kind of work that they love because then they can do their best." —*Frances Steloff, ninety-six-year-old founder of the Gotham Book Mart in NYC*

"What does a young working woman need? I could give you a networking speech, but it's just as important for a woman to know the location of a good French dry cleaner that opens at 7:00 A.M. and of a place to go for decent food late at night and not be killed." —*Carol Bellamy, president of the New York City Council, speaking to the Young Women's Forum in NYC*

"The essence of being a scientist is to be stubborn and optimistic, so that, when you have done eleven experiments and they have all been unsuccessful, you're sure the twelfth will be successful. And if it isn't, you're *sure* the thirteenth will be." —*Sally Chapman, Ph.D., associate professor of chemistry, Barnard College*

ONE MARRIAGE, TWO ADDRESSES

Wedded couples' living in two places is an established trend. To find out what the arrangement does to the marriages—not just the two careers—two sociologists, Naomi Gerstel, Ph.D., at the University of Massachusetts and Harriet Gross, Ph.D., at Governors State University in Illinois, have interviewed fifty couples who live apart. The resulting book, *Commuter Marriage* (Guilford Press), yields these observations:

Periodic separations seem to have little effect on couples' sexual encounters, except for the obvious time concentrations. Living apart did *not* encourage either spouse's infidelity—commuters' incidence of extramarital sex matched the general population's. What *was* affected: the couples' abilities to give each other emotional support. Telephone calls (Ma Bell's ads to the contrary) cannot substitute for the daily presence of your mate. One husband said: "She keeps me on an even keel. When I get mad at work, and come home, she is steady as a rock. . . . She stops me from going crazy. Now, I am much more likely to stew about something." And a wife: "Sometimes I just feel like I am fighting the world. When I come home to Harry, he just levels me out. It takes him ten minutes to make me realize that things aren't that important. . . ."

Not surprisingly, one of the most poignant losses is shared silence, those stretches of quiet togetherness that can't be duplicated over the telephone.

The plusses? Here's one: Spouses who see each other daily can become too relaxed, too casual, take each other for granted. Living apart lets them rediscover each other at each meeting, with greater enthusiasm and appreciation.

"IT'S A MAN'S WORLD. UNLESS WOMEN VOTE"

With that motto, the Women's Vote Project, supported by more than seventy national women's organizations, has been working since February to register new female voters. Now they've designated Saturday November 3 "Get Out the Vote Day," with canvassing, rallies, telephone campaigns; and women everywhere are working for candidates who are responsive to their needs and concerns.

"We are firm in our determination to create the kind of women's voting bloc that will elect the next president of the United States, will determine who will be in the Congress, who will be in the State Houses, who will be in the City Halls," said Bella Abzug, speaking to the New York State convention of the National Women's Political Caucus. "People all over this country believe that the direction of new political leadership cannot emerge without the involvement, the ideas and leadership of women, whose suppression has obstructed America's further development into a thinking, caring society, living in peace and pursuing equality and economic justice."

CLEAN UP THAT TALK

Sexist words can be singled out right in your word processor by the use of Grammatik, a style-checking program by Wang Electronic Publishing. It tags about one hundred gender-specific words and offers alternative forms, substituting *guard* for *watchman*, *representative* for *spokesman*, and *attendant* for *bellboy*.

ONE SINGS, THE OTHER RUNS

Winding up the racing season this month in Los Alamitos, California, a red-coated filly named Ms. Holly Near—handled, ridden, and supported entirely by women—has been raising women's-rights consciousness among horsemen. Marianna Haun, manager of the Racing for Equality syndicate that bred and trained the long-legged filly, said 10 percent of the California-bred racehorse's winnings go to national NOW, earmarked for the fight for ERA. Joy Scott, her jockey, wears green and white silks (ERA colors); and California NOW sells, as a fund-raising project, green and white T-shirts emblazoned "Racing for Equality" for women to wear on the track. And, of course, red-haired feminist singer-songwriter Holly Near cheers her namesake on.

WHERE THE MONEY IS

Two NYC stock brokers, Elizabeth Sospenso and E. Lee Hennessee, vice presidents at Thomson McKinnon Securities Inc., NYC, finding that they had far fewer women customers than men, decided to rectify the balance.

How to find women with money to invest? They seized on *Who's Who of American Women* (Marquis), where both of them are listed along with thousands of other achievers. A letter to fifteen hundred biographees who live in New York City brought over two hundred replies in the first weeks. Lee said, "It bothered me that so many women stick their heads in the sand when it comes to investing. There are too many who make too much money to be afraid. It's just a new language which is not that difficult."

The team has organized a series of seminars for women to "open up that dark continent they've been afraid of," teaching some basic concepts—the U.S. dollar as an investment, interest rates, taxes, retirement plans. They also will introduce specific investment alternatives by which of course they hope to turn their listeners into clients.

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Linda Allard for

ELLEN TRACY

art

First there were the Medici; now Florence has Giuliano Gori, a contemporary patron of the arts, who has transformed his eighteenth-century villa into a stately showcase for international modern art

By Barbara Rose

Giuliano Gori is a shy man who will sometimes redden when his friends refer to him as "Giuliano the Second." The first Giuliano, he well knows, was the Medici prince who together with his brother Lorenzo helped bring the Renaissance to Florence. Undoubtedly inspired as his namesake, the current Giuliano, a successful textile broker in Prato, is a creative patron of contemporary art determined to make the environs of Florence a major art center once again .

A true Florentine from his sharp angular profile, familiar from countless numbers of Tuscan Renaissance portraits, to his easily distinguished guttural Florentine accent, Gori is a man with a mission. As Prato, a hard-working, textile-producing town that was the first industrial zone in Italy to recover after World War II, prospered, so did Giuliano Gori. He wished to restore to Prato and to the area around it the glory the town had had in the Renaissance, when it commissioned Filippo Lippi to decorate the cathedral with the elegant frescoes still *in situ*.

Like many Italian cities, Prato suffered devastation during World War II; much of the town was hastily reconstructed with little concern for esthetics. To set an example of how Prato may reclaim its artistic heritage, Gori has made a museum and art park out of the eighteenth-century villa where he and his wife and two of his four children live.

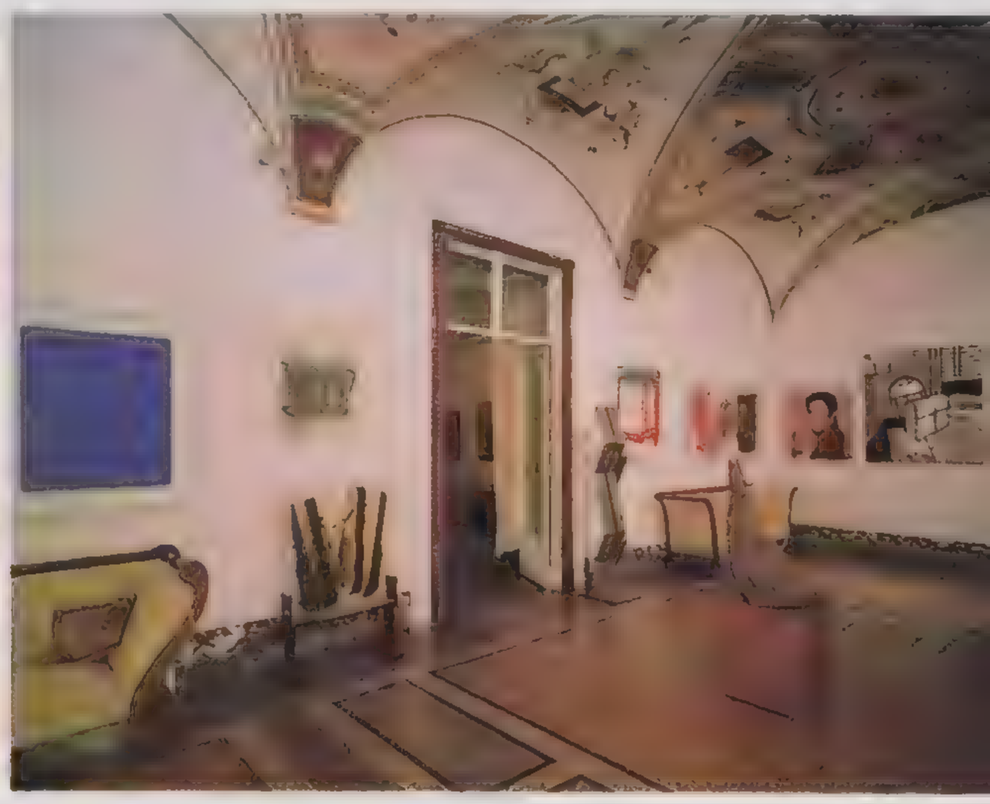
Giuliano bought the Fattoria di Celle, as his villa-museum is called, along with the mountain it sits on, years ago, long before he could afford to restore it to its past splendor. Ever since, he has plowed the profits of his business—where he works at least twelve hours a day, six days a week—into his obsession: the creation of an art collection fit for a prince.

The first work to be done at the Fattoria, which is located outside the village of San Tomato, on the edge of the small town Pistoia, was the restoration of the immense park, originally commissioned by a corrupt cardinal, and the elegant villa where the cardinal resided. Gori hired a distinguished landscape architect to work on the paths, streams, brooks, and forest enclosures that make the park itself so charming a promenade.

The interior of the villa, originally frescoed with rococo designs in the then-popular "Pompeiian" style, was repainted by the specialists in restoration for which Florence is famous, and furnished with the original period furniture that came with the Celle. Within these period rooms, however, Gori installed the collection of modern masterpieces he has been amassing since he was a young man. There are examples of works by the giants of the twentieth century like De Chirico, Picasso, and Miró (a personal friend who once designed special textiles for Gori), as well as such lesser-known Italian masters as the Constructivist sculptor Merlotti. On the lawn in front of the villa, there are bronze sculptures by Henry Moore, Marino Marini, etc., that were part of Gori's original collection. However, they look very traditional indeed in comparison with Gori's recent commissions to such world-famous young avant-garde sculptors as Alice Aycock, George Trakas, Dennis Oppenheim, Anne and Patrick Poirier, and Robert Morris, whose giant grey-and-green marble labyrinth echoes the striated colors of the Duomo in Florence.

The idea of commissioning works from living artists that *(Continued on page 172)*

GEORGE TATGE



In assembling the art collection at Fattoria di Celle (above, left), Italian textile broker Giuliano Gori gives some artists, such as Nicola de Maria, an entire room to fresco (top). Galleries (above, center and right) house Minimalist, Nouveau Réaliste, Pop art. Surrounding grounds serve as sculpture park.

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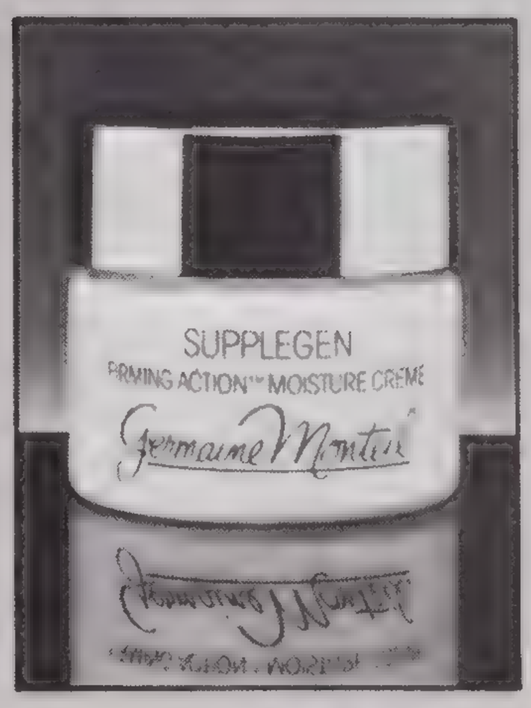

Burdines

giuliano gori

(Continued from page 170)

frame a permanent part of the landscape and building for which they are specially designed is indeed a conception of patronage worthy of the Renaissance, when the glory of the patron and the artists he patronized, rather than the profit of the art market, was the focus of the interaction between art lovers and the painters and sculptors they admired. Reflecting on the originality and courageousness of Gori's project to commission young artists to fresco individual rooms in the upper stories of the villa, I remembered the shock of an American collector when confronted with a sketch for a fresco rather than the portable painting he expected. "You mean," his wife complained incredulously, "you can't take it with you?" Well, you can't take anything at Celle with you. The art is there for eternity, attached to the walls and rooted in the landscape, to be admired for generations to come.

An indefatigable promoter of Pratesi culture, Gori works at interesting others in following his example of leaving art to the region. He is being aided by a recent Italian law that permits the establishment of tax-free private art foundations, which in the past were taxed to the point that no one could afford to donate art to the public. Already there are plans for a large museum of modern art in the center of Prato; and it is rumored that Gori has persuaded Count Panza di Biumo to leave at least part of his collection permanently on view in Italy. In fact, it is rumored that Panza, the celebrated czar of Minimal art, has apparently purchased the ancient Medici stables as a possible future museum.

The last time I saw Gori at the Villa Celle, he had assembled hundreds of friends to celebrate the wedding of his son in the villa's casino. Several of the artists who had made works for the villa, including the Italian sculptor Staccioli and the American sound artist Max Neuhaus, who had just installed a sound environment synchronized with the chiming of the church bell in nearby Pistoia, were present. All the little stars gleaming in the vaults of the casino, or tea palace as it is also known, had been gilded; and the wedding cake, in the shape of the building, was glittering with candles. "This is the first six-fork dinner for four hundred guests I've ever been to," Max Neuhaus whispered.

Strolling in the gardens and woods, where one comes by chance on a giant sculpture hidden by trees or waterfalls, one thinks of a modern Bomarzo, a private place of spectacle and enchantment to be enjoyed by many. Exploring the halls and rooms of the Villa Celle itself, one wonders what the old cardinal, whose portrait bust glowers down on strollers from atop a column, would think, if he would be able to imagine the rooms of his estate frescoed with the strange new images of artists working late in the twentieth century. Or even, for that matter, what the first Giuliano would think of the taste of this latter-day Medici, who shares not only his name but also his passion for art.

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Women are shaking up the status quo—making inroads as entrepreneurs, managers...here, a corporate success story, plus advice on gleaning top benefits and deflecting professional jealousy

By Jill A. Fraser

The enthusiastic tycoon

Sandra Kurtzig's career is a classic Silicon Valley success story. Twelve years ago, she resigned from a job in General Electric's computer division to have a child, but she couldn't afford to retire full-time. So, with $2000 in savings, she started a computer software-development business in the spare bedroom of her apartment. Originally intended as a part-time venture, ASK Computer Systems Inc. soon began to consume eighty hours a week and more of Kurtzig's time. "I did everything myself," she recalls. "I wrote the computer programs, went out and sold the product, made out the invoices, and collected the money, which I kept in a shoebox."

Two children and a divorce later, Kurtzig, at age thirty-seven, now runs one of the fastest growing companies in the U.S., with sales, this year, of $65 million. "I never expected anything even wildly like this when I started out," she laughs, "but my goals have grown with ASK. Now I can see us doing a half-billion dollars of sales within four or five years."

Sandra Kurtzig: succeeding beyond her dreams

TIM STREET-PORTER

Ask Kurtzig why she's been so successful, and she'll tell you that it's knowing how to hire good people. But there's more: she combines a keen knowledge of her business with an enormous amount of enthusiasm—and the ability to communicate that enthusiasm to others. She's also an indefatigable worker, both for her company and for her industry, in which ASK ranks as one of the leaders.

"Looking back, I'd have to say the most important thing for me was just having the guts to get started," says Kurtzig. "Everybody has good ideas. But unless you get out there and research your idea and its market, sample people's interest, and then give it a try, you never know what you could have done. I've been surprising myself every step of the way."

The wages of success

The good news: women have made substantial inroads into management over the past decade. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, women accounted for 31.9 percent of managers in 1982, compared to only 19.6 percent ten years earlier. That's over a 60 percent improvement—fairly impressive.

The bad news: although discriminatory barriers keep crumbling, women managers still tend to be clustered in such traditional areas as office management, health administration, banking, sales, and education. Equally discouraging, women managers have yet to really break into the higher realms of pay within their professions. Less than 15 percent of all women managers earned $500 or more weekly in 1982—compared to 51.3 percent of their male counterparts. And whereas only a small number of male managers earned less than $200 weekly, 16.2 percent of women managers did so.

Regardless of the industry, that wage pattern holds fast. Seniority is a major factor, reports the BLS. Women are handicapped by the fact that, once they've passed the age of thirty, they tend to have worked fewer years for their employers than men because of more frequent job changes and career interruptions. And of course, junior executives—the category the bulk of women managers falls into—earn less than colleagues higher up the corporate ladder. But another stumbling block, obviously, is widespread corporate resistance to paying women the same salaries as men. For the women managers, wages rather than promotion barriers may offer the toughest challenge of the 1980s. *(Continued on page 180)*

> *For women managers, wages may offer the toughest challenge of the 1980s*

(Continued from page 179)

Shopping for benefits, cafeteria-style

Odds are, your company's benefit plan doesn't fit your needs. If you are single and childless, you've probably got more life insurance than you know what to do with; and if you're married, you and your husband may well have duplicate coverage.

The solution: flexible compensation packages, now available to several million Americans. With these cafeteria-style plans, employees select only those benefits they need, from a menu that may include all the standards—medical, dental, life, accident and long-term disability insurance—plus useful extras like legal insurance, child-care reimbursements, and bonus vacations. Spend less than your company allots for coverage, and you'll receive the savings as a taxable bonus; spend more, and the shortfall will be deducted (pretax) from your paycheck.

"Flex" plans can be tailored to suit any working woman's needs. If you're young and single, you may want to trade off your life insurance for extra cash and vacations. Married with two children? Then why not eliminate medical coverage (you can rely on your husband's) and opt instead for heavier life insurance, a child-care allowance, and more time off with the family.

If your company has a flex plan, how do you go about choosing the right mix for you? Stephanie Ross, a flexible-compensation consultant for The Wyatt Co., advises that you first make a list of all the benefits already available to you and your family, either through your husband, your union, or some other association. Then figure out exactly what protection, short- and long-term, you really need, and add the essentials. One great advantage to flex plans is that you can switch coverage easily: adding legal insurance, for example, when you buy a house.

Workplace jealousy: on guard

When amicable competition between colleagues degenerates into all-out professional jealousy, the workplace can become a battleground. Before tensions erupt into bouts of sarcasm, shouting, or even sabotage, it's essential to recognize symptoms of workplace jealousy and disarm it, whether in yourself or others.

"Perhaps the best warning sign is the so-called horn effect," says Eugene C. Bell, Ph.D., an Atlanta-based organizational-behavior psychologist. "That means, everything the other person does is perceived as bad or incompetent." Another indicator: excessive criticism of a workmate, without any positive reinforcement.

If you find yourself putting horns on someone, you might defuse the problem by toning down your critical remarks, even looking for reasons to praise your colleague's performance. Don't simply allow feelings of resentment to fester. While competitiveness is natural among office mates and may push them to excel, jealousy can only be destructive, both for the workers involved and for their company.

What if one of your colleagues seems excessively critical of you? Then it's best to broach the subject—diplomatically. "Above all, don't accuse the person of being jealous," cautions Dr. Bell. "Confine yourself to how you feel about the treatment you've been receiving and how much you'd like your relations to improve." If the jealousy seems tied to a particular event, such as a recent promotion, you may want to refer to it. But do so briefly, while also emphasizing how highly you and the company regard your colleague.

Corporate aid for parents—a new deal?

Corporate trendsetters have improved time-off options for new parents; but, at most worksites, leave policies remain woefully inadequate. According to a recent survey of the *Fortune* 1500 by Catalyst, a nonprofit organization, nearly all the corporate giants offer a bare minimum: a disability leave, generally five to eight weeks, for new mothers. Only half the corporations supplement that leave with additional time off, without pay but with a job guarantee upon return. A mere handful of those surveyed—7 percent—offer the more viable option of a supplemental leave with pay.

On a more positive note, paternity benefits have increased sharply since 1980, when Catalyst found that less than 10 percent of companies offered new fathers some type of leave. Today, that figure is over 30 percent. Somewhat surprisingly, though, corporations report few if any male takers—an indication, likely, of management or peer pressure.

For all the publicity, corporate support for child care remains extremely limited. A mere 3 percent of companies surveyed provide child-care facilities on or near the workplace, up from 1 percent back in 1980. The number of firms subsidizing community-based child-care costs actually declined over the past four years, from 19 percent to 16 percent.

According to Catalyst, 41 percent of firms claimed to favor the idea of on-site child care, while 47 percent favor subsidies for community-based child care. The conclusion seems inescapable that our corporate leaders need an extra push, whether through tax breaks or some other governmental initiative, in order to translate their good intentions into actions. ▽

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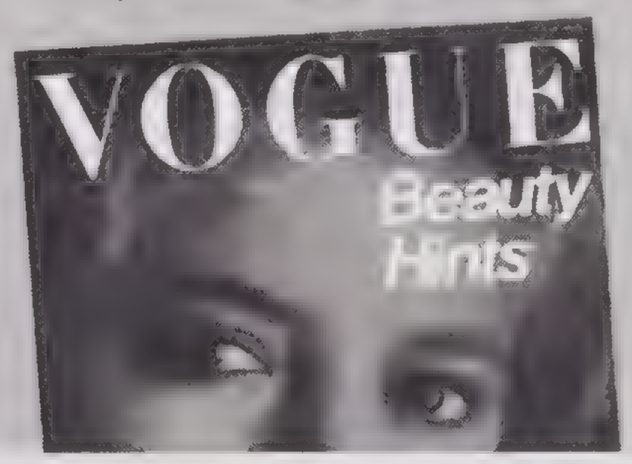

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BEAUTY NOW

of time and beauty

Aging well is more attitude than artifice. A personal view...

By Joanna Brown

For years, I've been a collector of beautiful faces, some preserved in material form—sculpture, paintings, photographs—others tucked away in my memory. As I grow older, I find myself sorting through those images, looking for a connection, a definition, something to help me define "beauty" in relation to time. . . and age.

This is a difficult time for women—or men, for that matter—to grow old. We are told it is the best of times; so, naturally, we feel deprived when it isn't so for us.

On one hand, we have developed a modern technology of "tools"—diet, exercise, cosmetics, etc.—to help offset many of the unappealing effects of age. If that isn't enough, the women's movement suggests we no longer need to hide that once universal symbol of defeat: our birthdates. Gloria Steinem made history when she told us, "This is what forty looks like. We've been lying about it so long, who would know?" Ten years later, to inspire us further, she was thrown a fiftieth birthday party by the Ms. Foundations.

It certainly sounds great. At long last, middle age should hold no terrors. . . and age itself should be laughed away. Science and living right have triumphed; but even with considerable scientific achievements, we remain children of nature. . . and many of us are haunted by age.

Why do we fear—and focus on—that first sly drooping of the jawline. . . that incipient sag of the neck. . . the lines, the spots that tell us we're not young anymore? Age is, after all, or should be, a synonym for *growth*—i.e., a rich, sweet peach might be considered the old age of a peach blossom. . . the butterfly, the old age of a caterpillar. But for many of us, age seems to offer not richness but merely the deprivation of youth.

Everyone today who is young enough to worry about aging grew up in a world of stereotyped media images that have become the primary molders and shapers of our visual standards.

The face or body we see in the mirror—a flat image with no depth, no animation—beguiles us with a false and misleading sense of who we really are. We look unhappily into an image that isn't as smooth and poreless as our ideal.

We do not really see ourselves—our vitality, our personality; we miss the impact we have on others.

To friends, our attractiveness grows out of their perception of us, in all dimensions: the way we move, the sound of our voices, the quality of our laughter. The flaws that look so formidable when we see them in ourselves diminish when seen in the faces of our friends in the light of all their other aspects. Which proves once again that attractiveness is more than physical, that beauty without the spirit to animate it declines to dullness.

What, then, *is* "beauty"? It is perhaps the most difficult of all qualities to define, probably because it is such a mixture of the physical and the evanescent. William Blake said "Beauty is exuberance": and I would agree with that.

Age need *not* wither us. . . but only if we face it with vitality—exercising, so we can jump up from a chair at seventy, sit cross-legged on the floor at eighty, so full of spirit that any wrinkles we might have will be dimmed by our energy.

Age is, or should be, a synonym for growth. . .

To any young woman fearing age, worrying over an incipient wrinkle, experts say use your body well; learn about posture so that you never hunch your shoulders; stay lean so that your jawline remains firm; protect your skin, so the sun doesn't hurry the wrinkles. But most of all have a sense of purpose; maintain your physical self to house your spirit and help it grow.

The sad thing about some aging women: instead of experiencing the pleasure of developing with time, they shrink from that growth, trying to remain girls—smooth-skinned and innocent—avoiding maturity like a blossoming tree unwilling to bear fruit.

There are many things a woman can do to maintain her sense of self—haircoloring, face-lifts, etc.; but they should be done to *gain* time, not erase it.

Shakespeare refers to "the lords and owners of their faces." It's a powerful image. Despite any inroads time may have made, to own one's face rather than to flee from it is truly to wrest beauty from the grip of time. ▽

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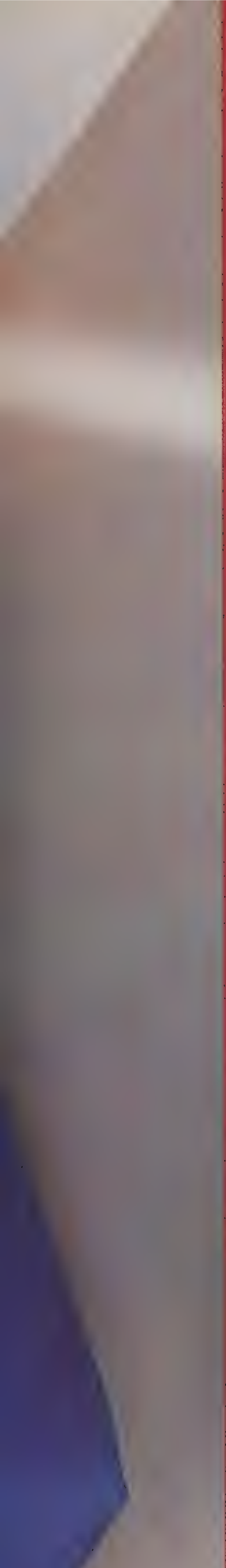

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nuclear visions

Ronald Feldman Fine Arts, NYC

A new boom in art: Nancy Buchanan's "American Everything's Coming Up Roses" (pencil and pastel, 1981).

It's the late-twentieth century: do you know where your subconscious is? Chances are it's wandering around the post-Apocalyptic landscape: Images of the unimaginable pop up in movies, TV, dance, painting, even on your sheets. Too bad this isn't a dream

By Douglas Davis

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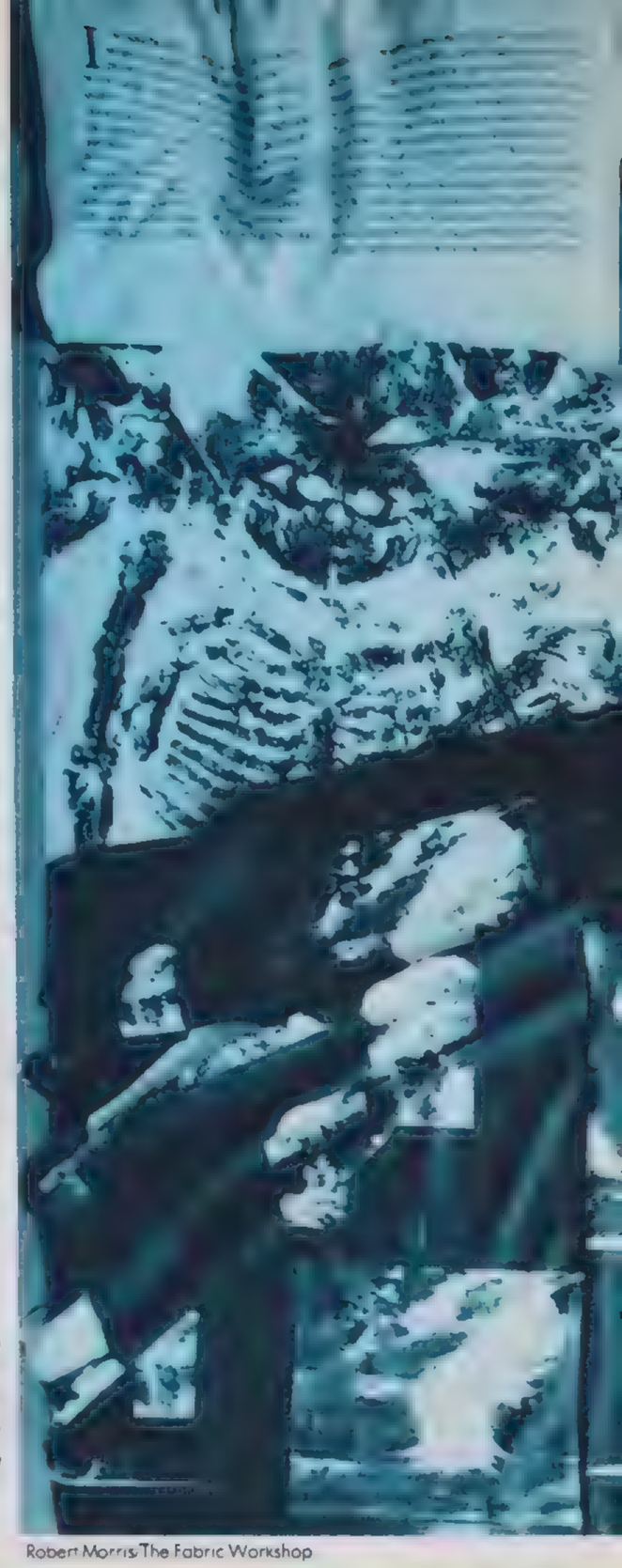
Ronald Feldman Fine Arts, NYC

For reasons now forgotten, the two mighty
tribes destroyed themselves.
The great machine sputtered to a stop.
—*The narrator, "The Road Warrior"*

The end is over. At some point in this decade, we accepted the nuclear holocaust, we left it behind. We're focusing now—in our instincts, our thought, our art—on the horror that follows beyond the Apocalypse. As the embittered voice in *The Road Warrior* drones on, the camera pans across a stark, sterile desert, marked only by a two-lane highway. No buildings, no trees, no life. Nothing but dry, parched sand as far as the eye can see, marked here and there only by the rusting shards of a lost civilization—a twisted hubcap, a fractured bumper, a shattered television screen. "The leaders talked and talked," the voice says, "but man began to feed on man." In this popular cult film—indeed, throughout the culture—it is the day after the day after. We have given up this world for the world beyond its finish.

Why? The reasons are elusive, hard to touch, but the belief that supports them isn't. That's firm. That's buried deep inside our psyches. Its effects therefore surface only in those forms we can't control, in our dreams, our music, our dress. Of course we're convinced—with countless pessimists and prophets in the past—that man has gone mad. What is new, totally new about our vision is its global, instantaneous reach. Post-Apocalypticism is fired every day by the reach of *(Continued on page 198)*

So long, Frank Lloyd Wright: the omnipresent shattered landscape, right, in Komar and Melamid's "Scenes from the Future—The Guggenheim," 1974. Nighty-night, left: Robert Morris' "Restless Sleeper/Atomic Shroud" (silk-screened linens, 1981).



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nuclear visions

(Continued from page 197)

telecommunications. We are constantly reminded of man's rapacious instincts by our television screens. In the race to pile sensation on sensation, the networks instantly record every act of impressive violence—rapes, tortures, assassinations. All programming stops for disaster, nothing for faith, hope, and charity. Time and again we hear the nuclear tonnage count on the evening news, mounting higher and higher each day. Disaster lives on our fingertips. Naturally, the end will hit the screen. We know that, we expect it, we're waiting to tune it in.

Television set: We interrupt this
program to announce the end
of the world. Our computer is calling
exactly seven minutes left.
The President regrets to report
that all missiles have been fired,
on both sides. Now we're calling ...
six minutes, forty-seven seconds.
But first, two live remotes,
from Washington, and Moscow....

But . . . is the end really the end? Ah, this question points toward the most delicious secret at the heart of the Post-Apocalyptic vision. You'd never suspect that it's lurking there: Let's save the truth for last. Meanwhile, stay tuned and remember that Post-Apocalypticism—like Post-Modernism—is a figure of speech, a metaphor, whose literal anchor lies hidden from impatient eyes.

> *Caught in the web of*
>
> *an increasingly*
>
> *creepy world,*
>
> *culture turns childlike*

On top, out front, it's ridiculously easy to see. The forms, the gait, are infinite in film, painting, literature, the theater, in television of every kind. The dead, bleached world is a constant—here a devastated city (in *Blade Runner*), there a primal France (in *Le Dernier Combat*). The slashed, garish figures that lurch through the new Expressionist painting all over the world, from David Salle's murky, mauled androgynes to Anselm Kiefer's blackened, charred bodies, are legion in their number. Issey Miyake's tattered wrappings, born in the heat of the Vietnam protests, are by now a universal garment, endlessly imitated by designers and re-invented by wearers. The repetitive references to madness and destruction in *belles-lettres* are the more impressive because they are so casual and unpredictable. Michel Foucault built an entire system of philosophy and criticism on it, without pausing to offer proof of any kind—the assumption, he knows, is shared. Architect Peter Eisenman, Foucault's disciple, devised "Fin d'Ou T Hou

S'' (Find Out House) for an exhibition devoted to *Follies: Architecture for the Late-Twentieth-Century Landscape*. It took the form of a dismembered cube, of geometry turned inside out. In its defense, he argues that the world has changed. ''While seemingly rational (and ordered . . .),'' he writes, ''it has become quite mad.'' When the Museum of Modern Art in NYC reopened in May, it calmly posted a painting by Alexander Melamid and Vitaly Komar that depicts the museum as a shattered hulk, standing alone in that familiar bleached terrain, post-explosion.

But the mood beneath this galaxy of appearances is always the same—calm, fixed, sure; this confidence sets us apart from our predecessors. Of course it is a mood endemic to this decade, the decade threatened by the arrival of 1984, the approach of the second millenium, the increasingly harsh East-West rhetoric. Of course we see and hear the early-warning system—as Plato, as Joyce predicted—in the artists, the seers, in *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. Yet the pitch, the sound of our decade has nothing to do with the outraged innocence that followed Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the confused calls to alarm in the 'fifties, the strident militancy of the 'sixties. Now there is nothing but quiet anticipation. Quiet . . . and . . . deadly.

> Then I heard a girl's voice clearly from behind a tree. ''Help me, please.'' Her back was completely burned and the skin peeled off and was hanging down from her hips.
> *—Goro Kiyoyoshi, aged eighty, from ''Unforgettable Fire: Pictures Drawn by Atomic Bomb Survivors''*

Who is behind this end? Nobody, nothing, everyone. This is the peculiar twist to the new horror. Its causes are diffuse, all-enveloping, all-powerful. The sickening Hiroshima drawings, rooted in the past, in a simpler war, are specific. But Richard Bosman's prophetic painting—displayed in *The End of the World,* an exhibition that opened the new year at The New Museum of Contemporary Art in New York City—is vague. His huge, running figures jam the front of the picture plane, as if they are about to crash through the television screen at *you*. Barely glimpsed above their heads, buildings burn. By whose hand? We do not know. We don't know if the cause is nuclear or conventional. On MTV, the daily twenty-four-hour cable-TV service, the preoccupation with disaster is constant. The new music unfolds here in a landscape filled with scarred, mutilated faces, red atomic clouds, and vast, destroyed fields. Again, there is no perceptible cause for the disaster lurking behind Michael Jackson's parodic ''Thriller,'' David Bowie's ''Ashes to Ashes,'' and Devo's ''Beautiful World''—but death is *there*.

Horror, now, has a multiplicity of options and origins. Yes, the race has predicted its own extinction over and over. But always in the past the end had a single cause—God. Now the suspects are manifold, from the super powers to the *(Continued on page 200)*

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nuclear visions

(Continued from page 199)

little powers (South Africa may have the bomb, Argentina is close behind) to the lone, paranoid desperado (the mainstay of assassination TV) to sheer accident, the day the computer chip erodes and sends the signal to *fire!* In Dana Garrett's painting for *The End of the World,* a huge and ghostly skull floats over a defenseless city; it is entitled "Welcome."

Christopher Lasch detects a "waning sense of historical time." But no, no, not that: we gorge on the past now, we feast on it in the most public and visible of the arts, architecture. In Houston, the Northern Renaissance spires of Philip Johnson's new RepublicBank Center looms like Dracula's Dutch castle in the midst of the landscape of tomorrow, and is greeted appreciatively by the white-collar millions who pass it each day. We *feast* on the past, Mr. Lasch. Why? Because the past has a future; we have none. What does Ed Ruscha mean when he paints "LET'S FACE IT." on a big sheet of paper? Does he mean the collapse of SALT II? of Three Mile Island? the wars in the Middle East? No, he means "IT." And *you* know what *that* means.

> The continuing institutionalized preparation for nuclear war brings us continually closer to its occurrence.
> *—Lisa Peattie, "Normalizing the Unthinkable," from "Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists" (March, 1984)*

Beware the Expert. Both *1984* and the nuclear holocaust imply a finality, one spiritual, the other physical. Orwell's Oceania is ruled by "experts" who know no wider end than their own. Dr. Strangelove was an expert too, commissioned to focus on one goal, like a programmed computer. The symposium that followed *The Day After* on ABC-TV in November 1983 was loaded with experts, from Kissinger to McNamara. Each one offered a pointed, precise plan to ward off the holocaust: reduce our stockpile of Weapon X and perhaps the Russians will reduce Weapon Y. In the face of this reductive thinking, we hunger for a larger ideal, a roar of rage, a cry for peace.

As the computer spreads, as letters and bills are keypunched by Dr. Strangelove, art turns childlike. New York artist Donald Lipski emasculates a two-thousand-pound demolition bomb with chalked scrawls. The Rev. Howard Finster paints a primitivist "Love and Death Meet Together" on a rectangular block of wood in Georgia: Death is a brown snake entwined around the blue world; Love floats on her white wings nearby, attempting to bring the world to safety. Orwell did not fear the erosion of efficiency in Oceania; we do not fear it now: The personal computer will teach us all to keep our accounts and compete with Japan. What we fear is the loss of general ideas, of salvation. In Oceania's Newspeak, the following *(Continued on page 202)*

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(Continued from page 200)

words, all diffuse, are banned: Honor, Internationalism, Democracy, Science.

The entire Earth will become
a wasteland. All buildings
will be destroyed...
All living things will perish—
no grass, no trees, no greenery.
—Thirteen-year-old Russian student, 1983

Do you think you are the only one
who's suffered? But we
haven't given up. We're still
human beings. You're out there
with the garbage, feeding off
the corpse of the old world.
You don't want nothing.
—The leader in "The Road Warrior," addressing Max, the Warrior

Reject the end. The death of Utopia—sensed by Karl Mannheim in his great book, *Ideology and Utopia*, published in 1929—is ominous. When the embittered hero of *The Road Warrior* refuses to help his new friends, rejecting the leader's impassioned plea, they show him a string of old postcards. The cards depict the bright sun, the verdant fields, the flowing beaches "in the North," where Paradise dwelled two thousand years before. *Help us,* they say, and we will march off together, in search of Utopia. Battered by the collapse of Left and Right, we don't even have a string of postcards at this moment. No ideology offers hope; only the computer terminal, with its promise of instant gratification—and surveillance. Thus the great best-selling tracts that confront the holocaust desert this world for the next. Hal Lindsey's *The Late Great Planet Earth,* which sold five million copies in the 'seventies, preaches a fundamentalist creed: We will triumph, he says, in the afterlife. Jonathan Schell's *The Fate of the Earth* touched the upper-middle-class nerve. Yet it, too, offers no finite political plan, no vision of a perfected world, only a survivor's world. Neither of these books fulfills the hunger, the need for Utopia.

But if this need is so powerful, why don't we . . . demand a halt . . . a change? Because we're just beginning to think our way out. Take Arthur Kopit, the playwright. He was commissioned by a wealthy Texas advocate

In art, it's the day after "The Day After"

of the nuclear freeze to write a *realistic* scenario for the world's end, based on the facts, on solid interviews with Pentagon generals and doomsday thinkers throughout the world. But after years of grim, sober research, he gave up. Instead he wrote a play about his own predicament, a play about a playwright who can't write about the bomb because he knows too much. The nuclear reality is too grotesque, too vivid, too immediate to describe. Kopit filled his play with as many laughs, as much slapstick as he could, just to get the predicament stated, without flinching. He called it *End of the World* (again). It opened in New York in May, to mixed reviews. The critics loved the jokes, they loved Linda Hunt in the role of the playwright's agent; but the theme, the theme, they said . . . is too heavy. It makes no difference. Right in the heart of *End of the World* is the secret we're after. Listen closely now to one of the baffled speakers:

So I sometimes think, now
it's all over and we're up there
in the big debriefing space in the sky
and the good lord decides to hold
a symposium 'cause he's curious:
"How did this thing happen?"
And everybody says, "Hey,
don't look at me, I didn't want
to do it." And it gets nowhere
except that everybody realizes
no one wanted to do it....

The end is NOT the end. Because we don't want it. Given a chance, we'd vote it down, unanimously. This is the precious secret kicking around in the heart—if not the bowels—of Post-Apocalyptic art. Even more precious: the secret is the cause of it all, the literal anchor beneath the metaphors. On the top we cry out *death is here and gone*. Under- (Continued on page 204)

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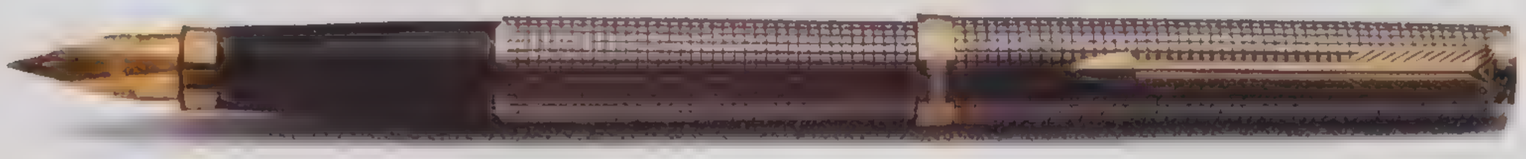

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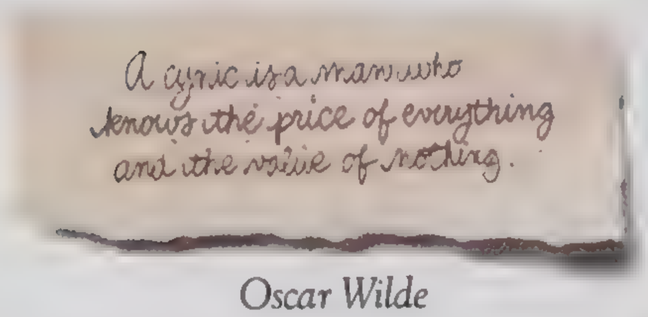

Oscar Wilde

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nuclear visions

(Continued from page 202)

neath we're saying *no!* Once we became sure that nuclear insanity was knocking at the door—like the banging on the gate in *Macbeth*—we raised the WARNING sign in our subliminal zone, down where political reason can't reach. Now our art, high and low, is on the alert; now our senses are tightly strung. ABC's *The Day After*—witnessed by hundreds of millions—prided itself on this realism. But it was followed by an even more convincing vision: NBC's *Special Bulletin,* in which the destruction threatened by a crew of nuclear terrorists is played out in the control room of a network news show. The terrorists state their demand—that the U.S. Government cease production of advanced weapons, or face the obliteration of an entire city. When the demand is refused and the sickening carnage comes, it reduces the "newsmen" on your screen to tears. You, too, are crying, if not terrified: It is as real as the nightly news. Over and over NBC tries to warn you: "This is a dramatization."

In other words, we're learning how to provoke ourselves, using time and again the very medium that poisons our psyche. If *The Day After* was a conventional exercise in apocalyptic nihilism, *Special Bulletin* edges toward an answer, toward an appeal to the larger public, to us—not the experts, not the leaders, not the network managers. It is the kind of answer that *The Road Warrior* ignores, that is missing in Melamid and Komar's vision of a shattered MoMA, that Kopit stumbled upon, but then dismissed, ending in despair.

I was at one with all three of them nine years ago, when I made a morbid work entitled *The Last Videotape (in the World),* I cast a reflection of a dead couple on the surface of a dead, darkened screen; the viewer hears nothing in this tape save the rushing wind and an endlessly ringing, never-answered telephone. But now, typing this essay out, facing the reality of our new—and threatened—condition, I sense that I was wrong in 1975, that a different response is needed. Revive the tube! Flood the world with light! Vote for life rather than death. Now, it is simply a matter of rescuing television from itself.

Television set: We interrupt this remote
to report the impossible:
our computer was wrong!
The missiles were fired, every last
one of them, perhaps by mistake
into outer space! Worse!
A band of villains has seized
all satellites! They are threatening
to poll *you* on the Apocalypse!
Watch out! I—
(a pair of hands muffles his lips).

Douglas Davis *is an artist, an architecture critic for "Newsweek," and the author of "Artculture: Essays on the Post-Modern" (Harper & Row).*

MARIO TESTINO

What's new for Fallout? Fashion statements from Katherine Hamnett's summer '84 collection

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Saks Fifth Avenue

driven to distraction

From MTV to Ready-Credit, fast-food to *Flashdance*...

while modern life reflects our shriveled attention span,

modern science tries to concentrate on a cure

By Curt Suplee

You've been reading, but after twenty minutes you're restless. Heading for the refrigerator, you remember you're supposed to call somebody and stop to look up the number. But suddenly the timer goes off on the oven, and by the time you're back to the phone, you've forgotten not only the number but what you were doing in the first place.

If you often feel like you've been living in a Cuisinart and have the mental focus of a pet-store gerbil, you're not alone. The national attention span, it seems, is shrinking faster than a cheap steak in a microwave oven and there seems to be very little we can do about it.

Our brains are beleaguered on one side by a spew of electronic doodads that have jacked up the pace of life to warp speed; on the other, by the compression of our information sources and cultural experiences. The combination of more and briefer events arriving at ever-diminished intervals constitutes nothing less than a vast behavior-modification program, making the threat of short attention span a self-fulfilling prophecy and imperiling those traditional pursuits—such as reading books—that require reflective tranquility.

This condition has arisen because, paradoxically, concentration is a function of how much we can ignore. And in super-tech America, land of alarm watches, beeper paging, and talking cameras, ignoring our surroundings gets harder every year.

Attention, in William James's classic definition, is "the taking possession by the mind, in clear and vivid form, of one out of what seems several simultaneously possible objects or trains of thought. . . . It implies withdrawal from some things in order to deal effectively with others. . . ." Thus we do not "hear" the sound of our own car unless a new noise appears; and at cocktail parties, we monitor but disregard surrounding conversations in order to pursue our own.

The physiology of that largely unconscious selection mechanism is still a mystery, though some scientists theorize that each incoming quantum of sensation is fed out to the brain's memory banks for comparison. If the stimulus matches memory, it is ignored; if there's no match, we pay attention. Hence, though we are drenched in impulses every waking moment, we filter out all those that are either routine (the painting in the living room that you never "see" anymore) or meaningless (the color of the sidewalk). As a new object becomes familiar, we begin to use different eye movements to perceive it: the rate of movement decreases and the motions become more stereotyped. Research psychologist Charles Furst, Ph.D., calls this process "perceptual automatizing"—a system that "frees the machinery of consciousness for other tasks. Brain efficiency and mindlessness are two sides of the same coin."

But scientists have begun to understand the behavioral aspects of attention. Four years ago, psychologist Raja Parasuraman, Ph.D., published the results of a study conducted at UCLA. He concluded that concentration suffers most in tasks where (1) people are required to interpret new events by comparing them to patterns in short-term memory, and (2) where new events occur rapidly. A case in point: air-traffic controllers must integrate each new flight entering their air space with the ever-changing pattern of planes already there. Worse yet, Parasuraman found, "time pressure, which may be associated with both a high event rate and a high memory load, will increase this demand."

Unfortunately, that's a fairly accurate description of modern life itself, an age in which ATT actually fired a phone operator for staying on the line too long with a customer; in which we "relax" by watching a Michael Jackson video that makes *The 20-Minute Workout* show look like a catnap; and in which our schoolchildren—whose degraded attention has become a national cliché—amuse themselves by playing blitz-quick video games while encased in ear-rupturing Sony Walkmans and chatting with their girl friends. Not to mention the gizmo bonanza of "convenience" devices that cram more events into each hour: speed-food joints and pouch-boil dinners, cellular phones, electronic mail, wrist TVs, bank-card cash machines, sign-and-run credit cards, overnight delivery, and the ubiquitous personal computer. No wonder our pop choreogra- *(Continued on page 208)*

Curt Suplee *is a features writer for "The Washington Post."*

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NORDSTROM

distraction

(Continued from page 206)

phy, from Bob Fosse to *Flashdance*, looks like something between a Mayan execution and the Heimlich Maneuver.

Mardi J. Horowitz, M.D., director of the Center for the Study of Neuroses at the University of California at San Francisco, a special clinic for stress and anxiety disorders, warns that we may be approaching a "national overload":

"When a person is presented with a stimulus, especially one that is jangling in some way, a series of conceptual and emotional processes are set in motion" at both the conscious and unconscious levels "in multiple channels of consideration." Ideally, each of these channels should flow smoothly to completion. But when the next jangle comes too soon, the flow is blocked. "Some experiences are bumped out of the storage line. Some just remain because they are important and stressful, but they remain in an incomplete mode of processing."

As a result, people "have larger and larger loads of unfinished business. When this gets too great, it begins to affect their subjective experience, interrupting concentration with intrusive images, their sleep with anxious wakefulness or troubled dreams, and their capacities to love and enjoy experience with an impatient restlessness to go on superficially to still the next thing."

At the same time, the velocity of our recreational and cultural life is accelerating. Most experts blame the phenomenon on the addictively rapid tempo of television programming. And for good reason: the average set is on nearly seven hours a day; and the average kid will have watched it for twenty thousand hours by the time he graduates from high school. Frank Mankiewicz and Joel Swerdlow, in their book *Remote Control: Television and the Manipulation of American Life* (Times Books), reviewed a huge body of research and concluded that "The one-hour span of a typical television program, and the inevitable satisfactory resolution of all problems raised during that period, has contributed unquestionably to a decline in the willingness of a whole generation of Americans to postpone—however briefly—gratification."

Ron Powers, CBS-TV's Pulitzer Prize-winning media critic and author most recently of *Supertube: The Rise of Television Sports* (G.P. Putnam's Sons), dates the speed-up from "the advent of the thirty-second commercial. The advertising guys were way ahead of the studio guys." The half-minute ad, Powers says, meant that "they had to make each second contain twice as much" and thus "abandon narrative" for a series of powerful images. A young man named Roone Arledge at ABC would make his name by doing much the same thing for sports events, covering football games in a hectic montage of quick takes.

During the 'sixties, the format began to shape other programs. (Powers cites *Laugh-In*, with its rapid-fire gags and minimal continuity.) And by 1968, even the most altruistically intentioned groups were anxious to expropriate the appeal of the fast-action format. Hence *Sesame Street*, in the words of its academic adviser, was designed to use "change of pace and style, catchy jingles and rhymes, broad comic devices, and short, simple, straightforward presentations." At first, educators were enthusiastic; but within a few years, many were complaining that the program provoked shorter attention spans and encouraged passivity.

Of course, it was already too late. Nowadays, such ongoing serials as *Dallas* are divided into broken sequences of multiple plots; and even the so-called "quality" programs, such as *Hill Street Blues* and *St. Elsewhere*, follow a dozen characters through brief mini-segments. And by cravenly imitating the perceived attraction of the tube, other media have made zero-base attention a national fact.

The written word, Powers says, "finding itself challenged for the first time since the advent of movable type," leapt to imitate the challenger. To wit: *People* magazine, whose picture-rich, word-poor profiles and fan-club tone were contrived to appeal directly to a TV-sodden audience. Now, ten years later, rare is the national magazine, from *Psychology Today* to *Harper's* to *Life*, whose articles are not shorter than they were a few seasons ago. Or

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witness the success of *USA Today*, Gannett's new national newspaper, whose format was devised to "tell as many stories with as much brevity as possible," according to editor John C. Quinn.

Of course, millions sat through the maunderings of *Reds* and the Waughian wallows of *Brideshead Revisited*; millions braved the bulk of *The Thorn Birds* and *The Hotel New Hampshire*. Yet the overall tempo of popular culture seems headed toward the ideal of the Johnny Carson monologue. Witness the whiplash pace and absence of narrative in *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*. And thanks to television, "theater is almost programmed to half-hour segments now—after that, people start to get fidgety," says George Manos, manager of Rollins, Joffe, Morra & Brezner, Inc., the New York theatrical management house that handles much of the country's top comic talent.

And humor is moving even faster: "In the past, in clubs and vaudeville, people had time to develop material." (Manos cites Buddy Hackett, who can embed three separate gags in a single long joke, drawing out the punch line.) "Whereas today, young comics will go for the throat as soon as they can" with one-liners, since their only hope of success is "three minutes, five minutes at best" on a TV show. So much for storytellers in the venerable American tradition linking Mark Twain with Red Skelton. And no wonder the most successful comedians of the past few years have been fast-crack slingers of the Joan Rivers or Don Rickles species.

Manos, a self-professed "news freak," is convinced that our minds have been tuned to a thirty-minute outer limit of patience by an incessant diet of sitcoms and network news—so convinced that his firm is now handling *The Hip-Pocket Musical*, a series of shows with "self-contained music, lyrics, and book specially written for half an hour."

All of which raises the unpleasant suspicion that, given the pervasive decay in attention span, perhaps our very nervous systems are being transformed. Conan Kornetsky, Ph.D., professor of psychiatry (psychology) and pharmacology at Boston University School of Medicine, who has worked in the field of attention studies, puts the issue reassuringly to rest. "There is no indication that we're changing biologically. It's a sociological and psychological problem—we're trying to get more messages across more rapidly." Although our brain mechanisms work no differently from those of our forebears in William Jennings Bryan's time, our tolerances have changed: "Nobody would sit still for a two- or three-hour political speech today" as they did then, Kornetsky says.

Fortunately, there are some encouraging signs on the horizon. John Quinn of *USA Today* says that "while the attention span *has* changed," a new readership survey shows that "in some of the longer articles—particularly money and life-style features—the readers are staying with us. Our experience is, if the reader has the right mix, you can hold his attention." And a recent study suggests that it may be possible to improve concentration by controlling theta waves in the brain. In frequency, theta patterns lie between the fast alpha rhythms of normal waking consciousness and the slow delta waves of deep sleep, and usually signal emotional excitation.

A group of UCLA researchers found that a drop-off in attention and performance from the monotony of fatigue is accompanied by an increase in theta-wave activity in the occipital portion of the brain. By using familiar biofeedback techniques (in which electroencephalograms are displayed on a video monitor), the UCLA team taught some of their test subjects to suppress the theta waves and other subjects to increase them. In subsequent experiments, the vigilance of the suppressed group remained high even after hours of tiresome work.

Moreover, other research has suggested that attention may be enhanced by the action of two chemicals in the brain: dopamine and norepinephrine. Oddly enough, both are by-products of stress, suggesting that the very anxiety of life in the fast-forward mode may work to our advantage. "Actually, that's true up to a point," says Kornetsky. "The pattern looks like an inverted U." That is, concentration improves with increased stress until the anxiety load becomes unmanageable and causes the system to break down.

The trick is to stay under the limit. In fact, that may be the secret to surviving the twentieth century. ▽

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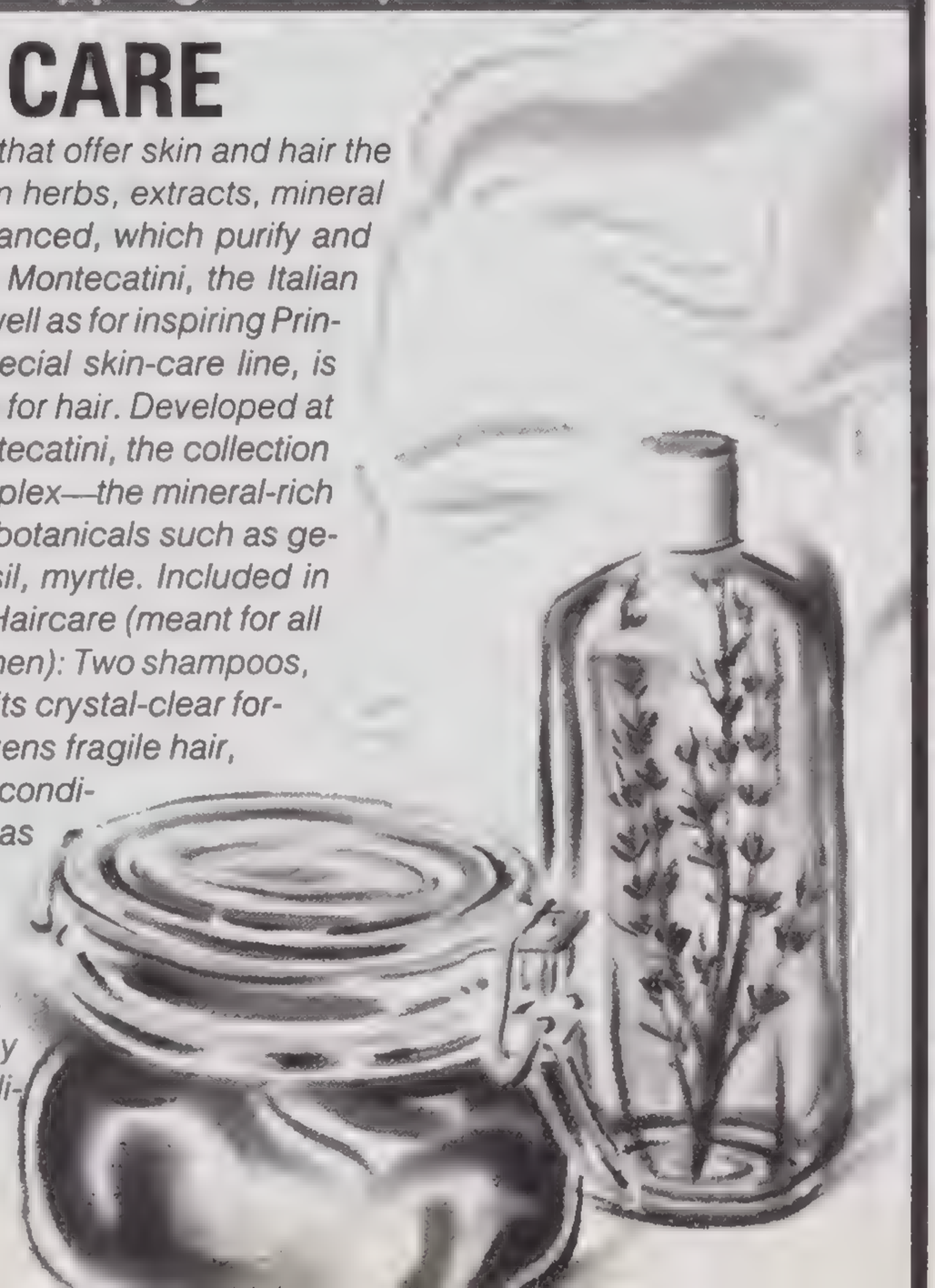

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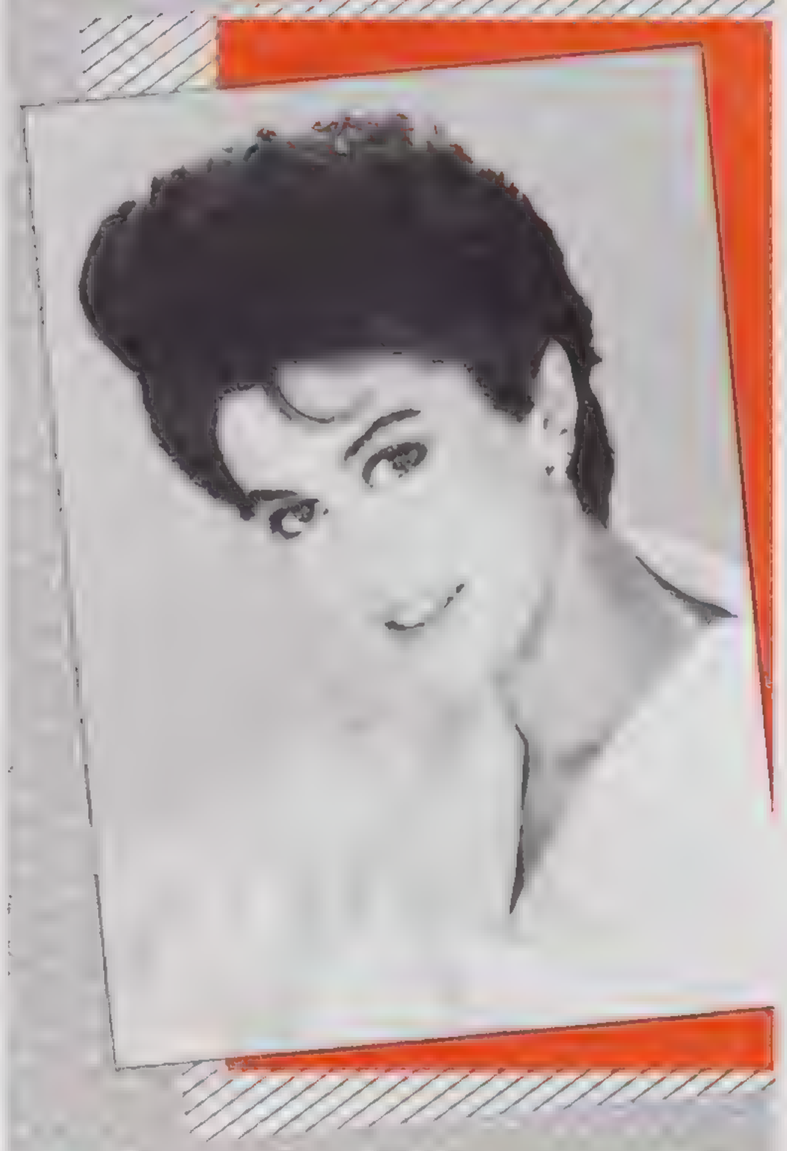

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Q4

Aging and body changes...sit-ups for toning?... total fitness

Q Could you outline the figure changes a woman should expect as she gets older and what, if anything, she can do to minimize those changes?

A "Changes in body shape are part of the natural aging process—an inevitable chronological effect—for both men and women," said Sherwin A. Kaufman, M.D., clinical associate professor of obstetrics and gynecology, New York Medical College and attending obstetrician/gynecologist at Lenox Hill Hosptial, NYC. "Factors such as number of pregnancies (child-bearing makes abdominal muscles lax) as well as weight gain (the result of slowed-down activity and reduced caloric expenditure) will affect a woman's shape."

Often, the changes depend on the level of fitness a woman has achieved during her younger years; well-developed muscles and strong bones will help to sustain a firm, toned body. But while exercise builds muscles, it cannot prevent the eventual shift in hormonal balance that precedes menopause, and as estrogen production slows, subcutaneous tissue loses its elasticity and affects skin tone. Taut muscles and a lack of fatty tissue can make skin appear smoother, but exercise will not prevent wrinkles. Using moisturizer and sunscreen, limiting sun exposure will help keep skin "young."

Along with diminished estrogen production, level of activity and caloric expenditure might slow down as well. Many women who never before had a weight problem begin to add pounds—even those whose eating habits remain the same. "This tendency to gain weight—sometimes in new places—is directly related to our tendency to become more sedentary as we age," said Dr. Kaufman. For many women, caloric intake must be reduced; but all women can benefit, and see improvement in weight control, from regular aerobics.

All women tend to round out and lose shape as they age, so there's no reason to be alarmed—or embarrassed. However, simply standing up straight can take years off your looks. If stomach roundness is the result of flaccid muscles, sit-ups can help (see *below*). The good news: abdominal muscles are the most responsive to exercise. And strong abdominal muscles are what support a youthful, erect posture.

Pay special attention also to the upper arms, especially the muscles under the arms, which tend to sag because of their disuse by women. These muscles—as well as those of the inner and outer thighs—can benefit from ten to twenty minutes of specific exercise each week, in addition to a basic aerobics, stretching, strengthening program. (For a good basic program, see March *Vogue*; exercises for the trouble spots described here appeared in our July issue.)

One last thought from Dr. Kaufman: "It's important to remember that there is attractiveness to a woman's body at every age: A fifty-year-old body has a different appeal—and a different appearance—than a thirty-year-old body, which also differs from an eighteen-year-old's. Exercise doesn't turn back the clock but can help you to make improvements—to tap into new energy stores, feel younger, boost your psyche; but the goal—always—is to be the best you can be at every age."

Q I've been doing sit-ups to strengthen and flatten my abdomen; but the more I do them, the *rounder* my abdomen becomes. What's wrong?

A Under certain conditions, sit-ups may indeed strengthen but not flatten the abdominal area. According to NYC movement therapist Marianne Battistone, the hip flexors—the muscles that cross the hip joint—may become overdeveloped, causing the abdomen to bulge. This is the result of doing a sit-up improperly—with feet hooked under something and hands behind head, flinging the upper body toward the knees—which works the hip flexors, not the abdomen.

Instead, keep knees bent, feet planted on the floor, and contract the abdominal muscles, using *them* to raise the upper body slowly halfway up from the floor. Lowering the body while sitting on the floor with knees bent halfway to the floor (called a *(Continued on page 218)*

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fitness Q & A

(Continued from page 216)

sit-back) also works the lower abdominal muscles.

Keep in mind that one kind of sit-up will not work all of the abdominal muscles to their fullest. To tone and flatten the entire area, you should supplement sit-ups with exercises that strengthen the entire abdomen as well. Or, try adding a twisting movement to sit-ups/sit-backs. Sit-up: As you raise your body, bring right shoulder toward left knee, return to center, roll back to floor; do the opposite side. Sit-back: From a sitting position, bring right shoulder to left knee, roll halfway down toward floor, turn body center, then sit back up. Do the opposite side. Also, remember that strengthening does not burn fat, so tight abdominal muscles may be "hidden" if you are not combining specific exercises with aerobics and a proper diet.

Q I'm confused. So many different exercise plans are said to promote "total" fitness. What is really necessary?

A "To be truly fit, a woman needs to develop her cardiovascular—or heart and lung—endurance, her strength, and her flexibility. The first is attained through aerobic activities, the latter two from specific strength or flexibility exercises. While the goals will be the same whatever a woman's fitness level, the *amount* of exercise needed to produce improvement varies depending on whether she's a beginner or more advanced," said Leonard Schwartz, M.D., of Montefiore Hospital/University of Pittsburgh, author of *Heavyhands: The Ultimate Exercise* (Warner).

"Many exercisers make the mistake of spending too much time on those exercises that are easiest and most enjoyable, while neglecting those areas that offer the greatest challenge and are most in need of improvement. For women, it is not uncommon to see exercise plans that include too much stretching or flexibility work, usually relatively easy for women, and too little strength and endurance training. Men, on the other hand, tend to neglect flexibility and overemphasize the importance of strength. Both sexes often fail to work the upper body as hard as the legs, which are usually already stronger by virtue of holding the body upright."

A complete fitness program not only includes aerobic, strength, and flexibility exercises, but also features *variety*—to prevent both boredom and the types of injuries caused by overuse of individual muscles and joints. Seek out sports or exercise plans that also promote grace and balance, both essential to having a body that looks as fit as it is. ▽

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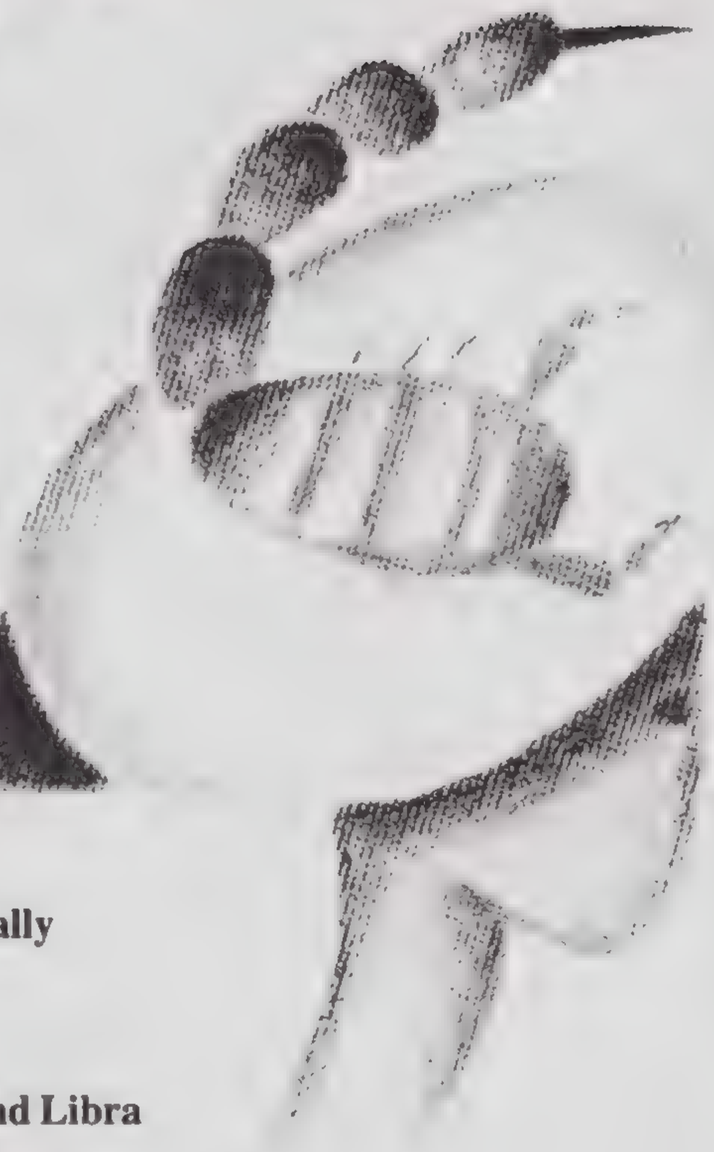
horoscope

By Rockie Gardiner



November Outlook:

Thanks to a partial lunar eclipse on the 8th and a visible total eclipse of the sun on Thanksgiving Day, events and emotions will have the intensity Scorpios love. After Election Day, the future looks brighter as Mercury in Sagittarius extends the lines of communication, especially between the fire signs. Venus abandons her quest for open relationships on the 13th and returns to Capricornian ways of loving—Taurus, Cancer, Virgo, and Libra natives should feel more secure expressing their affection. The Martian energy and initiative that has been focused on careers and partners shifts to more social, group-oriented Aquarian concerns on the 15th. The holiday party season officially begins when the sun enters Sagittarius on the 21st.

Scorpio OCTOBER 23–NOVEMBER 21

In spite of a tendency to downplay this birthday, you'll still be the center of attention. The full moon highlights the qualities your best friends treasure; then a combination of your creativity and inherent wisdom is recognized by a larger group. Your authority may be challenged, probably by a jealous relative or neighbor, around the 19th, when Mars squares Pluto. The feeling that you should keep your advice to yourself will pass, and you bounce back to your high.

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 22–DECEMBER 21

Inexplicable forces stir your unconscious, but the activity in your own sign focuses on the changes you see happening to you now. Venus sends a variety of attractive people your way, and Mercury finds those conversations very revealing. When these planets make contact with the higher vibrations of Neptune and Uranus the week of the 12th, you'll suddenly feel inspired, utterly gorgeous, and open to whatever does happen on Thanksgiving Day.

Capricorn DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19

Your determination to shape up before the holidays could be undermined by the social life you're enjoying now. Friends will keep you busy, but save time around the full moon for a sensitive soul who may be feeling romantic. As Venus moves through your sign, you will return the feeling. By the Thanksgiving weekend, it'll be evident to all that the reason you're looking, and feeling, so good is that you are stuffed with love. Lucky Jupiter in your sign can add a few pounds as well—plan feasting accordingly.

PATTY DRYDEN

Aquarius JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18

Almost everything happens in one short week. The full moon offers you even more recognition and responsibility, but the family's mixed reaction to your success could shake your confidence. Consult a higher authority than your father to decide if you have enough experience, meet with friends to get re-inspired, and stay alert to new developments. By the 15th, you'll know where your true interests lie; early next month, you can follow them.

Pisces FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

Breathe a sigh of relief; this month it's your intuition, fertile imagination, and ability to inspire an employer that are called upon. Your faith in yourself is fortified by a brief encounter around the lunar eclipse, so that by the 14th, your most romantic proclivities can be unleashed. Once dreamy Neptune settles into the practical and purposeful domain of Capricorn—on the 20th and for fourteen years—you'll want to get tangible rewards for the poetry in your soul.

Aries MARCH 21–APRIL 19

You continue to consolidate your energy for greater impact, as well as to maximize the effect a change of status brings—until the 19th, when you realize that someone else is equally determined to direct the course your life is taking. An immediate confrontation seems unavoidable; but, once those hidden motives have been exposed, you'll feel back in control. Take a pure pleasure trip over the long Thanksgiving weekend to reward your diligence and your entrepreneurial daring. *(Continued on page 224)*

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horoscope

(Continued from page 221)

Taurus APRIL 20–MAY 20

Partners, the one you have and/or the one you want, sit squarely in the midst of your every thought. Your awareness of the delicacy, the intricacy of these relationships grows more acute as the moon grows full in your sign. After the eclipse, the not-so-subtle pressure that you be all things to all men abates, and you can refresh yourself in a romantic interlude with one of them the week of the 12th. This happy merger of interests is especially fortunate around the 24th.

Gemini MAY 21–JUNE 21

That daily routine of work, working out, and homework won't be dull. After the 6th, you're gifted with the foresight to know if accepting more responsibility will bring you greater authority, people whose loyalty you can count on, and what resources will be available in the future. Meanwhile, stay close to the person sharing your immediate present. Around the 12th, love seems divinely inspired and only gets better, i.e., earthier, through the holiday.

Cancer JUNE 22–JULY 22

The Scorpio sun brings your fascination with romance right out in the open, making it really hard to hide the pleasure you get from flirting, wordplay, and eye contact. Body contact is a more serious affair during the full moon; then someone may try to put restraints on your love life. Sticky problems can be worked out by the new moon, so you'll be free to enjoy a good time with a high-spirited crew at work for the rest of the month.

Leo JULY 23–AUGUST 22

Between the 8th and the 14th, you'll have to decide which means the most to you: going home for Thanksgiving or being in your own house. There'll be a lot of discussion, a possible change of plans, and a burgeoning interest in a new romance to consider as well. You need a guarantee that while the sun is in eclipse you will be close to a warm kitchen, surrounded by the people you love most deeply. Only then can you be thankful for the bounty that this year has brought.

Virgo AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22

While your ruler, Mercury, is being mobilized in Sagittarius, you're more than likely to be bitten by the travel bug. If you go away for business reasons on the 15th, you could wind up visiting out-of-town family and friends for Thanksgiving. It seems that your chances of being offered an extra helping of romance improves if you're hanging out at someone else's house, but even stay-at-homes will want to share love.

Libra SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 22

The full moon draws you into a puzzling financial matter that could be solved if you play the determined detective for the next two weeks. There is more here than meets the eye; you may meet up with your artful dreamer type again. Don't worry about getting sidetracked by the involvement; an ethereal romance can bring substantial rewards on the 24th, particularly if you travel together. With Venus meeting Jupiter, anticipate an increase in your bank account.

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in defense of children

Being a child in America today isn't safe. What can we do to protect our young from exploitation and abuse, and to safeguard our own future as a civilized society?

By Barbara Rose

Do Americans secretly hate children? Some say so. Certainly, changing social and economic patterns and new priorities have created a society in which children are either a burden or a luxury. In the past, Americans were blamed for overindulging their children. The American dream meant sacrificing one's own needs and desires to make a better life possible for the next generation. Today, many believe the future will bring only narrowing horizons, less to go around for more people, and so one must live for the present. Living for the present, however, has inescapable repercussions for the young who will inherit the world as we leave it.

For immigrant Americans in past decades, children were the family jewels, their most precious treasures. This is no longer the case. Today, adults compete with adolescents to see who can look younger, dance longer, have the best time. Equating youth with freedom and happiness, many Americans seem to have changed their values and priorities. Motherhood, once sacred, is often seen as an ambiguous blessing. Along with the possibility that America is no longer child-centered, and is even uninterested in children, one finds evidence to confirm the feminist suspicion that many men actually do hate women.

There is no question that attitudes toward femininity and children are related, and that both have changed radically in recent years. Increasingly, there is a tendency toward a rigid paternalistic authoritarianism on the right of the political spectrum, countered by a confused anarchic permissiveness on the left. Both extremes have eroded the rights of children, usually in the name of the rights of adults. This intense involvement with one's own individual "rights" was perhaps inevitable. The Declaration of Independence speaks of the "unalienable rights" to life, liberty and—here is the sticky part—the "pursuit of happiness"; and in the name of such an unspecific guarantee, some of the most antisocial actions, many directly or indirectly victimizing children, are being committed today.

The victimization and exploitation of children are not new. In the eighteenth century, social injustice had reached such proportions that satirist Jonathan Swift, author of *Gulliver's Travels*, drafted "A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of the Poor People in Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents or Country; and for making them beneficial to their Publick." Swift proposed that, rather than feeding children, people eat them. Today, the neglect and the outright abuse of American children is such that Swift's "Modest Proposal" almost seems apposite. Many children, in what we consider the most "civilized" country in the world, are not only underfed and uneducated, but actually tortured, beaten, even murdered by their own parents.

Swift suggested people eat, not feed, their young. Above: Goya's own "Modest Proposal": "Saturn Devouring His Children," 1819-1823

Writing on the history of child abuse in *Harvard Magazine*, Henry F. Smith, M.D., notes that today more American children under five years old are murdered by their parents than die from disease. Consider the following statistics:

- More than one million American children are involved in the child pornography industry, which reaps an estimated annual profit of one billion dollars.
- Reported cases of the sexual abuse of children have risen 51 percent since 1980. One recent sensational case involved a day-care center in California, where animals were slaughtered in front of children to terrorize them into silence.
- According to the FBI, one out of four American females will be molested or raped by the time she reaches twenty.
- American literacy levels are so low that nearly 10 percent of the population (depending on state standards) is functionally illiterate. According to a University of Michigan report, American children score lower at every level than their counterparts in Japan and Taiwan in both math and reading.

As Dr. Smith points out in his article, child abuse and infanticide have occurred throughout history. Presumably, we have progressed in becoming more humane. However, he notes, whenever the federal budget is radically slashed, programs that benefit children are among the first to be eliminated. The reason is obvious: children cannot protest about not being fed, housed, or properly educated, nor can they vote. About eleven million children live in households headed by women, who still earn only sixty-four cents for every dollar earned by men; about half these children live below the poverty line. Although women and children receive 85 percent of the total food stamp allotment, funding for this anti-poverty program was cut by 1.5 billion dollars in 1983 alone, leaving many American children hungry for the first time in decades.

Among the most alarming statistics is the high rate of infant mortality among both blacks and whites in the United States. Physicians studying these *(Continued on page 230)*

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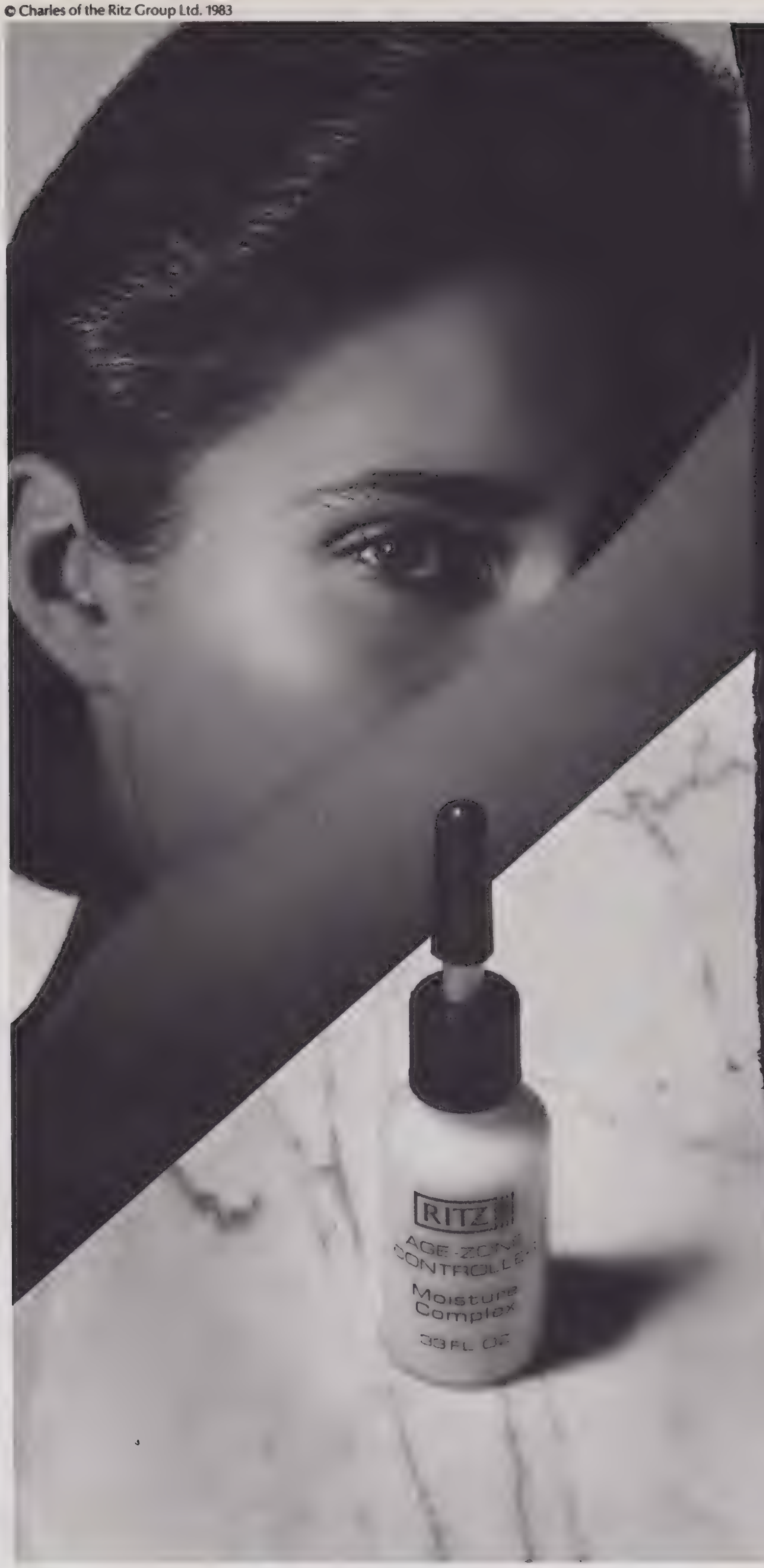

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in defense of children

(Continued from page 226)

statistics have concluded that the most logical explanation, given that pediatric medicine has advanced in the same period, is deliberate infanticide. These conditions add up to a bleak picture of our treatment of children. They reflect all manner of social upheaval, from the disintegration of the family to the development of new technologies, like video taping, which search for products of prurient appeal like the unspeakable images of "kiddie porn." Some statistics—including the fact that illegal drug production and distribution is now one of the largest industries in America, involving billions of untaxed dollars—reflect the absurd extremes of behavior that a permissive society has allowed. What once were the secret vices of the elite have become democratized. Other figures reveal what is perhaps an inevitable outcome of budget slashing: when governments choose between guns and butter, guns win out.

Too often, the victims of the extremism of both right and left are impoverished mothers and their dependent children. Yet one could make the case that the children of the rich are also victimized. They may not be cold or hungry, but they can easily be the victims of a public morality so rotten that its only goal is short-term profit, giving no thought to the future, and creating such apocalyptic foreboding that the only appropriate motto is *carpe diem*: there may be no tomorrow.

According to social critic Christopher Lasch, author of *The Culture of Narcissism*, the current monomaniacal focus on the present is a symptom of widespread general pathology, resulting from many causes, but mainly from a loss of faith in the future. Urbanization, industrialization, technology, mass communications—all play a part in the splintering of the American family, once the safe refuge of the child. According to Lasch: "The thought that we live on vicariously through our children (more broadly, in future generations) reconciles us to our own supersession—the central sorrow of old age . . . . When the general link begins to fray, such consolations no longer pertain. Much has been written lately about the dominance of the narcissistic personality in our time. Who has not heard of the Peter Pan complex? The link between devaluing children and intensifying an interest in the self and its eternal youth seems obvious. If one feels compelled to look, feel, and think forever young, one fears being superseded by the genuinely young, who represent a future we seem less and less able or willing to contemplate . . . . When the prospect of being superseded becomes intolerable, parenthood itself, which guarantees that it will happen, appears almost as a form of self-destruction."

To be sure, not all Americans are aging Peter Pans and Tinker Bells, in flight from adult responsibility. Today, however, many young women are caught in a double bind: wishing to care for their own children, they are forced by economic necessity, not choice, to leave home for work. There are, of course, alternatives. Women who want to care for their own children at home could be governmentally assisted in doing so. Public nurseries with regulated standards also could be funded to allay mothers' anxieties about surrogate care. Yet, once again, women are cornered. If they opt to care for other people's children—as mothers, teachers, nurses, social workers—they are certain to be underpaid, because society does not value these occupations. If money is power—and it is—women who choose nurturing roles, in or out of the home, may well be relegated to poverty or dependency. This, too, is intolerable; after all, even women have the right, if not to equal pay, then to equal "pursuit of happiness."

> *Everyone lobbies for his individual interests . . . everyone, that is, except children, the silent victims*

Today we live in a nation of contending and frequently clashing "rights": the "right to life" vs. the right to choose when to bring forth life, women's rights, minority rights, moral majority rights, gay rights—everyone clamors for the right to this or that without regard to future consequences. There are those who claim the right to pollute the food, the air, and the water, to destroy the land to gain higher profits. There are others who maintain the right to blast city streets with amplified sound from portable radios. Then there are those who demand the right to create products to titillate the consumers of sex and violence under the aegis of freedom of expression. Everyone lobbies for his individual interests. Everyone, that is, except children. For children can't claim their rights to be loved, fed, housed, educated, and protected from exploitation.

Children are the silent victims of the hysterical competition to exercise the right to make a profit at any cost, to exploit because one feels exploited, to abuse because one has been abused. In this case, who better to exploit than children who cannot lobby, organize, or object? Yet when one reflects on the causes for the high rates of child and adolescent suicide in the United States, perhaps one ought to consider the possibility that by mortgaging the future to better enjoy the present, our society presents children with no reason to grow up.

Among the character traits narcissists share is a lack of interest in the past, as well as in the future. Anyone with a sense of history would remember that *carpe diem* was the motto of ancient Rome, a greedy society with an unconscious death wish. History proves that the Romans were correct not to think of the future: they did not have one. If we do not attend to the needs of our children, it is altogether conceivable we may not have one either. ▽

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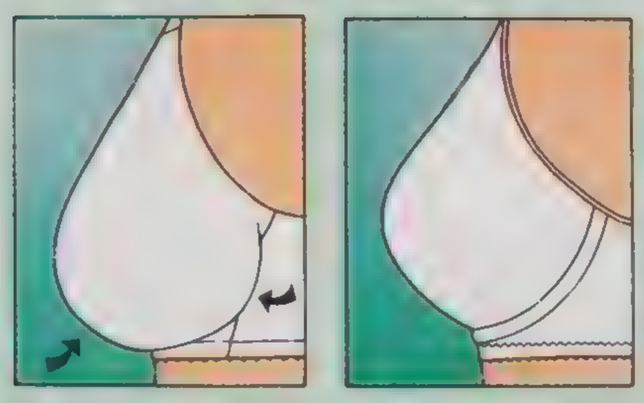

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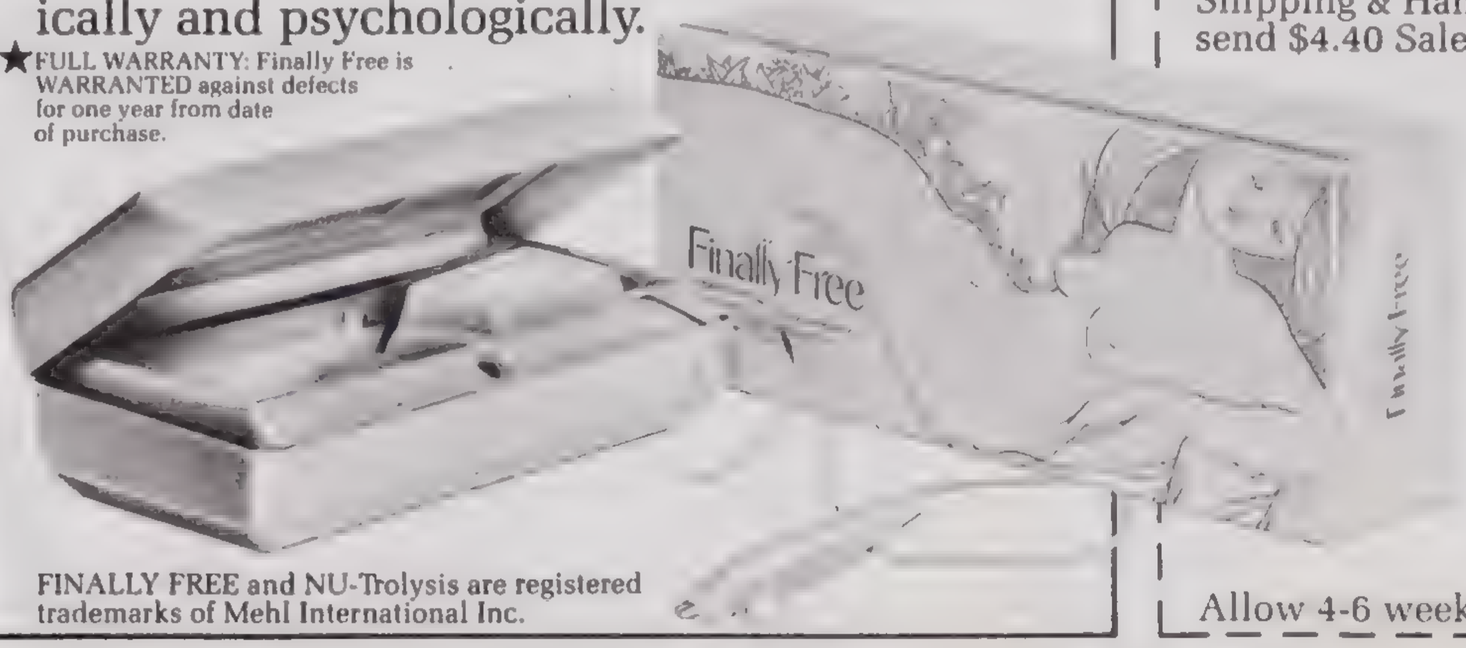

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forecasts...

Whimsy!—in hair and makeup...
a new slant on skin care for men

Hair: what's ahead

A sign that change may be in the offing: some of the models who were among the first to cut their hair boyishly short (Chris Royer, Lara Harris among them) are now talking about letting their hair grow a little—but not much—longer. One reason, says Royer: "If a woman's hair is very fine like mine, a super-short cut can require *more* time spent on styling than chin-length hair—time for using mousses and gels simply to help hair hold a shape. Too, a very short cut requires taking the time for a trim at least every three-to-four weeks to keep looking its best." A decidedly modern twist: the fact that the desire for a change now is based every bit as much on what works, on what's practical, as on what's attractive or what's new....

Fragrance Surprise While we tend to think of fragrance as something luxuriously applied to a woman's skin, *80 percent* of the American perfume industry's revenues come from fragrances added to objects—plastics, fabrics, rubber tires, auto interiors, even medicines—that most of us don't even realize are scented. —*from Fragrance: The Story of Perfume from Cleopatra to Chanel* by Edwin T. Morris (Scribners)

making up is fun to do

Pointing up the "fun" of cosmetics—the ability of makeup to effect very dramatic changes in a woman's appearance: the many faces of rock singer Karen Kamōn on her new music video. Makeup artist Jeff Angell varies Kamōn's look using face painting, peacock-feather eye ornaments, along with very wearable, appealing makeup. Emphasizing the artifice: the glimpse of an off-camera Angell using an oversize makeup brush to apply a few finishing touches.

INSTANTLY AGING: TOO MUCH MAKEUP OR A HAIRSTYLE THAT LOOKS TOO "DONE," EVEN IN THE EVENING, WHEN MAKEUP SHOULD STILL BE SUBTLE—AND ALMOST ALWAYS MATTE—AND HAIR SHOULD MAINTAIN A LOOSENESS OF LINE, A SENSE OF MOVEMENT.

ON MEN: A CONVERSATION

"We've finally reached the point at which skin care is a 'neutral,' genderless term, meant for women *and* men. But that doesn't mean that what a man needs from skin care is the same as what a woman does. When a man thinks of products applied to his face, he wants soothing and comfort *first,* while women are more likely to think of moisturizing or cell renewal. This major difference in focus is based on the simple fact that, for most men, daily shaving produces a distinct feeling of skin *dis*comfort," points out Leonard Lauder, president and chief executive officer of Estée Lauder—and the man whose thinking was very much behind the creation of the new Lauder For Men skin system.

"Ask a typical man what products he uses on his skin and he'll answer none. Then ask what he uses to wash his face and he'll say soap; what he does before shaving and he'll answer apply shave cream or foam. After shaving, chances are he uses an after-shave balm or cologne. Men don't think of this as a skin-care regimen, though; they view it as a daily ritual."

Men often have "borrowed" skin products from their wives' side of the bathroom shelf. Why the need for a specific line? Because, says Lauder, "men's skin is different from women's. Skin researchers have found that it is thicker, that it exfoliates at a much more rapid rate thanks to shaving. Men need products that do more, that compensate for the negative results of exposure to time and the environment *plus* the skin abuse of shaving."

The solution, as presented in Lauder For Men: eight streamlined options focused on cleansing, shaving, and skin conditioning. One way this line builds on past knowledge: because Lauder sales reports indicated that quite a sizeable percentage of Night Repair sales were made to men for their own use, there is the new Men's Skin Repair Complex, with the boost of an anti-irritant to offset the effects of shaving. And, because research continues to show that a large part of the men's grooming market is composed of sales made to women for men, Lauder For Men will be found at women's counters alongside Estée Lauder makeup and skin care as well as at separate men's "bars."

What is *not* included in the line at this point: a fragrance, often the "hook" to attract men to skin care lines up to now. "These products," says Lauder, "are for a man who has taken a close look at himself, who cares about his fitness, his appearance. You might say they're for men who are not afraid of skin care." ▽

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Mind Health

The body in question—treating "psychosomatic" pain…forgiving fathers…learning empathy

By Carol Tavris

EMPATHY: YOUR WEAPON AGAINST STRESS

Many approaches to the management of conflict—and the stress and anger that conflict often produces—are adversarial: it's the person versus the problem. The person learns to negotiate, compromise, and "win," but a negative side effect can be resentment and lingering grudges. At the University of California at Los Angeles, psychologist Norma Feshbach, Ph.D., has been studying empathy, a learned skill in problem-solving that reduces conflict, stress, and anger without leftover hostility.

Feshbach regards empathy as a shared emotional understanding that depends on being able to take the other person's perspective: feeling what the other person feels is not as important as developing the cognitive ability to see a situation from the other's angle. "Empathy is not a blurring of self and other," says Feshbach. "It depends on having a good sense of oneself, while having the capacity to understand others."

In research with children, couples, and abusive parents, Feshbach teaches empathic skills. This training is not judgmental or prescriptive—"We don't tell people how to behave," she explains, "say, by ordering them not to be aggressive." Instead, participants learn how to recognize the emotions of others (many people simply can't tell when another person is sad, distracted, worried, or even angry), how to see the same situation from several perspectives, and how to increase the resources available to solve problems.

Feshbach has found that empathy training does indeed reduce stress and anger; abusive parents and spouses do become less aggressive. "Under stress," she observes, "your perceptions narrow, you become more egocentric. Empathy reverses this process." Instead of becoming angry at a boss's decision, for instance, a person is able to consider the constraints on the boss's behavior—and find herself feeling more sympathetic, less annoyed, and less stressed.

Feshbach also discovered two unexpected benefits of empathy: The self-esteem of the empathic person goes up—and so does the self-esteem of the recipient of the empathy. "Empathy is a transaction between two people," says Feshbach. "The effect on the person who receives empathy is electrifying—he or she feels validated, positive toward you, and understood. Sometimes that feeling alone is more important than solving the conflict."

But Feshbach adds that empathy is not the universal answer: "Sometimes you understand perfectly well the other person's perspective, but you disagree with it. Or your own needs might be more important." Similarly, empathy can backfire if it inhibits you from behaving appropriately as a parent, employer, or friend. "But in today's violent world," says Feshbach, "the dangers of too much empathy are far less worrisome than the dangers of too little."

PATTERN-BREAKING THERAPY

A basic tenet of psychoanalysis has always been that analysis takes a long time to identify and undo the neurotic patterns established in childhood. Of course, many recent therapies have quarrelled with this assumption. But now a new psychoanalytic approach, "Time-Limited Dynamic Psychotherapy," promises to revolutionize its own field. For one thing, problems judged amendable to this therapy, even chronic ones, are treated successfully in as few as twenty-five sessions. For another, treatment is directed at breaking present self-defeating patterns, not harping on past ones.

TLDP was developed by Hans H. Strupp, Ph.D., and Jeffrey L. Binder, Ph.D., at the Vanderbilt University Center for Psychotherapy Research, and is described in their new book *Psychotherapy in a New Key* (Basic). The key to TLDP is its concept of the "dynamic focus." That is, psychological difficulties represent a combination of cognitive distortions, behavioral habits, *and* self-defeating, cynical patterns of dealing with others. TLDP uses the therapist's own relationship with the client to identify the real-world sources of the client's problems. "It is the blueprint," says Binder, "for discovering, explaining, and changing the patient's repetitive problems in living."

FATHERS—WHEN TO FORGIVE?

When rage is gone, can forgiveness be far behind? In the 1970s, women writers explored many facets of their complex anger at men—employers, husbands, politicians, and, of course, fathers. The charges against fathers were, and continue to be, serious. Fathers who sexually abuse their daughters. Fathers who are violent, alcoholic, or both. Fathers who abandon their daughters, physically or emotionally. Fathers who tolerate daughters but prefer sons. "If I had been born a boy," said a little girl in a recent Colorado survey, "my daddy might have loved me."

But in the last few years, along with concerted efforts to publicize the facts of abuse and incest, women have begun the quest to understand their fathers, to find compassion and forgiveness. Some conduct a private odyssey; others conduct interviews with many women and their fathers. But the tone, the goal, is healing.

Two recent books illustrate this phenomenon, if phenomenon it is. In *The Wounded Woman: Healing the Father-Daughter Relationship* (Shambhala), Jungian therapist Linda Schierse Leonard writes poignantly of her own troubled relationship with her alcoholic father, whom she adored in childhood and despised in adolescence. Leonard acknowledges the wounds that fathers can inflict, but she believes that "the healing for women is not to be found in the quicksand of blame." Blame turns us into passive prisoners, victims who fail to take charge of their lives. Daughters "need to find the hidden pearl, the treasure the father can offer," says Leonard; to do this, they must understand the injury inflicted, accept it, and move beyond it.

What of women who never knew their fathers, because of death, divorce, or emotional abandonment? Elyce Wakerman, in *Father Loss* (Doubleday) whose father died when she was three, surveyed six hundred women with the help of psychologist Holly Barrett, Ph.D. Some of these women idolized their absent fathers; others despised and condemned them.

Wakerman sought to know not only how fathers wound their daughters, but the positive counterpart: "What exactly *is* it that fathers give their daughters?" Fathers, says Barrett, can give their daughters the courage to dare, a confidence in their femininity, and their ability to achieve. These forgiving words are, perhaps, a hopeful sign for men and women. Eventually, for one's own sanity and for relationships with others, one has to let go of blame and take charge of the future.

THE MIND/BODY SOLUTION

Consumers have long been aware that foods, chemicals, and other common substances can produce physical and emotional symptoms. Now, an exciting new approach to the diagnosis and treatment of environmentally-related diseases—"clinical ecology"—is putting mind and body together. Joel R. Butler, Ph.D., at North Texas State University, observes that the same food or chemical can produce different reactions in different people—and different reactions in the same person at different times—depending on genetics, age, sex, biological rhythms, nutritional condition, emotional state.

At the recent meeting of the American Psychological Association, clinical ecology researchers reported that common "psychosomatic" disorders—including depression, low energy, feelings of alienation, headaches, memory loss, and impaired concentration—can be reactions to pesticides, salt, processed sugars, diet drinks, industrial and other chemicals. In addition, environmental and food stressors can accumulate, which is why you may suddenly react to a food or chemical you have enjoyed for years. Also, changes in the frequency of exposure to a toxic substance can mask or produce a symptom—your body may be used to a substance, but become particularly sensitive to it if you have stopped absorbing it for a while.

The whole-body approach of clinical ecologists has now been applied to cases of back pain, migraine headache, and depression. G. Frank Lawlis, Ph.D., also at North Texas State, finds that some substances trigger the autoimmune mechanism in arthritis and other chronic diseases.

Individuals suffering from a variety of ailments that therapists or physicians have only labelled "psychosomatic" might find help in this new interdisciplinary approach, which begins with a full chemical, nutritional, and stress evaluation.

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women & cocaine

The "glamorous" drug is clearly a lot rougher on its users than once was thought. But what we're learning now is that cocaine addiction may hit women even harder than men.

Josette Mondanaro, M.D.: "A drug that makes you feel competent immediately—the perfect trap for women..."

By Maureen Orth

Megan, thirty, is a beautiful and brilliant research scientist for a major oil company, the first woman to hold her job. About a year ago, co-workers began to notice that she was "hyper" and nervous in meetings; during the next six months she missed one or two days of work a week. Megan's employers excused her erratic behavior because they knew she was going through a divorce, and they also suspected that she was ill with bronchitis. One day, she had a seizure on the job and passed out. When she woke up in the company infirmary, she blurted out the truth: she was snorting more than a gram of cocaine a day, a habit that had depleted her savings and left her in debt. She wrecked her car and spent all the insurance money on cocaine.

Megan's company sent her immediately to a drug-treatment facility, where doctors told her cocaine had caused her seizure. She refused to believe she was addicted to cocaine. It wasn't until the third day of treatment that the truth began to dawn on her.

> *"You might have taken cocaine thinking it would help a sexual relationship, and all of a sudden you're not interested anymore. Cocaine is your lover"*

Like alcoholism, cocaine addiction is a disease of denial. (Drug-treatment experts say that between 70 and 80 percent of women with a cocaine problem also abuse alcohol.) And because society condemns women who lose control—men get away with deviant behavior, but "good girls" and mothers do not—it is much harder for women to admit that they have a problem. "There is something repulsive to us about seeing a woman drunk or affected by drugs," says Steven Bucky, Ph.D., clinical director of Alcohol and Drug Programs at Mission Bay Hospital in San Diego, California. "It's inconsistent with our sex-role stereotypes."

Cocaine also has the reputation of being a fast-lane, glamorous drug and "glamorous," "together" women reason they ought to be able to handle it. But thousands of women cannot. When the 800-Cocaine hotline began at Fair Oaks Hospital in Summit, New Jersey, a year ago, only one out of four calls was from a woman. Today, of the hundreds of calls every day, almost half are from females, and treatment centers across the country report increasing numbers of women asking for help. Hard statistics about cocaine use among women are difficult to come by, but last spring the 800-Cocaine hotline prepared a survey of 165 women who called for help. The survey found that their typical abuser was a white, twenty-nine-year-old who earned over $25,000 a year and spent $450 a week on cocaine. Sixty-five percent of those women reported that due to "severe depression, irritability, and erratic behavior produced by chronic cocaine use" they often had violent arguments with their boyfriends and husbands. And, the survey found, many of those women chose sexual partners "on the basis of the man's access to or ability to supply them with cocaine."

So a woman doesn't necessarily have to earn $25,000 a year to indulge in heavy cocaine use. "To be able to afford cocaine, you either have to be rich or cunning," says a doctor who treats women who abuse cocaine. "We called it love," says a former cocaine addict, "but my friends and I all basically gave our bodies for cocaine. We were known as 'cocaine whores.' " Dr. Bucky adds: "Because some women in effect prostitute themselves, their guilt is a barrier to getting help."

It is known that about half the women who come forward for treatment of cocaine have children, yet less than 2 percent of drug-treatment programs have provisions for child care. Research dollars to study exactly how cocaine affects pregnant women, say, or if cocaine specifically affects women differently than men are even scarcer. "In terms of research on cocaine," says Dr. Bucky, "women are severely underserved."

Josette Mondanaro, M.D., a family physician with a specialty in substance abuse and former director of the California State Division of Substance Abuse, now directs Wingspread, in Santa Cruz, California. Wingspread is one of the few drug-treatment centers in the country set up solely for women, and Dr. Mondanaro believes that women have special problems with cocaine. Here, she explains why:

Maureen Orth: *Do a lot of women still not realize that cocaine is addictive?*

Dr. Mondanaro: Yes. One of the problems is that once you start using cocaine you develop something called denial: you're not even aware of the fact that you're addicted. You're not aware that you're no longer getting the positive effects you once thought you were getting from the drug. You might have taken it one time to feel confident at a job, and all of a sudden your job is falling apart; you might have taken it to feel good in social relationships, and all of a sudden you don't have any friends, or you might do what we call network displacement—you replace all your friends with only those who do cocaine. Or you might have taken cocaine thinking it would help a sexual relationship, and then all of a sudden you're not interested in sex anymore. Cocaine is your lover. People are not able to monitor themselves.

MO: *Why would cocaine be especially attractive to women?*

JM: No matter how accomplished they feel, women in general have a low sense of self-esteem. Women basically feel that their problems are their own fault; women attribute their failures, their inability to cope in life to themselves. They don't reach out; they don't get angry at the world around them. And then you have a drug that makes you feel competent immediately—it's the perfect drug for women, and the perfect trap for women.

MO: *Do you feel* *(Continued on page 244)*

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women & cocaine

(Continued from page 240)

women are usually trapped into it?

JM: Yes. Women are still considered second-best in the society, and I think one of the pressures in 1984 is that that's not supposed to be the case. You know: "You've come a long way, baby." So now that's created more dissonance for women: they think they should be able to be equal, and then they wonder: "Why am I feeling so bad?" I think women are feeling they need to be better than who they are, and, for a moment, cocaine's a wonderful escape from tremendous pressure.

MO: *Is there anything in terms of research about the way cocaine specifically acts on women?*

JM: I haven't seen research that separates that out. But it's generally believed that women who abuse drugs, including cocaine, get sicker more quickly than men users do. In other words, if they are inclined to abuse a drug they tend to become addicted more and get physically sicker than a man would.

Now let's just look at what cocaine does in animal research because I don't think enough has been said about it. Cocaine is the only drug that animals will take until they die. They will press levers to take cocaine, and, setting aside food or sexual urges, they will continue to press a lever until they die from cocaine. The drug itself is a reinforcer. You want to take it again to get that ecstatic short-lived high that comes; then you have to take more and more to avoid the depression that comes after you stop taking it.

MO: *Are many of the women you see addicted to more than just cocaine?*

JM: Yes. Most of the women we see will say they have a much greater tolerance for alcohol when they're using cocaine, and often they start adding Valium or Librium—or some other depressant—to bring themselves down from the high of cocaine and the irritability.

MO: *Does that make it harder to quit?*

> *"Addicted women are extremely vulnerable; their first feeling is often not 'I'm addicted,' it's 'I'm crazy' "*

JM: It may make it harder. Cocaine itself is a very short-acting drug, so physically we can get people off cocaine rather simply, although psychologically it's a different issue. But some of the other longer-acting depressants that they take along with the cocaine entail a longer course of treatment. Patients may even need to be hospitalized. Many women who seek treatment with us also go to Alcoholics Anonymous.

MO: *Why have you made your treatment group all-female?*

JM: We feel it's very important to protect women, to have a safe environment where they don't feel they will be judged. Addicted women often have no defenses—they're extremely vulnerable, supersensitive, and very judgmental about themselves. Their first feeling is often not, "I'm addicted to a drug," it's "I'm crazy."

MO: *Are women more passive in mixed groups?*

JM: Women tend not to speak up in mixed groups. They tend to hide their feelings. The men usually speak first, and the women are put into the position of reacting to the men's needs. We don't want women to be in groups only with women for the rest of their lives, but they need some place to practice being assertive, to know that what they feel is valid and that they can express it.

MO: *How specifically is our society harmed by having increasing numbers of women dependent on cocaine?*

JM: According to a national study, something like 50 or 60 percent of all women who enter drug treatment centers have children. Women set the health tone of their families; if the woman in the family is addicted, it will have tremendous effects on generations to come. Many of these children end up addicts and alcoholics themselves. Also, a fetus can be harmed by cocaine.

MO: *How?*

JM: We know that during a cocaine high, blood circulation to the fetus is decreased and can cause anoxia, a lack of oxygen, putting the fetus in stress. We believe that among women with high levels of cocaine in their bloodstreams there are more miscarriages and spontaneous abortions.

Many women who abuse cocaine also abuse alcohol. We know that drinking just three ounces of liquor a day during pregnancy increases the chances of alcohol fetal syndrome by 40 percent.

What needs to be studied is exactly what effect cocaine use during pregnancy may have on the newborn. Many babies may look normal, but we'll see only later if cocaine prevented the fetus from reaching its full mental potential because it had less oxygen than it should.

MO: *Is the seriousness of the problem being addressed?*

JM: Absolutely not. It's just recently that we're beginning to say that perhaps 50 percent of all those who use cocaine are women. We have to acknowledge that any drug which gains acceptance into mainstream society will be used equally by women. ▽

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on the go

Maintaining good looks when you travel...guidelines plus specifics that make a real difference

Travel is such a routine part of every woman's life these days that most of us keep a travel toiletry case packed and ready to go at a moment's notice...and then all too often end up having to buy the extra-heavy moisturizer we should have thought to pack before the trip to Arizona, or the stronger cleanser needed to battle New York's grimier air.

New York City skin-care specialist Trish McEvoy says the biggest mistake women make in traveling is "not anticipating the change in climate, either on the ground or in a plane." In a dry climate, McEvoy advocates spraying your face with water frequently and using a heavier moisturizer than usual, applying it while your face is still damp. "A dry climate means moisturizer for everybody."

"If you have oily skin, you'll still need an astringent or strong freshener in a dry climate," adds Ronald Sherman, M.D., senior clinical instructor in dermatology at Mt. Sinai Medical Center, NYC, "because your oil glands will try to compensate for the dryness in the air. In humid weather, sweat and oil glands go on overtime. Everyone's T-zone gets oilier, and women with fine, small-pored skin may be surprised to find even they don't need as heavy a moisturizer as they're used to wearing." Dr. Sherman adds you need soap to get your face clean in a humid climate: super-fatted, but soap.

Proper cleansing is crucial in dealing with the polluted air of big cities all over the world, says Kathryn Klinger, president of the beauty empire founded by her mother, Georgette Klinger. And here the key is thorough cleaning: not only *more*, but *stronger*. "Take a strong cleansing lotion that you remove with roll cotton," she says, "because that's softer than cotton balls. Keep applying the cleanser and wiping it off with the cotton until the cotton comes away clean."

The local water presents its own problems, especially hard water. Sometimes the first inkling you'll get that your destination is a hard-water area comes after a few days, when your hair and skin begin to feel as though they're coated with a chalky residue. "That's the deposit left by calcium and magnesium in carbonate form," says Brad Manning, an industrial hygienist at UCLA's Department of Community Safety, "and it will dry your skin unless you use a fatty soap. The closer your soap or shampoo is to a Ph balance of seven, or neutral, the less you'll notice the chalky residue. And you will need to use body lotions and moisturizers, even if you don't need them at home."

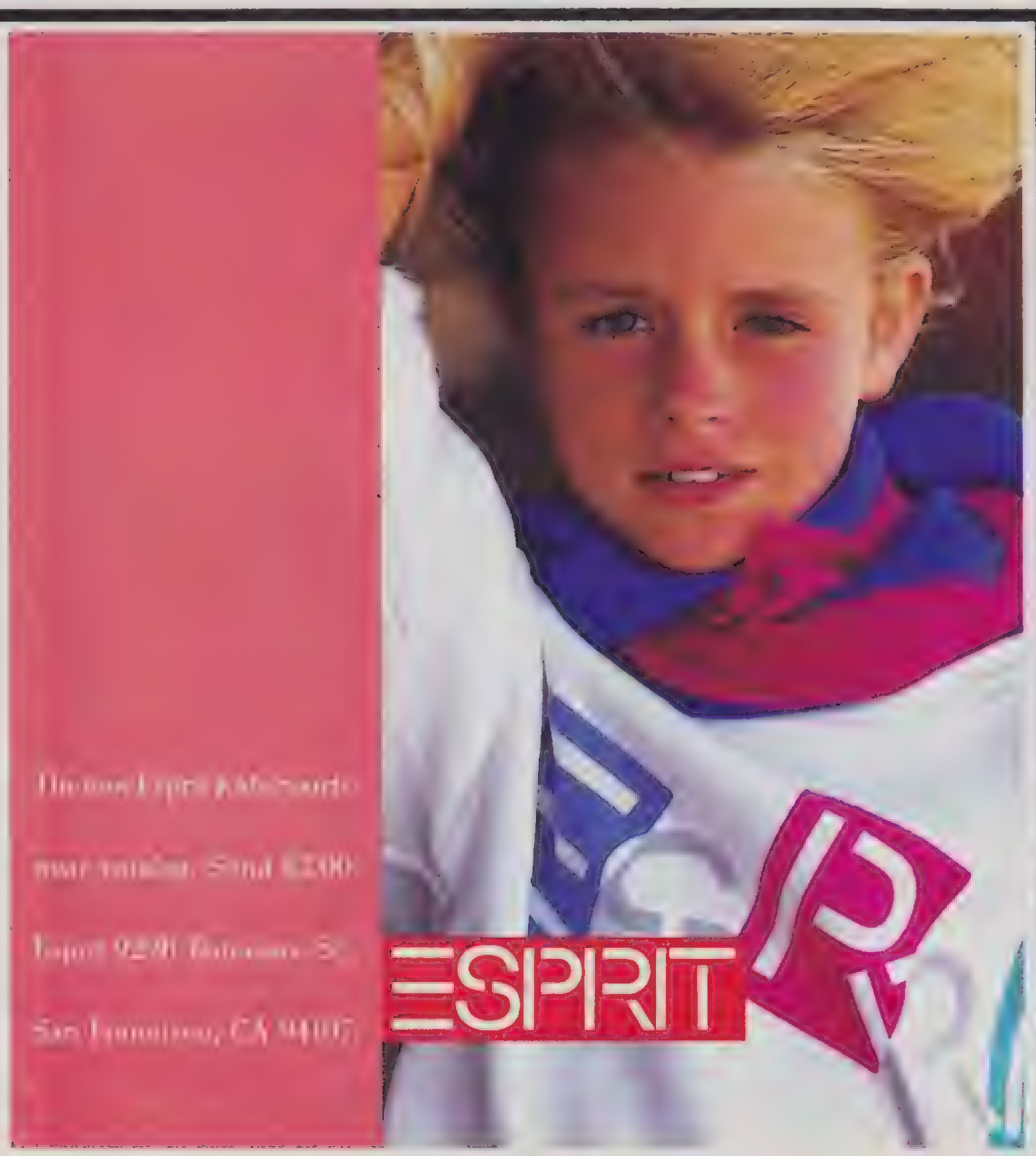
What do you do if your skin begins to react badly during your travels, despite your advance planning? Says Dr. Sherman, "Talk to a dermatologist about getting a prescription for a topical antibiotic; change from a soap to a cream or lotion cleanser (which is gentler), and moisturize more. Don't cheat on sleep or proper diet because deficiencies will show up in your skin, and remember that vitamins can't compensate for improper eating."

Plane travel presents its own set of challenges. Klinger advocates carrying a small plastic bag of cotton pads saturated with cleansing lotion and a small bottle of moisturizer. She doesn't wear foundation on flights of more than an hour.

McEvoy thinks you can wear a light foundation, but no mascara because it'll make you uncomfortable when you try to sleep on long flights. Instead, she says, put it on just before landing. "Try to take a shower just before leaving for your flight if you can," says McEvoy, "and rub body lotion into your skin while it's still damp so the moisture's absorbed and you start off with a protective shield. If your skin is oily, take towelettes or cotton moistened with freshener to use before adding more moisturizer."

"Travel is not a benign experience for the body any more than it is for the skin," says New York City massage therapist Robert Legrand. "The longer you sit in a plane, the more your blood 'pools' in your legs, so feet and ankles swell. And it's worse if you're an active person: your muscles are going to resent the lack of movement more than those of an inactive person." Legrand advocates getting up and walking around every twenty minutes or so; rotating your hands and ankles, doing head rolls and alternate side stretches, reaching each hand toward the ceiling, whenever you can. And don't sleep with the air jets blowing straight on your neck.

"Always wear something comfortable on a long plane flight. A tight waistband, for example, can cause lower back muscles to stiffen," says Legrand. "Also, I see a lot of women who strain *(Continued on page 248)*



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(Continued from page 246)

their shoulders and upper backs trying to cart their own bags. After a long confining flight, your muscles aren't warmed up for what amounts to a feat of weight lifting. So let a porter take care of your luggage or use a folding luggage cart." —SHELLIE BURNS KARABELL

Travel simplifiers

There's a new range of miniaturized products, tools—even luxuries—that streamline travel, maximizing efficiency and good looks . . .

Makeup minis "Dual role" makeups—a blusher that also highlights eyes, an eye pencil that lines and shadows lids—are well-suited for travel. "Double duty" makeup specifics: one flat case holds cream powder and blusher by Aida Grey; Lancôme's Dual Finish Creme/Powder Makeup is a pressed powder when dry, a foundation when applied with a damp sponge . . . A moisturizing foundation is essential in dry climates (Cover Girl Moisturewear is now in a half-ounce bottle).

Portable skin care To freshen skin during airplane travel and minimize oil, Noxzema Medicated Skin Cleansing Pads slip easily into a handbag. If skin is dry to begin with, the airplane atmosphere and/or arid climates intensify the problem. Designed to rescue skin, Discipline Emergency Cream in a two-ounce jar.

Hair-care ease Clearly, one of the biggest time/look savers for travel is a fresh, low-maintenance haircut. Many shampoos and conditioners today come in trial sizes that are ideal for travel. New hair-care tinies: Alberto Mousse; Sebastian's shampoo, conditioners, and hair shapers in two-ounce bottles. A two-in-one hair styling/setting lotion, Pantene's hairspray works on wet and dry hair.

Tools/kits One of the mightiest new blow-dryers, Clairol Rapide, is also one of the smallest. Best travel kits: Prescriptives' waterproof case includes fillable plastic bottles, and elastics to hold bottles in place. Erno Laszlo's Custom Travel Collection kit accommodates skin-care minis with room to spare. Pupa's absolutely everything makeup/nails/skin care kit folds up for travel, unfolds to reveal almost limitless choices, versatility.

Extras Just because travel requires careful choices doesn't mean there's no room for pleasures. Many fragrances are sold in tiny sizes. A travel-sized collection of bath oils by Kneipp includes energizing, relaxing soaks. For soft-contact-lens wearers, the all-in-one Sensitive Eyes cleaning/saline solution by Bausch & Lomb is a real space-saver.

Travel tips To keep liquids from leaking during travel, squeeze the open bottle until liquid rises to the lip, then fasten cap tightly. Pack a bar of fragranced soap to keep clothes smelling fresh, then use instead of hotel soap. (Maja by Myrurgia scents even when wrapped.) Many good hotels can supply blow dryers, even bathroom scales. ▽

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interview

vanessa williams

What an ex-Miss America's reign of "error" says about our country's working fantasies

By Margo Jefferson

We must have our Fallen Women. The prostitutes, courtesans, and adulteresses past—the Camilles and Anna Kareninas—won't do anymore, except in the realm of kitsch or high art. We update our female archetypes and move them from the street, the boudoir, and the drawing room into the workplace. How appropriate that former Miss America Vanessa Williams has been made the prototype of the New Fallen Woman, offering her public good looks, brisk intelligence, and professional competence, along with the more traditional pleasures of a fall from grace, a confession, and a struggle for redemption.

Consider the scandal. Williams was forced to give up her crown after it was revealed that nude, sexually explicit photos of her were to appear in *Penthouse*. She was the first black Miss America; and so her *lapse*, if you will, which was treated as a sin, threatened to stain the ever-fragile reputation of the race. In her way, she was a pioneer; but instead of exploring virgin terrain, she became the violated territory. Stardom provides young, single women with a runway to success: thousands have entered beauty pageants (once considered declassé), and thousands have posed nude for photographers. But because of Vanessa's status, the gap between the deed and the consequences was immense.

Vanessa has since said she should have better understood the treacherous gap between appearance and reality, between the fiction of the photos and the facts of her life, between the dream of winning the pageant and the waking responsibilities of living up to the image. But the widest gap lies between the image of *Penthouse*, alternating hard-edged/soft-core porn with soft-focus/hard-core porn—and the image of Miss America, which mixes hard-core wholesomeness with soft-core sexuality.

One gives us the Whore, one the Virgin. But though they sustain each other in myth, they are not allowed to eat at the same table or to inhabit the same persona in life. Never mind that as a model it is your job to create a range of images divorced from your beliefs. Never mind that whatever one thinks of the pictures, there would have been no fuss, and probably no published pictures, if Vanessa Williams hadn't become Miss America. Never mind that the pageant has been rightly compared to amateur athletics in its ability to cloak hard work and hard cash in ingenue idealism. Models and athletes are working girls; Miss America is a working fantasy.

The most interesting thing about Vanessa Williams is the fact that she seems equally removed from both the *Penthouse* and the pageant stereotypes—too sensible and reserved for the one, too brisk and unsentimental for the other. She struck me as intelligent and self-assured in a way I've come to associate with the young women often called post-feminist: they view their ambition and their resourcefulness as a right, not as a battle or a frontier. I find this very appealing, but I also find that they can be less aware of their fallibility and more sure of their worldliness than might be wise. What seems unnervingly traditional here is the way in which a young woman who was well behaved and well mannered, but also strong willed and self-sufficient, chose two contradictory roles, each requiring functional passivity, elaborate playacting, and a certain amount of self-anesthetization.

Here is Vanessa's description of her duties as Miss America:

"You're on every day, and you have to look a certain way, you have to act a certain way. You can never be nasty even if someone says something nasty to you. You have to smile, look like you're having a good time, be very gracious and poised, well groomed. After a four-hour appearance, people would say, 'Can we go out to dinner, *please* let us take you out to dinner,' and you need to get home so you can wash your underwear out . . . But to be really gracious you can't say no."

On the photo sessions:

"The photographer said, 'You're beautiful, you're exotic, you have something so special, this is very European.' You want to believe. You want to accommodate, you want to be good, instead of saying, 'I think this is wrong and forget about it,' and walking out, which many times I felt, but I just said, 'Well, okay, let's get this over with and give him what he wants, and then I can go.' "

I was surprised by the numerous "I, too, have a checkered past" stories I heard from friends in the weeks following Vanessa Williams' abdication. There were the avant-garde artists who had made porno films because, as they said contemptuously, it meant nothing to them, they needed money, and since exploitation was omnipresent anyway, why not get something out of it? There was the writer who had once auditioned for a spot as a topless dancer because she needed a job, knew her body was the handiest qualification, and wanted to test the limits of her rebellion from genteel privilege. And there was the serious photographer who, having gratified friends years before by taking pictures of them with their lovers, began to receive urgent phone calls as to the whereabouts of the negatives.

Is it this kind of *mea culpa* that makes solid bourgeois citizens come up to Williams and say anxiously, "My God, I've taken pictures of my wife, and if they ever got into public . . . "? I know that a number of friends can recall what they considered past professional lapses that still shamed them: principles they'd avoided fighting for lest their position be jeopardized; superiors they had deferred to or ingratiated themselves with; attentions they had tolerated or manipulated enough to enhance but not endanger their work.

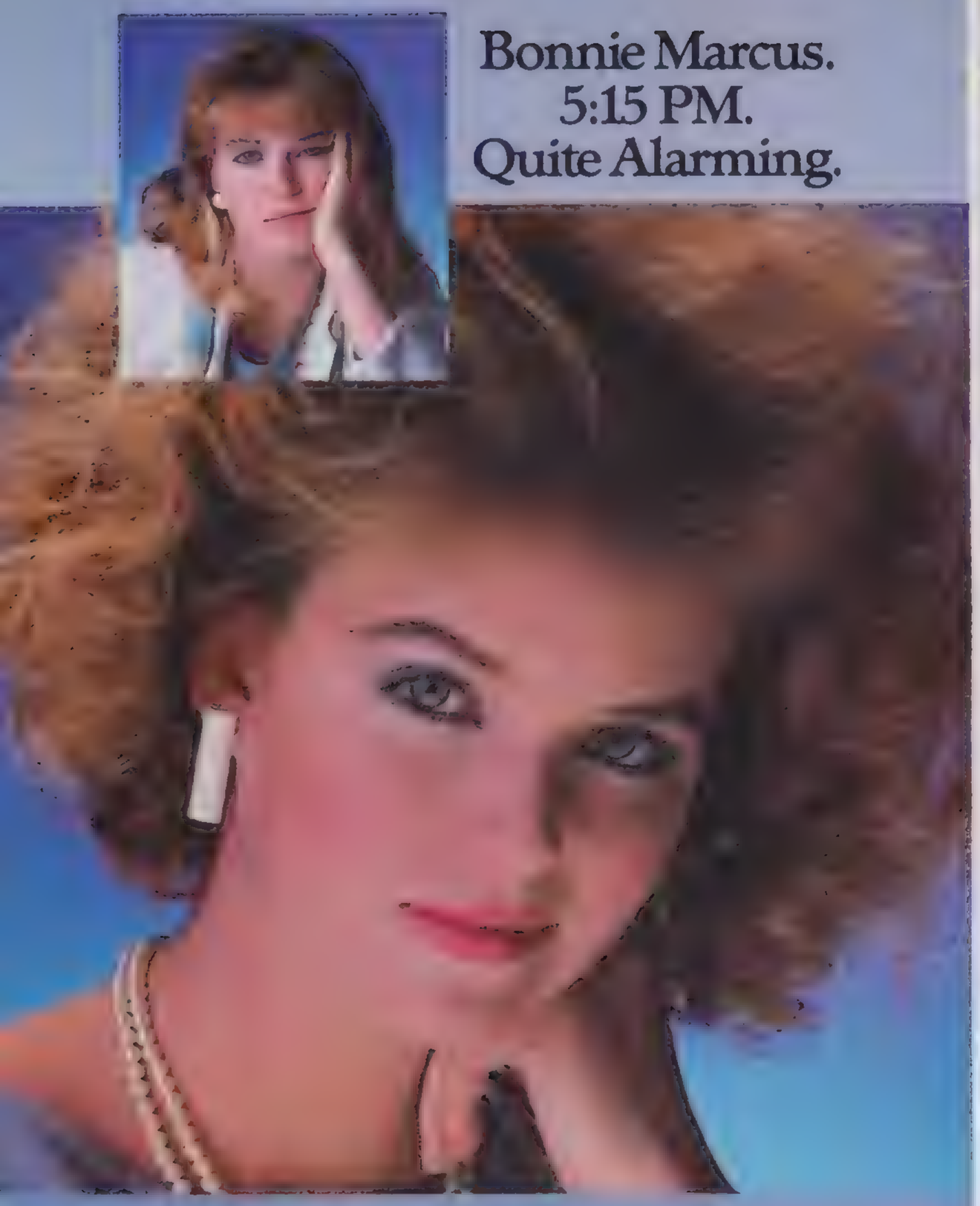
I don't think these comparisons are frivolous or careless. In *Three Guineas*, a treatise on politics and feminism, that purest and most astutely virginal of writers Virginia Woolf advised professional women to transform the old, oppressive notion of bodily chastity into the nobler one of mental chastity: "By chastity is meant that when you have made enough to live on by your profession you must refuse to sell your brains for the sake of money," and thereby avoid *(Continued on page 252)*

BRIGITTE LACOMBE Details, last pages

Photographer: Patrick Demarchelier. Necklace: Arthur Koby. Earrings: Ted Muehling at Artwear.

I feel very Chantilly today

Houbigant



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vanessa williams

(Continued from page 250)

losing the right to speak and think as you wish. Vanessa Williams seems to be struggling to regain control of her body and mind, at times with contradictions, at times with clarity. When she speaks of the photographs, she acknowledges rebelliousness, curiosity, vanity, and need. "I'd never been independent, so to speak, so I wanted to do what I wanted to do. I didn't care about anyone else's reactions. I never thought my parents would see them, and they were just for me. . . I was probably rebelling against myself too—saying I've never done this, and let me try it. I hope a lot of young women realize that so many games have been played, can be played. . . this is not the way you have to do it. It's not that I thought that was the way, but you can be convinced. I'm not saying that everyone should stay away from nude photography—if you want to do it, that's fine. I'm not saying I was a different person at nineteen than I am now at twenty-one. I think I was very strong and determined, but when you want to believe something, you'll allow yourself to be accessible, vulnerable."

About the pageant, she is oddly divided: proud of the independence she displayed during her reign ("I wasn't wimpy enough to say 'no comment.' 'How do you feel about abortion?' I said, 'I think I'm prochoice.' "); rather lofty about the fact that she always wanted to be an actress and singer, not a beauty queen ("a lot of women think, 'Well, I'm beautiful, I can just be Miss America, no problem.' Anyone can get to that level, but in order to be a star you have to have talent").

What Vanessa Williams wants to be is a serious star, and a charismatic one. She plans to record. She also wants to be an untarnished role model—someone like Lena Horne. Like Vanessa, Lena Horne was a trophy, held aloft for years as the first black woman to make her way into Hollywood movies and Las Vegas hotels with glamour, sophistication, and wit rather than feathered G-strings, bandannas, and prayers. One can't help feeling that the "firsts" doled out to minority groups tend to be ephemeral, exasperating, and (with historical hindsight) absurd. Think of it: the first woman to drink at an all-male ale house; the first black to join the Jaycees; the first Jew to join the country club; the first Asian to play Charlie Chan. It's such a queasy mingling of pettiness and seriousness. There's such disparity between the value of the thing sought and the meaning of being denied it.

"In the black community, I was treated like a queen wherever I went," Vanessa recalls. Of course. She had won a mythic American contest that black women had been denied participation in, officially, for thirty years and unofficially for half a century. She had walked a runway wearing a crown to symbolize the equal-opportunity triumph of purity, wholesomeness, and prettiness over a host of stereotypes that included coarseness, homeliness, and congenital sluttishness.

I have no respect for the Miss America pageant; but dislike and dismiss it as one may, there was no denying the historical resonance. Or was it the ahistorical, the feminine-mystique resonance? It was both, and ever the twain shall meet so long as generation after generation of women (the first Catholic Miss America, the first Jewish Miss America, the first black Miss America, and how many have we to go?) don swimsuits, evening gowns, and unyielding smiles to service a fantasy that does its best to ignore such plain facts as cosmetic surgery, nude pictures, shoplifting—not to mention the divorces, unwed pregnancies, and abortions whispered about backstage.

Meanwhile, there is another grisly first to contend with. Vanessa Williams, who is suing Bob Guccione for publishing the pictures without her consent, notes grimly that she appears to be only the second black woman to be prominently displayed in a major *Penthouse* feature, and is definitely the first to earn the magazine $24 million dollars against her will. To me, that ranks with the first woman to be publicly flogged or the first black allowed to perform in a minstrel show.

I would be delighted to see Williams become the first woman of any race to win a lawsuit against Guccione, particularly since he has compared her to Richard Nixon, yoked "Pageantgate" to Watergate, and spoken sternly of the fraud perpetrated on the American people and most particularly on "her own people." Note the fusion of prurience and bogus self-righteousness. Discard the New Fallen Woman, along with any other worn, shoddy, ill-fitting notion cluttering up your vocabulary, your closet, or your mind. ▽

VOGUE, November, 1984

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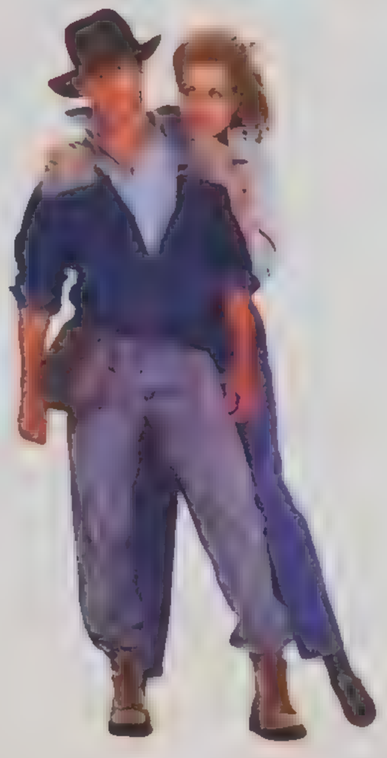

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Health is the real beginning of attractive nails, and nail health, say dermatologists, reflects general health. Illness, extreme stress, or childbirth can affect nails' growth patterns, smoothness, color. To keep nails flourishing at the normal growth rate of approximately one-eighth inch per month, it is essential to work "from the inside out"—that is, to eat a balanced diet, to exercise regularly, and to minimize stress.

External efforts can also help. The cuticle, which protects the base of the nail where growth takes place, easily gets dry and ragged and needs moisturizing. And keeping the nail itself moisturized can make a real difference in nail strength, since chipping and breaking can be a result of *dry*, not necessarily weak, nails. To try: Soaking bare nails in warm water for ten minutes a day, then massaging them with a moisturizing cream. (Crème Abricot from Christian Dior is particularly rich, effective.)

To remove nail enamel so the surface of the nail isn't damaged: First, dampen, do not saturate, a cotton ball with remover. Press it firmly against the nail for about five seconds, then wipe gently toward the tip. Use a Q-tip swab for hard-to-reach corners.

Because nail condition—like that of the skin—varies from season to season as well as from person to person, nail expert Jessica Vartoughian has developed a line of products designed to suit individual nail needs. At her Los Angeles salon, clients' nails are analyzed to determine whether they are dry (flaky at the edges, prone to splitting and peeling, with pronounced ridges and white spots), brittle (hard and inflexible with a tendency to break), or normal (strong, smooth, pink, and flexible). For each type of nail, there's a specific Nail Treatment Primer (undercoat) and Nail Treatment Glaze (topcoat) to strengthen, moisturize, and protect. (Mavala of Switzerland offers a complete nail system, too, including Extra-Mild Remover.)

Many women like the look of a French manicure—tips painted white and nails a natural-looking pink—a technique that is also used for feet at Dorit Baxter's Skin Care Salon, NYC. For better looking—and feeling—feet: Schedule a professional pedicure once a month. Use a pumice after your daily shower or bath to keep feet smooth. Massage feet with a rich lotion an hour or so before bedtime, slip into white cotton socks, and walk around so the moisturizer has a chance to "soak in."

Nail care, which should be as habitual a grooming regimen as face care, is as vulnerable as skin care to the disruption of travel. One way to cope is to keep a small waterproof pouch stocked with emery boards, cuticle cream, cotton balls, clippers for cuticle, nail and toenail, orange sticks, foil-wrapped nail polish remover pads (Andrea makes them), nail base, two colors of polish (a light and a dark shade), and a topcoat. (An extra worth considering: Sally Hansen's Dry Kwik spray—accelerates polish's drying without dulling color.) This kit should be taken along as automatically as you pack your cosmetics bag.

A fashion director who spends more time in Milan, Tokyo, and Paris than in her office suggests the following for good nail grooming when traveling: Have a professional manicure just before leaving. In a strange city, avoid unknown manicurists. Instead, plan to allow one hour each week to re-do nails yourself. For quick pick-ups, add a small touch of polish to the tip of the nail to cover chips, allow to dry, then apply a light coat of polish or clear to the entire nail. To counteract the drying effect of air travel, carry on hand lotion, and use it often while in flight. And be super-conscientious about applying hand cream to compensate for the drying effects of climate, time zone, and environment differences. Lancôme's Nutrix Hand Treatment, for example, wisely boosts richness with sun protection, has an SPF of six. ▽

MARIO TESTINO Earrings, Wayne Sheets. Hair, Oribé of John Dellaria Salon, NYC. Makeup, Rumiko. Details, last pages

One of the few things known about her is that she always wears Calandre.

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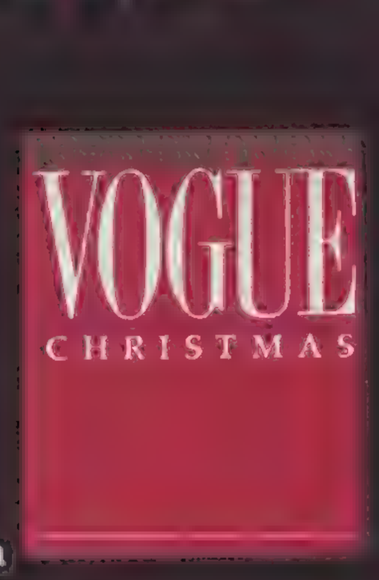

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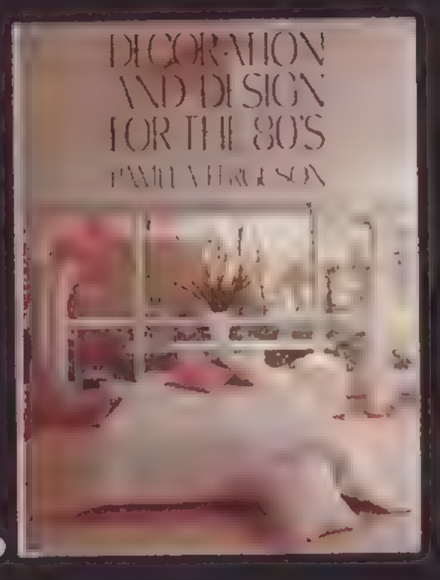

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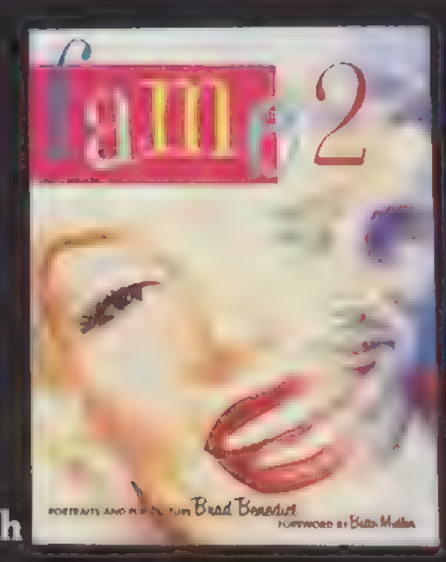

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Books in Review

The reign of snobbery . . . a cool eye on a hot legend . . . high-gloss adventure and a prescient 'thirties novel . . . deft murder, apocalyptic tensions, a most peculiar family . . . more

AN UNTIDY LEGEND

INVENTED LIVES. By James Mellow. Houghton Mifflin. 552 pages. $22.50

Reviewed by GEOFFREY WOLFF

"Begin with an individual," wrote Fitzgerald, "and before you know it you find that you have created a type; begin with a type, and you find that you have created—nothing." The author of "The Rich Boy," sprung like Gatsby from "his platonic conception of himself," knew plenty and then some about self-invention, the satisfaction of an appetite for legend, the manipulation of an audience to certify that legend.

It is principally to rescue the Fitzgeralds from the prison of their homemade fables that James Mellow, the biographer of Gertrude Stein and Nathaniel Hawthorne, has raked through the many-times dug and combed archaeological tailings of Princeton, Montgomery, New York, St. Paul, Paris, Cap d'Antibes, Delaware, Hollywood in *Invented Lives: F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald*. Do readers really need another account of the Fitzgeralds and their bright success, dim decline, wasted time and money, scandals, drunkenness, cruelty, brilliance?

What more's to be said? Plenty, plenty . . . The Fitzgeralds *are* exemplary self-inventions; they *have* stuck to Americans' sense of themselves as go-for-brokers. Good God, the bar mitzvahs of kids too young to read novels are called "Gatsby Galas!" For better and worse, the Fitzgeralds and their works have fabricated the *dramatis personae* and descriptive vocabulary of our most cherished economic, social, and literary myths: the American Dream of Eternal Progress and Eternal Youth, the High Price of Success, the Success of Failure, the inexorable yoking of Genius to Tragedy.

There is no shrewder way to understand the mechanism of legend than by field stripping it. Mellow's impulse is not to debunk (though that is often the effect) but to bore through the carapace of "type" to get at two individuals, Scott and Zelda. It requires precision to perform such elective surgery, and Mellow's hand is delicate, his heart compassionate (if sometimes cold toward Scott, the result of a pardonable irritation with a world-class boor).

Out of character: Zelda and Scott

Mellow's rare virtue as a biographer is to leave the mysteries of human behavior unsolved, untidy, and organically complex. Scott died in Hollywood of a heart attack in 1940 at forty-four, Zelda eight years later in Asheville in an asylum fire; they really died during the 1930s, in the great crash of their marriage. They exchanged letters near the end, Fitzgerald reaching for selective truths among the myriad lies of his boom years, Zelda achieving tender, furious honesty between long declines into stone-insanity. Scott wrote his wife: "You were going crazy and calling it genius—I was going to ruin and calling it anything that came to hand."

Mellow knows how to resist the blandishments of such a pretty, reductive locution: "In personal relationships there are no certifiable truths: the happiest times blend into the landscape; the unhappy times are mired in the search for the self-justification, excuses, mitigating circumstances." To understand this is to know something that matters, to grasp Nick Carraway's principle of judgment as the narrator of Gatsby's history, that fusion of warring human particulars comprising an innocent criminal, social-climbing individualist, cynical dreamer.

But you can't read about the Fitzgeralds without feeling repulsion. (Lest I seem to sound as censorous a prig as Scott sometimes was, I lapped up—better, drank—the spurious glamour of his adolescence and young manhood, read all his work aslant as a young student, at Princeton—where I had followed him to be him—deaf to the threnodic minor key of his music, its subversive clarity of vision, its apprehension of abandoned grace.)

To read Mellow is to want to pour out the gin. "Under the tyranny of alcohol, something turned coarse in Fitzgerald's nature . . ." And how! No need to recapitulate the disgraces, the calculated childishness, the simple-minded ugliness of a couple of public drunkards. Fact is, there is still more to be added to the much that has been written about the huge destruction committed by artists against themselves in honor of extreme behavior, a cliché with awful consequences.

I would have appreciated more from Mellow about the character (rather than names and addresses) of the cultural, literary, and social influences on *(Continued on page 266)*

Geoffrey Wolff *has written biographies of Harry Crosby ("Black Sun") and his father ("The Duke of Deception"). He is writing a life of Melville.*

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Books in VOGUE

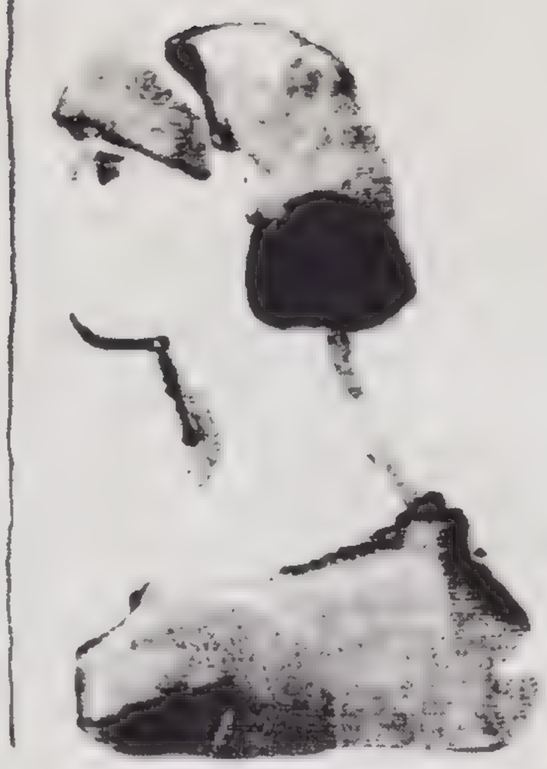
(Continued) Fitzgerald. Mellow may believe, perhaps justly, that to recreate the 1920s and 1930s—their manners and assumptions, the price of little things as well as the cost of his failures of will—is tautological. But I miss the world, with its detailed manners and costumes, so fully and lovingly remade in Mellow's *Charmed Circle: Gertrude Stein & Company*, and especially his *Nathaniel Hawthorne in His Times*.

What is offered here in filigreed abundance is a thesis that "fiction quite often served [Fitzgerald] as a redress against life." Both Fitzgeralds, really. Mellow scrupulously, without excessive reference to the qualitative distinctions between their work, locates those events in their lives reenacted in their fiction. Fitzgerald notoriously confused his characters with himself, effacing characters as powerful as Dick Diver by the force of his solipsistic hunger to dominate every drama. Correspondingly, Fitzgerald lived his life as though he were a character in a rake's progress.

Lionel Trilling, celebrating Fitzgerald's warmth as a writer, his "power of love" for his created characters—a love often denied his friends, Zelda, himself—explains the process: "It is a common habit of writers to envision an actuality of personal life which shall have the freedom and the richness of detail and the order of form that they desire in art."

This is a benign gift, not a neurosis. It is for this, the synthetic power of his invention, that Fitzgerald's life matters.

BETTER READ THAN DEAD? Some things are best not learned from books. Coitus is one. **How to Shoot a Gun** (Berkley) is another. Even Jerry Preiser, the author of this slim volume, emphasizes safety and points out that the novice handgun owner should be trained by experts at the local firing range. Advertised as "the handbook for the average citizen"—"average citizen" being a potent buzzword for "us," as opposed to "them"—this is one more impulse buy; Berkley presumably intends it for those shoppers who have already achieved thin thighs and shapely buttocks and now wish to protect their new-found assets by drilling a few below-average creeps.—**BRUCE HANDY**



CULTURE OF SURVIVALISM

THE MINIMAL SELF. By Christopher Lasch. Norton. 292 pages. $16.95.

Reviewed by GAIL SHEEHY

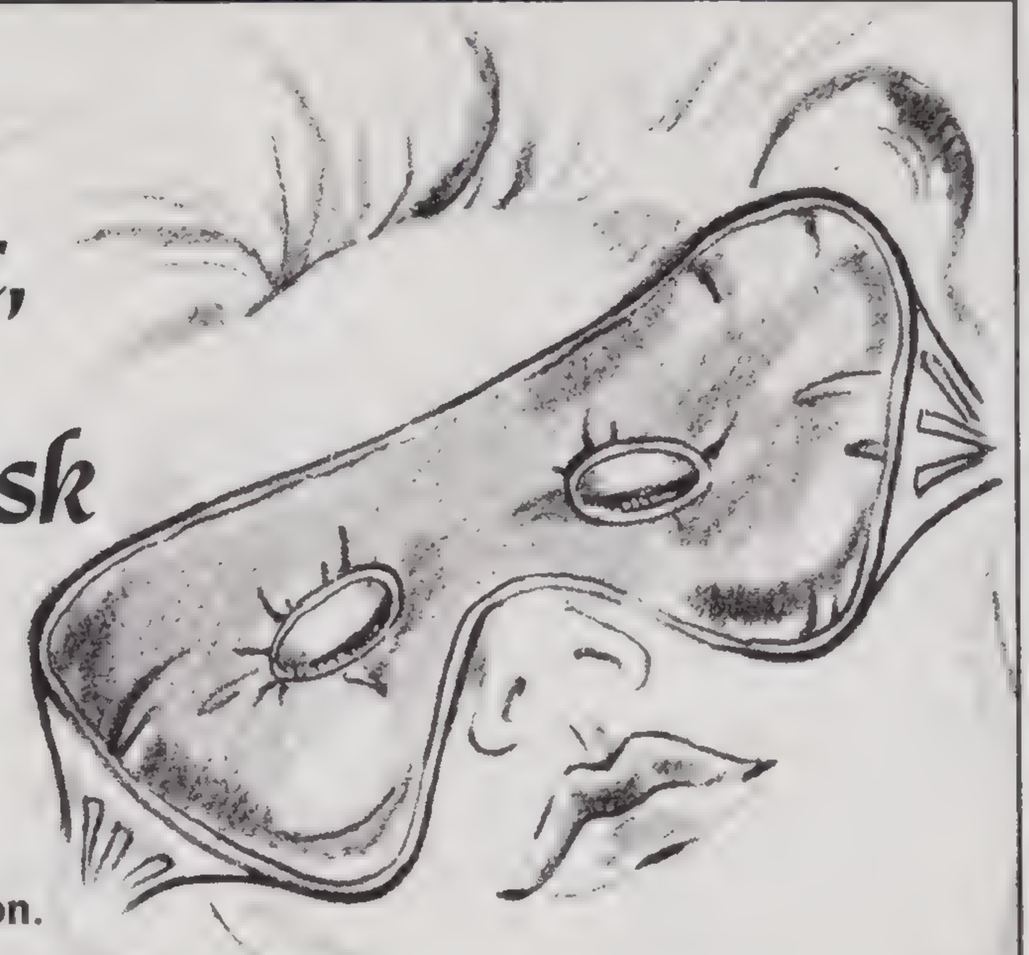
Reading this essay gives one a case not of future shock but of past shock. Christopher Lasch's 1979 book, *The Culture of Narcissism*, inspired President Carter to give his "malaise" speech in July 1979—possibly the most disastrous political speech ever made—in which he sounded the knell of doom in phrases such as "the erosion of our confidence in the future is threatening to destroy the social and political fabric of America...." Now, five years later, having helped, however inadvertently, to usher in the Reagan revolution, Lasch is back to tell us again that people have lost all confidence in the future.

"Faced with an escalating arms race, an increase in crime and terrorism, environmental deterioration, and the prospect of long-term economic decline," he writes, people are "executing a kind of emotional retreat from the long-term commitments that presuppose a stable, secure and orderly world." In their desperation, he asserts, they have been driven to look upon everyday life as an exercise in survival.

The book begins with a scornful apologia of the American public's failure to grasp Lasch's earlier concept of the culture of narcissism, which he then renames the culture of survivalism. The hopeless creature we are each becoming is also renamed: the minimal self. This minimal self adopts the strategies of survivors of real extremity—emotional disengagement, living a day at a time, protective irony, a sense of victimization and powerlessness—and applies them to the predictable crises of adult life. At the same time, the masculine, acquisitive, self-destructive Promethean ideal wanes, while the romantically self-centered Narcissian ideal, which Lasch *(Continued on page 271)*

Gail Sheehy *is the author of "Passages" and "Pathfinders."*

PATTY DRYDEN



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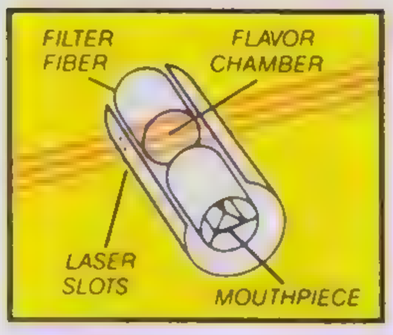

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Books in VOGUE

(Continued) construes as feminine, rises.

The middle, and most arresting, chapters detail the subliminal invasion of survivor attitudes into our everyday life. But even here Lasch consults extreme anti-utopian writers, such as Doris Lessing, and hard-core survivalists like Kurt Saxon, whom he presents, in the light of doomsday, as having a contempt for politics and a tendency toward repudiating ordinary human emotions. "Survivors, after all, have to learn to travel light," writes Lasch. "They cannot afford to weigh themselves down with a family, friends, or neighbors. . . ."

Exploiting the Holocaust for our selfish interest in survival, Lasch charges, we now accept the concentration camp as a metaphor for society. This survival mentality encourages the adoption of a protean coloration—hence the current gender-blending—rather than the development of a stable identity. What is more, he laments, the heroic rebel has lost his appeal as an ego ideal under the conditions of modern technological warfare and mass death.

But what about all the young Americans vying to go on space missions, and the great attraction of hands-on combat among volunteers who want to hit the beaches of the next Grenada? Are the current experiments with sexual identity really based on fears of Armageddon, or do they reflect a moment among young Americans charged with playfulness and spontaneity and seized again with a zest for social innovation?

The only time the word "hope" appears in the book is when Lasch talks about feminism. Still digging for the "underlying malignancy that deforms the human enterprise," he seems to agree with the women's movement that social change must go beyond addressing political and economic power and challenge the psychology of power itself. But then he condemns the new psychoanalytic feminism as blindfolded, too: "With the fear of 'masculine' rationality and their exaggerated admiration for the narcissistic ego ideal. . . the advocates of a cultural revolution hold up narcissism as the cure for a disease that springs from the same source."

He ridicules not only the women's movement but the environmental and peace movements for "blindly" following its conception of "feminine" virtues as the ultimate rescuers of civilization.

He proceeds to describe a set of virtues that these "feminist fellow-travelers" have put forward: they want to replace competitive achievement with lovemaking, artistic creation, and play; they reject individualism, logical thinking, linear reasoning; they eschew dreams of glory and immortality. While Lasch bends over backward to assure us that he shares the feminists' conviction that a cultural revolution is essential, he warns us that they are misguided by their own romantic longings to return to nature, to find a symbiotic union with the primordial sources of life, to surrender their will completely, and to ignore the world of practical activity.

Has Mr. Lasch been out of the bunker lately? He ought to take Mary Cunningham to lunch. Not that the self-proclaimed Mother Teresa of corporate America's *Oh, Calcutta!* is anything approaching a new ego ideal. But she is an extreme version of the pragmatic, goal-directed, linear-thinking women pouring out of the nation's business and professional schools, fairly beady-eyed with ambition. Has he heard of Sally Ride? Helen Caldicott? Geraldine Ferraro? These are not exactly dewy romantics standing over a forest pool and admiring their own reflections. So where are these drooping-flower-children feminists he describes? Could Professor Lasch be staring at a reflection of his previous book?

His vision of a society in psychic withdrawal was certainly accurate—up to a few years ago. Now, no one wants to be single. People are making emotional commitments faster than shops can turn out wedding veils. Couples of all ages are engaged in a frenzy of fertilization.

And that commitment to bring children into the world, since children *are* the future, is the ultimate leap of faith out of a culture of survival.

NOVEL IN MOVIELAND

THE TALISMAN. By Stephen King and Peter Straub. Viking. 644 pages. $18.95

Reviewed by JOYCE CAROL OATES

When the first print run on any book in the United States is six hundred thousand copies, and the initial advertising budget is $500,000, the occasion is not a literary one so much as a marketing event. (Should the reader be curious, John Irving's *The Hotel New Hampshire* had a first printing of two hundred thousand, as did Gore Vidal's *Lincoln*, both considerable bestsellers. The average first printing of any work of "serious" fiction is ten to twenty thousand copies—yes, this includes authors generally considered distinguished—and the advertising budget corresponds precisely.) When movie rights to the book have been sold to Steven Spielberg, clearly we have an imminent blockbuster in which a number of mass media will be involved, only one of which is print. And when the book in question has been co-written by two hardy professionals in the field of best-selling fiction—Stephen King and Peter Straub, whose novels of the supernatural have sold to millions of readers here and abroad—we have to deal with a canny business partnership rather than a literary collaboration in the traditional sense of the word. *The Talisman* is a veritable Concorde, deafening, blotting out the sun, beside which even the average best-selling novel is a single-engine Cessna.

The novel is a child's fable of unabashed

TIM SHEAFFER

wish-fulfillment: a twelve-year-old boy of "extraordinary beauty" named Jack Sawyer (the novel's rather self-conscious epigraphs are from Mark Twain) bravely undergoes tests and hardships in order to fetch the magical Talisman that will save his mother from cancer. The mother is a likable, tough-talking ex-movie actress of the 'fifties and 'sixties whose share in her late husband's business (a talent scout agency in Hollywood) is coveted by the novel's primary villain (Morgan Sloat, coke-snorting wearer of Gucci shoes). By making a pilgrimage across the United States from the Alhambra Inn in New Hampshire, where his mother is dying, to the Agincourt in California, where the Talisman is located, Jack thwarts not only Sloat's evil intentions but the very fabric of plausibility itself. He is the child as hero, the child as Christ. He is supremely innocent and supremely good. While in "real life" no child, however desperate, can forestall a parent's death, in fantasy anything is possible if one wishes hard enough.

The Talisman is the Holy Grail, or perhaps God—or a luminous image out of a film-to-be by Steven Spielberg not unlike that of the hovering space ship in *Close Encounters*, a crystal globe with a brilliant corona: "the world—ALL worlds—in microcosm." In the novel's typical italicized voice-over: "Trillions upon trillions—and all of them raised to the trillionth power—of things changed at the instant Jack Sawyer grasped the Talisman in his hands; things both large and small, tragic and comic, grave and ridiculous. They happened in worlds beyond telling. . . ."

Except for the novel's subdued and almost realistic opening, *The Talisman* differs significantly from other fiction by Stephen King and Peter Straub. It is an adventure, and not a horror, tale; loose, picaresque, freewheeling, tongue-in-cheek; populated by recognizable cartoon figures—heroes, victims, villains, conceived in exuberance and high spirits, with very little of the nightmare about it. One can imagine the collaborators sending chapters back and forth, thoroughly enjoying themselves as they *(Continued on page 274)*

Joyce Carol Oates *is the author of, most recently, "Last Days." Her new novel, "Solstice," will appear in January.*

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Books in VOGUE

(Continued) try to outdo each other in terms of outrageous cinematic effects. The central motif of the novel, apart from the Talisman itself, is the familiar one of a secret world parallel with this world, and accessible only to certain people at certain times. Hence Jack "flips" over into a region called the Territories where a Fisher Queen, so to speak, a twin of his mother's, lies dying just as his mother lies dying. (In saving his mother he also saves her—he saves both worlds.) In this other world there is as well a villainous Morgan who must be defeated, and naturally is.

The Territories is sheer movieland, a campy costumed place of stagecoaches, kegs of ale, swords, whips, two-headed horses, an affable but dim-witted werewolf named Wolf who becomes Jack's sidekick, and people who talk like walk-ons in B movies: "Get you off the skin of this world, vileness! In the name of the Queen and in the name of her son, get you off the skin of this world!" Among the plenitude of characters the most cinematic is Wolf who wears Oshkosh B'Gosh bib overalls, whose eyes blaze "Hallowe'en orange," and whose smile looks like a television advertisement for knives. When Wolf causes a commotion in a movie house by howling "OWWWWW-WWWW-OOOOOOOOO-OOOOOHHH-HHHHHHHH-OOOOOO-OOOOOHHHH-OOOOOOOOOO!" we know that he will cause a like commotion in the theaters showing the Spielberg film. The peanut gallery will adore him.

A POLISHED MURDER: For those nurtured on the game of "Clue" (Colonel Mustard, with the dagger in the drawing room), judging whether a mystery is good or not is easy. The murderer has to be a personage, preferably titled; the weapon, somewhat exotic; the event, contributing little gore; and most important, the doing-in spot must be inappropriate for murder.

Martha Grimes' mystery **Jerusalem Inn** (Little, Brown) passes the test and far exceeds board-game limitations. With the deft complacency of someone who does crosswords in ink, she fills in the classic plot, adding her inimitable sense of social comedy.

An urbane literary critic and his cool chatelaine of a wife collect a sufficiently brooding artist, a smattering of lords and ladies, and a sixteen-year-old snooker-pool-playing marquis for a Christmas house party. Though the martinis flow freely, and butlers hover at the elbow, the guests feel something is missing. Putting her bejeweled finger on the problem, Lady Assington (her name a definite clue to character) chirps before dessert, "I think we should have a murder." She is obliged.

On Christmas holiday, but unable to resist a good mystery, Richard Jury, Superintendent of Scotland Yard, teams up again with Melrose Plant (formerly Lord Ardry), who is, of course, one of the guests. After numerous rounds of Old Peculiar at the local pub, Jerusalem Inn, they solve a pair of murders in time to tuck into the Christmas goose. —**SUZANNE HART**

KATHY TODD

A 'THIRTIES CONTEMPORARY: **The Unpossessed** (The Feminist Press) is a fifty-year-old novel that has improved with age. Tess Slesinger uncovers the downside of idealism among *The Big Chill*'s grandparents, an ensemble of 1930s social reformers making a last, desperate reach for the grand illusions of their youth. But the book's eerily contemporary feel depends on Slesinger's witty look at changing sexual roles. The thoughtful working woman discovers that her marriage is too stifling to endure and too secure to abandon. The sexually liberated woman yearns for emotional involvement but keeps up a protective, jazzy façade.

Time has made Slesinger seem prescient, but it has given her style the quaintness of a period piece—a deft blend of social realism and high-energy stream-of-consciousness (echoes of Dreiser filtered through Katherine Mansfield).

When Slesinger dedicated the work "to my contemporaries," could she have guessed she'd be addressing us? Would she have been pleased at her foresight, or dismayed at how little progress we've made?

—**CARYN JAMES**

("Books" continued on page 276)

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Books in VOGUE

IN LOVE WITH ABSURDITY

DIGS. By Bette Pesetsky.
Knopf. 304 pages. $14.95

Reviewed by MARY CANTWELL

Recently a television news show featured a segment on a Minnesota man who had performed the ultimate in saving string. He'd tied odd bits of twine into a ten-ton ball, fourteen feet high and forty feet in circumference. Why, one might reasonably ask. Why not, the Minnesota man might reasonably reply.

Such a soul is Walter Simon, the protagonist of Bette Pesetsky's *Digs*, who is conducting an archaeological dig in his backyard. Walter is a former algebra teacher, his wife an ex-employee of a small philanthropic foundation, and they once lived on Manhattan's Upper West Side in an apartment the reader can see without Pesetsky's ever having to describe it. "We were all middle-aged people," Sara Simon says, "our children were grown, we were set upon our paths. The only variables I could think of facing in our lives began with *d*—divorce, disaster, death." Then Walter inherits money, and suddenly there is world enough and time for that most elusive of all desirables, a second chance. They will move to the country; they will do what they always wanted to do.

Sara can paint. Long ago she defined herself as an artist, but because the picture on the canvas never measures up to the one in her head she destroys it on completion. And Walter can. . . can what? "He's not a go-getter," Sara's father said the night his daughter brought her new boyfriend home for dinner for the first time. "Maybe not a hard worker—but I don't want to condemn. He works with papers, with stray numbers. The man needs a product. Something firm. Something you can feel and squeeze. If for instance he was to inherit my chain of four dress stores, I can see they would go poof."

Sara's father is right. Walter needs a product; what he chooses instead is a quest. Shilton Court, an apartment house constructed in 1910 on no principle except that of beauty,

PATTY DRYDEN

once stood on the site of the Simon's new home, Bayley Farm House. Walter starts digging for it, less in pursuit of the actuality than of the idea.

The hole widens and deepens: Walter is developing his own Grand Canyon. Strangers show up—two ladies looking for Captain Kidd's treasure; a man in an aquamarine-leather loincloth ranting Indian rites; cars filled with noisy men. The police are called, again and again and again. Walter stops sleeping with Sara. Sara starts painting, and this time she preserves her pictures. They're all of the dig, and for once the results have matched the expectations. "Businessman goes berserk" reads a newspaper headline, one of many. Then Walter falls in the hole. Did he fall? Or was he pushed by a piece of concrete hurled by Sara?

The Simons' older son, Norman, comes home from California. He is worried about what's happening to his father, and his former wife is worried about what's happening to the money. The younger son, Alexander, a New Yorker, is on hand, too, also deeply concerned and also prodded by an acquisitive spouse. Meanwhile Sara, though still around—and mostly in her bedroom—is no longer really on this planet. And Walter is now comatose.

The Simon family are talkers, and *Digs* is talked to its audience. Sometimes they write notes, to one another and to Conlon, a suspicious cop, and sometimes they speak directly, but always they are close to indistinguishable from one another. The last might constitute a flaw in another novel. In *Digs* it does not because Pesetsky is delineating a family in which there is only one voice: essentially Jewish, as comic as it is sad, as willing to believe anything as to be surprised by nothing. It is the voice of the quintessential urbanite: "So what else is new" is the subtext of every sentence.

There are other voices in *Digs*. Mrs. Sorbitol, for instance, the housekeeper, who watches *Good Morning America* and public television, but no soaps because there's "enough tragedy in my life as it is." Mr. DeLeuce, the head of Sara's foundation and the most priapic of *(Continued on page 279)*

Mary Cantwell *is a member of the editorial board of "The New York Times."*

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Books in VOGUE

(Continued) old goats, who speaks of his first attack of VD with the enthusiasm of one recalling his first view of the Bay of Naples. Mr. Argo, a town official who's present only for a walk-on but who delivers the definitive description of Walter's excavation: "Look at that—," he says, "biggest pisshole I've ever seen." And there's Castleberry, the possibly sinister secretary-treasurer of the Shilton Historical Society, he whose project "Retaining the Architectural Past of Shilton and Environs" lures Walter to his folly. "Man's search, Man's search is everything," he tells Walter early in their acquaintance, so early that Walter still has the smarts to laugh. "My great-grandfather lived here. My father's father unfortunately went west. When the time came to seek a suitable homestead for my *own* children, three, I returned here. *Returned* is the wrong word—I came here. A primal urge, you might say, but after the spawning, not before."

Faced with the irrational—Walter's search for the Grail—the Simon family disintegrates. But not only because Walter has become a person possessed. He is squandering his inheritance, although his accidental ownership of a whorehouse (he thinks it's a motel) keeps him solvent. Saving string is, after all, an obsession that comes cheap; digging up an apartment house takes capital. Did Walter fall or was he pushed? If the latter it's because money is the root of all evil.

Often the participants in a tragedy don't know whether to laugh or cry. The Simon family does both, and so does Bette Pesetsky. So, for that matter, will the reader, who will be caught between Pesetsky's extraordinary humor and her equally extraordinary talent for evoking nightmare. Her comedy of the absurd is also a human comedy, and it is brilliant.

A SURVEY OF SNOBBERY

DISTINCTION. By Pierre Bourdieu. Harvard. 604 pages. Illustrated. $29.50

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER LASCH

In *Distinction: A Social Critique of the Judgement of Taste*, French social scientist Pierre Bourdieu insists that nothing "more rigorously distinguishes the different classes," not even their political opinions, than their judgments about music, art, clothes, cooking, and esthetic issues in general. Style serves as an infallible index of social status. Upperclass refinement opposes itself to everything heavy, vulgar, and coarse. The dominant classes (as Thorstein Veblen taught us, a long time ago) proclaim their superiority by flaunting not merely their money but their good taste, their impeccable standards of consumption, their abhorrence of anything standardized or commonplace, their preference for hand-made goods over machine-made goods and for useless or "futile" pursuits, as Veblen would have called them, over purposeful ones—in a word, their preference, so deeply inculcated by good breeding that it comes to seem instinctive, for form over function.

A single example from Bourdieu's compendious survey of snobbery will show how taste reflects and reaffirms social standing; but it will also show how Bourdieu attempts to go beyond this familiar line of analysis to make a more original point. Working-class respondents to one of his questionnaires, when asked to pick subjects that would make a beautiful photographic composition, chose sunsets or a child's first communion, while more sophisticated respondents rejected those ordinary objects of popular admiration in favor of cabbages or a butcher's stall. But the ordinary objects reappeared at the very highest levels of the social and educational scale. "This is because arelatively large proportion of the [best educated respondents] assert their aesthetic disposition by declaring that *any object* can be perceived aesthetically."

It isn't just "good taste" that distinguishes the dominant classes from their inferiors, it is an ingrained esthetic habit of mind. What identifies the true connoisseur is the capacity to see every question as a question of taste—a capacity acquired only through long years of schooling, preceded*(Continued on page 280)*

TIM SHEAFFER

Books in VOGUE

(Continued) by early training in the right kind of family. A humanistic education, which devalues "scholarly knowledge and interpretation," serves not merely to transmit canonical judgments of artistic merit but, more important, to teach an esthetic attitude toward experience. It not only keeps alive an esoteric cult of art, necessarily closed to the masses, but it instills the habit of looking at life itself as an art.

Bourdieu's analysis transcends the usual analysis of conspicuous consumption in two ways: by showing that specific judgments and choices matter less than an esthetic outlook in general and by showing, moreover, that the acquisition of an esthetic outlook not only advertises upper-class prestige but helps to keep the lower orders in line. In other words, the esthetic world view serves as an instrument of domination. It serves the interests not merely of status but of power. It does this, according to Bourdieu, by emphasizing individuality, rivalry, and "distinction" and by devaluing the well-being of society as a whole.

The religion of "culture" cannot be overthrown, according to Bourdieu, by promoting an anti-art, as artistic avant-gardes have often tried to do. The ritual deflation of cultural pretensions merely reaffirms the supremacy of the esthetic mode of judgment. The only answer to the esthetic habit of mind, Bourdieu implies, is the scientific habit of mind—more particularly, a *social* science that seeks to recover the social origins of class unfairly attributed to differences in natural endowment or to variations in individual "excellence." If the "cultivated discourse on culture" preserves the existing class structure intact, social science subverts it by exposing individuality and "distinction" as bourgeois illusions.

Such is Bourdieu's argument, in brief. Much of it is compelling, but a couple of objections present themselves. In the first place, his view of art is one-sided and reductive, emphasizing its power of social exclusion at the expense of everything else. He sees that art also celebrates the "beauty and joy of the world," but he seems to think this can happen only in an egalitarian society, one divested of "invidious distinctions," in Veblen's terms. This is a dubious proposition.

In the second place, Bourdieu exaggerates the humanistic contribution to the dominant culture, which today is much more deeply influenced, even in France, by science than by cultivated consumption and connoisseurship. Science, in fact, may turn out to be a far more effective instrument of class rule than humane learning ever was. Veblen's uncritical faith in science can be forgiven, perhaps, on the grounds of inexperience. Eighty years later, such an attitude is harder to justify.

Christopher Lasch's *newest book is "The Minimal Self," reviewed in this issue.*

A SOPHISTICATED ADDICTION: If anything can expand that "select and tenaciously exclusive set of connoisseurs" said to be Ivy Compton-Burnett's readers, it will be Hilary Spurling's superb biography, Ivy (Knopf). The first half concerns Ivy's early life (she was born in 1884), which was heavy with a Victorian family's frustrations and passions, and filled with traumatic events—most terribly the early deaths of her two adored brothers ("it quite smashed my life up") and the double suicide of two young sisters. Ivy survived these shattering events, Spurling explains, by building up "layer by layer the extraordinary, protective armour that made her in the last part of her life one of the literary legends of her day."

The second half of *Ivy* is filled with entertaining anecdotes about her famous tea parties. (She made many new friends through Margaret Jourdain, the fascinating character and furniture historian with whom she lived for thirty years, and then, as her novels were published, among writers who came to pay homage.) And the text is peppered with Ivy's astringent remarks. (When she was asked what quality she most admired in her friends, she replied "availability.")

For those who have been daunted by Compton-Burnett novels, Spurling so skillfully uses them to illuminate the life and the life to clarify the novels that *Ivy* will surely make addicts of abstainers. **—PHYLLIS RIFIELD**

STAGE-MANAGING ART: In "Playwriting" and "The Tragedy of Tragedy," two essays from Vladimir Nabokov's first lecture series at Stanford University that accompany **The Man from the USSR and Other Plays** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), the wry expatriate defined and outlined his attitude toward contemporary theater. The prose works demonstrate that his inimitable voice and presence can make a pearl out of anything: he makes us seriously consider issues—the people on stage *must* ignore what goes on in the audience, for example—that the theatrical innovations of the past thirty years should have buried.

The four previously unpublished plays, however, have exactly the opposite effect. While they're not dreadful—Nabokov was too much of a craftsman to allow shoddiness—on the heels of the essays they come as a letdown. Whether it's emigrés obsessed with returning to Russia in *The Man from the USSR* or explorer Robert Falcon Scott freezing to death in *The Pole*, the results are the same: characters speak and act and suffer, but they leave us barely moved. By letting them fend for themselves, Nabokov makes you realize how much better they'd be with him there, making smart comments from the sidelines.

—NADIESZDA KIZENKO

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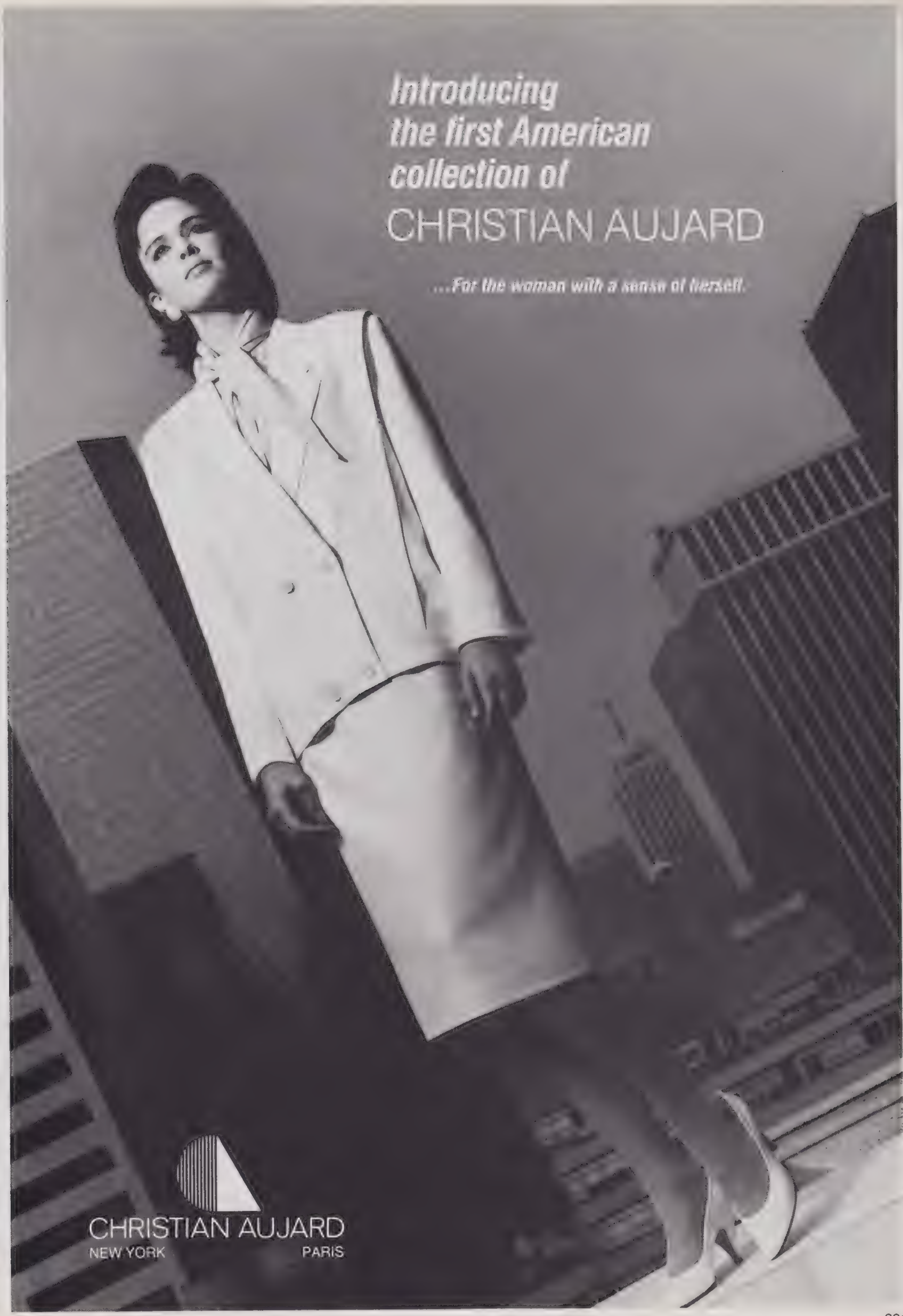
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Health

New look at weight-loss drugs…one-day plan to stop smoking…in the future: better ways to treat allergies, migraines

By Melva Weber

QUIT TO WIN

Once more, November brings the Great American Smokeout, the day millions of Americans give up smoking for twenty-four hours and many go on to quit for good. This year's day off from smoking is on November 15, to be celebrated with parades, contests, and public events throughout the nation. Some firms will offer employee prizes. Last year, one office floated fresh flowers in the ashtrays. More than one in three smokers took part, and many became permanent nonsmokers. If you smoke, join the quitters' crowd—it's a chance for a lifetime.

MANAGING MIGRAINES

If you suffer migraine headaches that don't respond to any of the standard measures for control, help may be on the way. *Acute Care Medicine,* a physicians' magazine, reports results of clinical research in three major cities:

Neil H. Raskin, M.D., at the University of California at San Francisco, changed a standard approach, injected dihydroergotamine (DHE), by stepping up the rate of dosage, giving a shot of the drug every eight hours as long as needed to stop the pain, then maintenance doses of DHE or other drugs. More than 90 percent of a group with intractable migraine were free of headache pain within forty-eight hours.

At the University of Pittsburgh, James A. Rosen, M.D., worked with the drug propranolol for preventing migraine attacks. Standard usage calls for gradually increasing doses up to a maximum of 240 milligrams daily, then stopping if relief doesn't result after six weeks. Dr. Rosen raised the maximum to 320 milligrams, kept going for as long as a year, greatly improving success rates.

John S. Meyer, M.D., at Veterans Administration Medical Center in Houston, ran clinical trials of a new calcium channel blocker drug, nimodipine. Results? Significant improvement in migraine symptoms, and most patients got headaches less frequently. Nimodipine has yet to be approved by the Food and Drug Administration.

THE DARK-RINGED EYE

If you have noticed dark circles around your eyes, giving you the tragic-heroine or battered-bride look when you're not made up, it's likely you have "allergic shiners," a condition widely recognized by medical specialists as a sign of allergic rhinitis. Your nasal lining is reacting to an irritating airborne substance by dilating blood vessels in the nasal area which, in turn, darkens the delicate, translucent skin around the eye.

Michael Kaliner, M.D., head of the allergic diseases section at the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases, describes a variety of approaches for getting rid of "allergic shiners." First step, he says, is finding the allergy source so you can avoid it. "A common cause, particularly in young women, is a pet cat," said Dr. Kaliner. Not letting kitty sleep on your bed may help. Next, an allergy specialist may prescribe one of several medical methods to clear up the dark rings.

Oral antihistamines are effective but have the drawback of causing drowsiness. New, non-sleepy antihistamines, now under development, may be available soon. Nasal steroids are effective for some patients, says Dr. Kaliner. Also effective: cromolyn sodium, which acts to quiet the nasal tissues and ward off the threatened allergic reaction. Long available as Intal, a fine powder used in an inhaler, cromolyn now is packed as Nasalcrom, a liquid used in a special inhaler that creates a mist. Finally, says Dr. Kaliner, for dark circles that don't respond to drug treatment or that have severe associated symptoms, there's immunotherapy, a course of treatment that can help desensitize the sufferer to the allergen, or culprit substance.

NON-MILK-DRINKERS' NUTRITION

There may be a good reason why yogurt is a traditional food in Middle Eastern countries; many people there are lactose intolerant and have digestive upsets if they drink untreated fluid milk. High percentages of many other populations—Asian, African, Mexican, Native American, and American blacks—are also lactose intolerant, lacking the enzyme that breaks down the milk sugar molecule lactose.

At the University of Minnesota, Michael D. Levitt, M.D., and his colleagues have made a careful study of milk-intolerant subjects, comparing digestive effects of milk and equivalent amounts of milk as yogurt. An analysis of breath tests for hydrogen, as well as incidence of gas, diarrhea, and abdominal pain made one thing clear: lactose taken as yogurt is absorbed well, when milk would cause interior distress. Because milk's nutrients, particularly calcium, are highly important in our diets, those who "can't take milk" might do well to cultivate a taste for milk cultured as yogurt.

MOTHER/DAUGHTER MENSTRUAL WOES?

If you suffered from missed menstrual periods and needed hormone treatment in order to conceive, will your baby daughter face similar problems when she reaches menarche? An Israeli study brings encouraging news: Girls born to women who had fertility treatment for amenorrhea had perfectly normal physical development, and had their first menstrual periods at the usual age, a little past twelve years. Their regular periods and occasional menstrual cramps also suggested to the medical investigators that the daughters were ovulating normally.

WEIGHT-LOSS HELPERS

Anorexiants—drugs used to reinforce weight-loss diets by curbing appetite—are disapproved by many doctors because of risks and unwanted effects such as rebound weight gain and drug abuse. At the University of Rochester, New York, Medical Center, a team of physicians has carried out a clinical trial to determine dosages and prescription drug types that would be effective, lasting and have minimal side effects.

Eighty-one obese people, weighing up to four-fifths more than their ideal body weight, or 180 percent, took part in the twenty-four-week study. Two kinds of appetite-suppressing prescription drugs, fenfluramine hydrochloride and phentermine, were tested, singly and in a combination of half the usual dosage of each drug. A fourth test group was given placebos, or blank pills. The program also included diet, exercise, and behavior modification techniques for all study participants.

Fenfluramine is likely to produce a sedative effect, occasional diarrhea and lowered blood pressure; but phentermine acts as a stimulant and may cause insomnia, nervous activity, stepped-up heartbeat, and sometimes rises in blood pressure. (Neither of these prescription drugs is related to weight-reducing pills sold over the counter.) The researchers, headed by Michael Weintraub, M.D., sought to find whether a combination of the drugs might be better than either medication alone. And they wanted to test a tapering dosage plan designed to avoid rebound and withdrawal symptoms.

The Rochester study, reported in "Archives of Internal Medicine," reveals weight losses that are similar for either drug used alone and for the combined dosage of both drugs. All three drug dosages yielded weight losses superior to those of the placebo, or non-drug group.

However, patients on the combined anorexiants had fewer adverse effects, less hunger, and an increased sense of fullness, particularly in the important period between the evening meal and bedtime. Drugs continued to be effective throughout the study period, indicating to the research team that the combination may be preferable for a long-term treatment. The study offers evidence that anorexiant drugs, with close medical supervision, can be successful in cases where other weight control methods have failed.

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Women & Cars

By Laura Flynn McCarthy

Get winter-wise: prepare car early, drive more safely

Winter brings with it a unique set of concerns for car owners. If you live in an area with snowfall and cold temperatures, or if you plan to travel to one this year, remember: Weather is unpredictable; storms can catch you unprepared. To be on the safe side, give your car a good going-over and bone up on driving strategies in inclement weather. For starters:

● **Prepare your car** by having your brakes tested to ensure that they don't "pull" to one side; and read your owner's manual to see if it's time to have your brake lining and the fluid in the master cylinder checked, usually needed about every thirty thousand miles. Your mechanic should also check for leaks in the exhaust system—especially important in winter since closed windows increase the dangers of carbon-monoxide poisoning.

Keep close tabs on your tires' inflation and tread wear. According to Ray Burneson of the National Safety Council, with each drop of ten degrees in the outside temperature, the air pressure inside your tires goes down about one pound per square inch. So check tire pressures frequently during cold weather. Examine treads once a month for uneven wear—a sign of possible under- or over-inflation, misalignment, improper balance, or other problems. If the tread on any tire is worn down to one-sixteenth of an inch, it must be replaced. When most tires reach this point, you'll see "wear bars"—narrow strips of smooth rubber—appearing across the tread.

Check the battery fluid regularly and if you need to add water (preferably distilled) in cold weather, be sure to drive your car for several minutes right away so the water and electrolyte mix thoroughly and prevent freeze damage. Also check for corrosion around the clamps that are attached to the caps. If they are corroded, the battery won't be able to be jumped when necessary. You can neutralize corrosion by brushing the clamps with an even mixture of baking soda and water. Keep the caps on tight and vents covered with a cloth so the soda solution doesn't contaminate the battery fluid. Rinse with clear water.

Check the fluid levels in the transmission, differential and power-operated units, cooling system and the windshield wiper reservoir, as well as the oil. Oil that is the perfect density in summer may thicken in cold weather, so you may want to switch to a thinner oil or switch to a multi-viscosity oil that adjusts to outside temperatures. And don't forget to add antifreeze to the radiator and wiper reservoir.

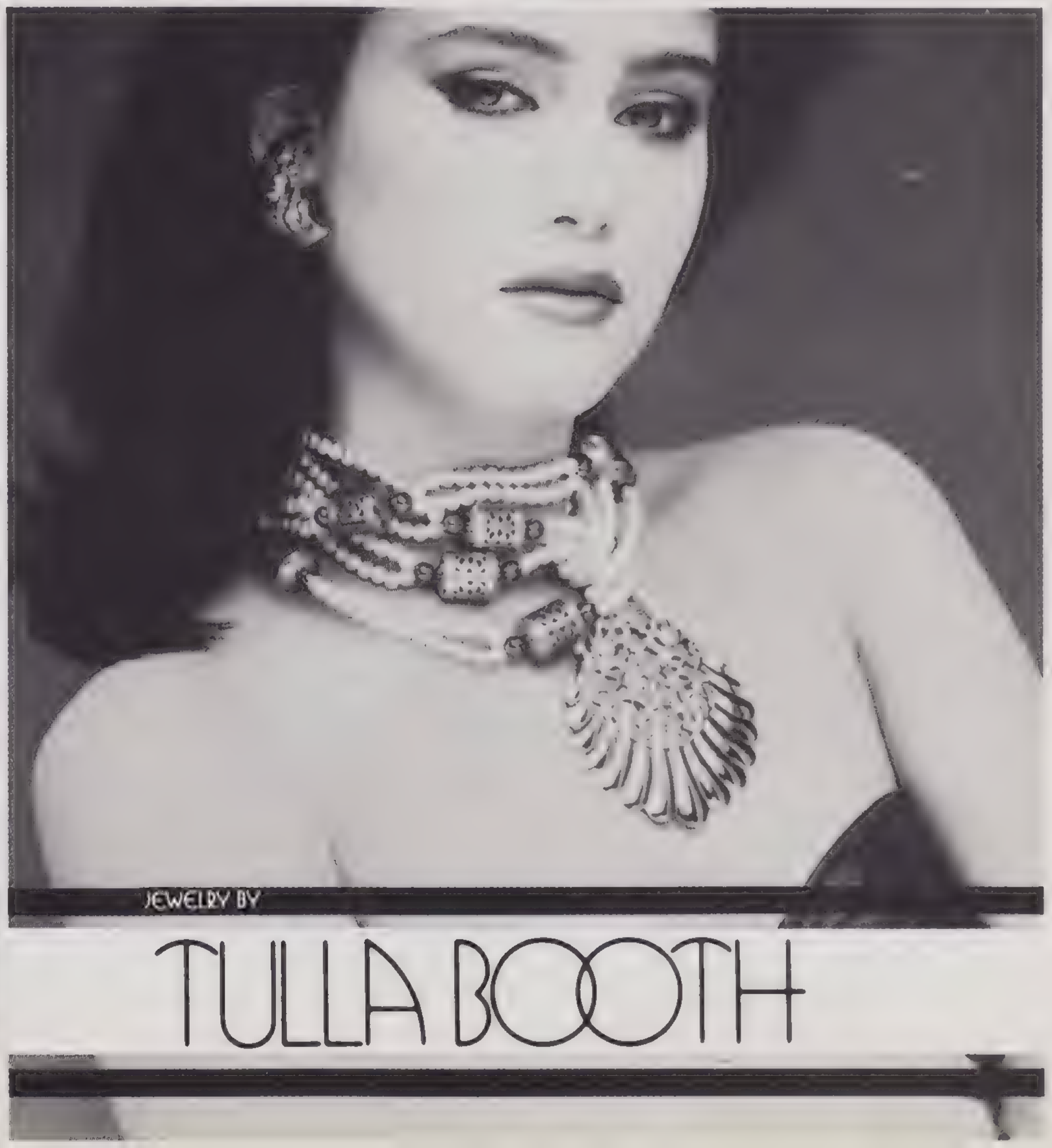
● **Getting unstuck:** First, try to avoid parallel parking in bad weather as it's tough to get moving when you have to turn your wheels to get out of a parking space. If your parked car is surrounded by snow, sprinkle kitty litter, sand, or rock salt around your tires or use pieces of rug or mats to get traction. Check your exhaust pipe to make sure it's not clogged with snow which could force carbon monoxide back into the car. Next, turn your wheels from side to side to push some of the snow away. After you start the engine (if you have a standard transmission, use highest gear, drive for an automatic), apply slow, steady pressure to the accelerator, giving your tires a chance to grip the snow, but avoid spinning. "Rocking" the car by moving it forward and back in quick spurts, can help, but may damage your transmission. Check your owner's manual for recommendations.

● **If you start to skid,** follow the "off and off" rule: ease off the accelerator and stay off the brake. Try to steer in the direction that the rear end of your car is sliding. Hold the steering wheel firmly, but don't make large turns. When you feel the car straighten out, turn the wheels straight and keep rolling.

● **To keep moving safely** in cold or snowy weather, avoid abrupt changes in speed or directions which are the major causes of skids. Look ahead to anticipate other cars' lane changes and turns and don't follow other cars too closely. Be aware of warming trends: ice is twice as slippery at thirty degrees Fahrenheit as it is at zero. Watch out for ice patches in shaded areas of road and wet surfaces on bridges and overpasses that freeze sooner than on other road surfaces. If you're driving in a nighttime snowstorm, switch to low beam lights to avoid glare from reflected light.

● **To stop safely,** start braking earlier than you would under normal conditions. "Pump" your brakes by applying slow, steady pressure until just before they lock, then ease off them until your wheels are rolling again. Repeat. If your car has disc brakes, rather than drum brakes, pump them more slowly to avoid lock-up. Never slam on brakes on a slippery surface as they may lock up, cause you to skid.

Winter weather requires you to plan ahead—allow yourself more time to get somewhere, be alert to the extra dangers on the road—and always, when in doubt, slow down. Taking these precautions will make your car a safer port in any storm. ▽



the case for fiber

It may change your thinking about "essential" nutrients...

By Judith S. Stern, Sc.D.

It is time nutritionists expanded our definition of what is an "essential nutrient." By the currently accepted definition, an "essential nutrient" is a substance in our diet that is absorbed by our bodies whose absence would produce a life-threatening deficiency disease owing to specific biochemical abnormalities. Vitamin B_1 is a good example. Without it, we would develop beriberi, have trouble walking, even develop paralysis in our legs, and die. Vitamin B_1 is essential for at least four different enzyme systems needed to metabolize carbohydrates as well as a number of other enzymatic reactions. Obviously, vitamin B_1 is an "essential nutrient," and there is a recommended dietary allowance (RDA) for it.

By this definition, nutritionists do not recognize fiber as an essential nutrient, or even as a nutrient, since it is not absorbed by the body. Although it is true that without fiber in our diets, we would undoubtedly be constipated, probably develop hemorrhoids, and be in much pain from the development of diverticular disease (a ballooning of the intestinal wall that develops when food moves too slowly through the intestines). Certain fibers such as wheat or rice bran—but not corn bran—bind water, add bulk, and soften our stools. Others—pectin and oat bran but not wheat bran—decrease the amount of cholesterol the body absorbs from food and can lower blood cholesterol, especially important because high blood cholesterol is associated with increased risk of heart attacks and strokes.

Some scientists believe that diets rich in fiber can prevent colon cancer, but fiber's role here is not unambiguous, because as the fiber content of our diet decreases, our intake of other foods, such as fat, animal protein, refined sugars, and cholesterol increases. Other studies suggest the incidence of colon cancer is more related to fat than fiber intake.

The debate continues as to whether fiber is useful in the treatment of diabetes. Fiber advocates claim that fiber decreases the rate of absorption of glucose and lowers blood glucose levels of diabetics. In a number of studies of adult-onset diabetics, increased fiber helped to improve control of blood glucose. However, this was not the case with juvenile-onset diabetes where the pancreas makes little or no insulin. The type of fiber may also make a difference, and more research is necessary.

Fiber has also been promoted as a weight-reduction aid. Although all the evidence is not in, in one study, individuals taking supplements of a fiber—glucomannan—did not lose significantly more weight and were not less hungry than those not taking them. My advice to women trying to lose weight is that they not take fiber supplements but include in their diet foods that are rich in fiber, low in fat—and take a long time to chew and to eat.

What is fiber?

Fiber is not a single compound. Found in varying amounts in fruits, nuts, grains, and vegetables, it is the part of the plant that is indigestible and is made up of such complex compounds as cellulose, hemicellulose, pectins, gums, and lignins. There has been some confusion as to how much fiber is in certain foods because the standard assay for fiber measures only the amount of "crude" fiber, but it is the "dietary" fiber content that is more meaningful. "Crude" fiber is what remains when a food is treated with acid and alkali, whereas "dietary" fiber is what remains in the gastrointestinal tract after food is digested. The assay for crude fiber seriously underestimates the amount of dietary fiber.

According to Joanne Slavin, Ph.D., assistant professor in the Department of Food Science and Nutrition, University of Minnesota, the dietary fiber content of strawberries is twice the crude fiber content, while whole-wheat bread contains five times more dietary than crude fiber. Because dietary fiber contains such a diverse group of chemical compounds, Slavin thinks an ideal method for its measurement may never be developed.

All plant foods contain some fiber as long as they are not overly processed. Whole-wheat bread is 8.5 percent dietary fiber, white bread is less than 3 percent. Whole-grain cereals such as bran contain up to 28 percent fiber; beans, about 8 percent; most fruits, 1 to 2 percent. Animal products contain no fiber.

It is also possible to get too much fiber; side effects include abdominal distress, gas, loose stools. These effects can also occur if you abruptly increase the amount of fiber in your diet. It is best to increase fiber consumption gradually to give your digestive system time to adapt. Also, intake of over 40 grams a day of some dietary fibers may impair the body's ability to absorb certain nutrients such as zinc, iron, copper, magnesium, calcium, protein, and possibly vitamins B_{12} and B_6. The greater the bulking effect of the fiber, the greater the decrease in nutrient utilization. In the extreme, large amounts—eaten over long periods of time—can lead to a blockage condition which may require surgery. Finally, bran should never be eaten dry because there is some evidence that it can literally clog the digestive system.

Essential or not?

Since fiber is not actually absorbed by the body—it just "passes through"—and it is not a factor in specific, identified, biochemical reactions, and since its lack is not life-threatening, nutritionists do not consider it "essential" and have not established a recommended intake. I think our current definition of an "essential nutrient" is too narrow and should be revised to include those items that should be present in one's diet in order to promote *optimal* health and well-being. By my definition, fiber would be considered "essential," a label that would stimulate needed research on fiber and improve our knowledge of the reasonable and safe amount to have in our diets.

Until this time, if you are consuming an average of fifteen or fewer grams of dietary fiber a day (and most Americans are), try gradually increasing it to thirty grams daily by eating more whole-grain breads, cereals and grains, beans, and fruits and vegetables. Remember that "fiber" is not a single substance, but a complex mixture of substances whose composition varies from one food to another, so it is best to get your fiber from a variety of foods and not from a single supplement.

Judith S. Stern, *Sc.D., is professor of nutrition at the University of California at Davis.*

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"There have always been women athletes," said a male voice from the back of the room. Yes, but not like these: marathoner Joan Benoit (above), Canada's Sylvie Bernier (left), and Valerie Brisco-Hooks (below)

the year of getting tough

Ferraro battled, Kirkpatrick roared, and the heroines of Los Angeles taught this country a thing or two about women: "tough" is now a compliment. Some year!

By Jane O'Reilly

What a year this has been for women. Look at the Democratic convention! Look at the Olympics! When was the last time you heard about "the weaker sex"? This year we saw "feminine" redefined as something bold and brave. It's been a long, long time coming, and there is still a long way to go, but 1984 will go down in history as the year we knew we were going to make it.

Geraldine Ferraro, at the Democratic convention, was neither a token nor a spouse but the candidate for Vice President. It has been harder, being the first woman, than anyone could have guessed it would be; and yet, as I overheard the venerable male director of a redoubtable news organization say approvingly, "Look at her, she's tough." Who would ever have thought being told "You're tough" would be meant, and taken, as a compliment. And look at United Nations Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, thundering away on foreign policy at the Republican convention. She made the Republicans' obdurate refusal to support an Equal Rights Amendment look a little silly, a little like flying in the face of events.

Look at the Olympics. That is where we really saw the change. I spent the two weeks of the summer games jumping up and down in the stands and then rushing home to jump up and down in front of the television set shouting "Look! Look! This is what we said would happen." To my generation of feminists, those women running, rowing, fencing, diving, hurdling were a dream come true. For years and years, from the time the first little girl risked her reputation by suing to be included on a Little League team, we have been promising that public support for women's sports and women athletes would change the way women feel about themselves, and the way society feels about women's abilities. And, by golly, it did. If there had not been a U.S. boycott of the 1980 games in Moscow, we probably would have noticed the change sooner. But, as it turned out, this year was a revelation. For me, the Olympics were like an immensely satisfying pageant that might just as well have begun with a curtain rising and a voice offstage announcing: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, the New Woman!"

One evening I watched Mary Lou Retton pace up and down the edge of the gym. Without blinking an eye or even seeming to draw breath, she suddenly did a back flip and, slightly more relaxed, went on pacing. Then, with dead-eye concentration, she vaulted to a gold medal. She is only four feet nine inches tall and only sixteen years old, but she is no pixie. The women gymnasts needed no hair ribbons to mask their strength this year. They are, as Retton's coach Bela Karolyi said: "strong little athletes."

On television, the women divers were beautiful to watch. Canadian gold medalist Sylvie Bernier's face as she prepared for each dive was a positively inspirational study in concentration. But the great fun of actually being at the Olympics was to see what the athletes did off camera. The medal-winning American divers, for example: Kelly McCormick and Christina Seufert, were joyful cheerleaders in the backstage area which was a maelstrom of men and women teammates hugging, kissing, encouraging and saluting. They were equally graceful, equally disciplined, equally strong, equally . . . well, equal to the men divers.

The sports pages have suddenly become a section of the newspaper to read instead of something to line cat boxes. Sprinter Evelyn Ashford's world record 100 meter run in August, in which she beat the competition from East Germany so badly missed in Los Angeles, was a story I cared about. Zola Budd's and Mary Decker's are now careers I care about. And if there is a poster of the women's basketball team, I want one. How about Cheryl Miller? She's given me a whole new role model. I am no longer a middle-aged lady poking along down the supermarket aisles; I am now Cheryl Miller, six feet three inches tall, engaging, graceful, strong, and I'll never have to ask a man to reach something for me again.

While I was jumping up and down in front of the television set, gloating and exulting, a male voice from the back of the room objected: "But there have always been women athletes." Yes, there have, and they had to fight for recognition every step of the way. In 1912 the games' founder Baron Pierre de Coubertin was still objecting that "female applause as reward" for men's prowess was the proper female sphere. In 1932, when Babe Didrikson

Top to bottom: DOUGLAS KIRKLAND/SYGMA; RONALD C. MODRA/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED; JOHN MCDONOUGH/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

won two gold medals and one silver in track and field, the press suspected they were looking not just at the greatest woman athlete of the century, but the best athlete, man or woman. They didn't know what to make of her. Later, when she became the reigning champion of women's golf, they were still trying to recast her in their image of a lady, still reporting hopefully that after her marriage she now darned socks and grew roses and would probably put away her golf clubs if she had a baby. In 1960, when Wilma Rudolph won her trio of gold medals, the press again rushed in to reassure a presumably anxious world that, off the track, she wore skirts. The sly, unprintable presumption was that women athletes were "unwomanly." The words that applied, then as now, were "brave, competitive, ambitious, independent," but at the time all those words were taken, when describing a woman, to mean "unfeminine, a gorilla, probably a social deviant."

"But," insisted the voice from the rear of the room, "there *were* women athletes." I snapped back: "Not like this." The twenty-eight gold medals American women won at the Olympics, the pride and the buoyancy they radiated, their spirit and example, were the results of deliberate changes in public policy demanded by women. Before 1972, there were no women's athletic scholarships, and there were practically no funds for women's sports. In 1971, a Connecticut judge denied women entry in a cross-country race with the opinion: "Athletic competition builds character in our boys; we do not need that kind of character in our girls, the women of tomorrow."

The way women proved him wrong was through passage of Title IX of the Education Amendments Act of 1972, the federal law that prohibited sex discrimination in federally assisted education programs, including sports. Even sketchy enforcement of the act has increased the pool of collegiate women athletes from sixty thousand in 1971 to one hundred fifty thousand today. Women, who received 1 percent of sports scholarships in 1974, got 22 percent in 1981. But in February 1984, a suit supported by the Reagan administration resulted in a Supreme Court decision declaring that Title IX applies only to specific programs receiving federal funds, not to entire institutions. Few sports programs are federally funded, and the gains women have made are far from secure. Legislation restoring Title IX coverage has been stalled in the Senate. Without Title IX, which pried open athletic coffers to women, there would have been, just as an example, no U.S. women's basketball team, possibly the best women's team ever assembled anywhere.

After Joan Benoit ran out of the tunnel at the Los Angeles Coliseum and into history as the winner of the first Olympic women's marathon, she thanked the "pioneer women" who came before her. One was Kathrine Switzer, now thirty-seven, who at the age of twenty set out one cold morning, swaddled in anonymous sweat clothes, to run the all-male Boston marathon. After a few miles, when she had begun to shed her layers of disguise, one of the race directors *(Continued on page 292)*

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year of getting tough

(Continued from page 291)

tried physically to stop her from going on. "My boyfriend threw a cross-body block and stopped him," she says, "and I had twenty-two miles to the finish to think about it. I started the race feeling smug and special. But by the end I realized I was just lucky. I had parents who allowed me to dream and encouraged me not to believe the myths. I decided to help other women, to tell them if they can just keep putting one foot ahead of the other, they can be somebody."

As director of the International Running Circuit, sponsored by Avon Cosmetics, Switzer has organized races all over the world—in Japan, in Brazil, in Malaysia and Thailand—"in countries where they said social chaos would break out if women took to running in the streets," she says. Last July, in Sao Paulo, ten thousand women ran a race, two thousand with no shoes. "Some had nothing else in their lives," says Switzer, "but they took part

> *These women running, rowing, diving, hurdling were a dream come true*

and were changed."

To be somebody. To be anyone you want to be. To define yourself. If what you want to be involves grunting and shrieking, risking exhaustion in public, spending nine years of your life playing volleyball—well, go ahead. Only a dinosaur would suggest that Valerie Brisco-Hooks's wild, exuberant victory roll around the field with her husband and baby son and her coach was anything but ladylike. Only the same dinosaur—male or female—would suggest that by taking a year off to help his wife go for the gold, Alvin Hooks was anything but masculine. The Olympic athletes seemed to approach a new, long-awaited category of behavior—human. Look at Sugar Ray Leonard feeding his son a bottle at the boxing matches. Look at wrestler Jeff Blatnick's tears after he won his gold medal, at the men rooting on the sides for their female teammates, and running victory laps holding their babies.

Athletes reach the Olympics by imagining a goal, daring to try for it, and trying as hard as they can. As it happens, those are the steps that make a life worthwhile. If that sentence is a touch too easily homiletic, let me tell you something. This has been the year when words, and dreams, began to come true. Even my subconscious has heard the news. All my life I have dreamed that I was trying to run and my feet were glued to the ground. Lately, I have been dreaming that I am running the relay with Valerie Brisco-Hooks. And winning.

Jane O'Reilly *is the author of "The Girl I Left Behind," recently republished in paperback by Macmillan.*

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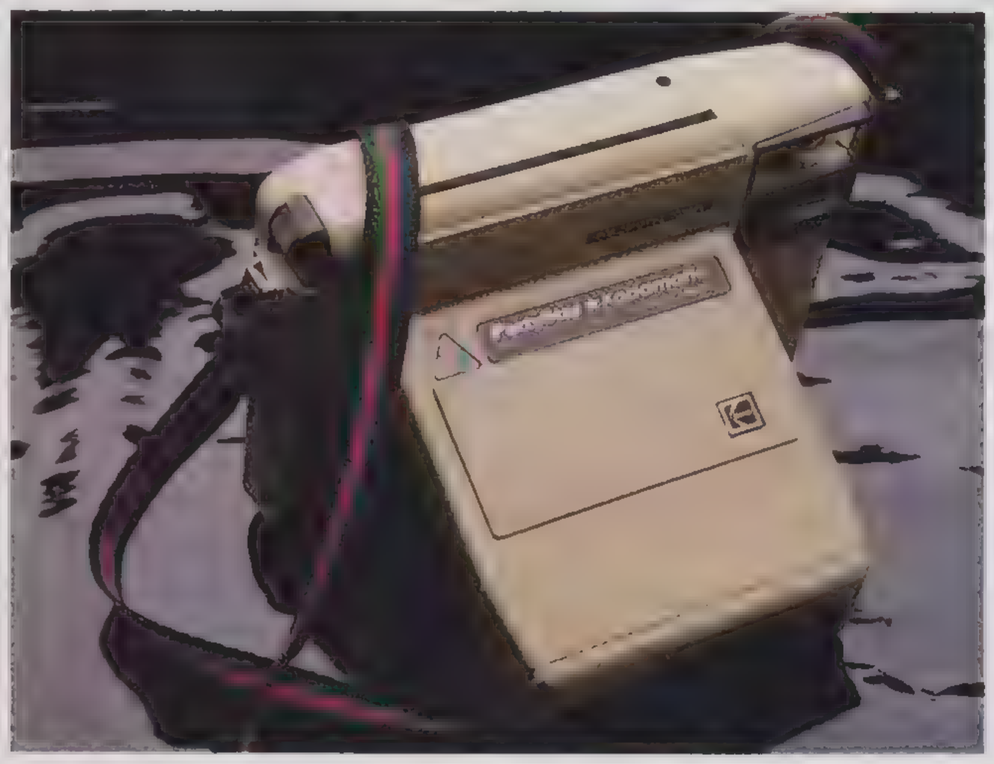

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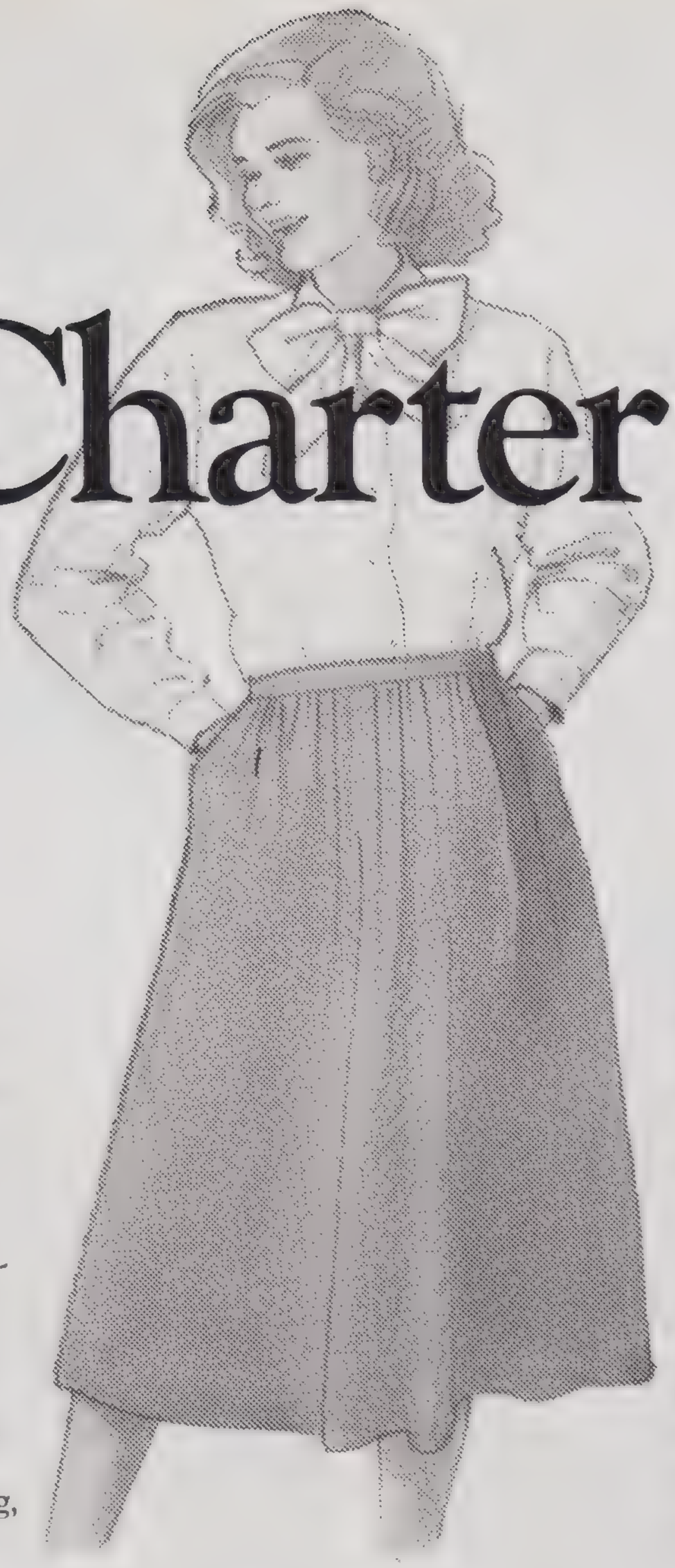

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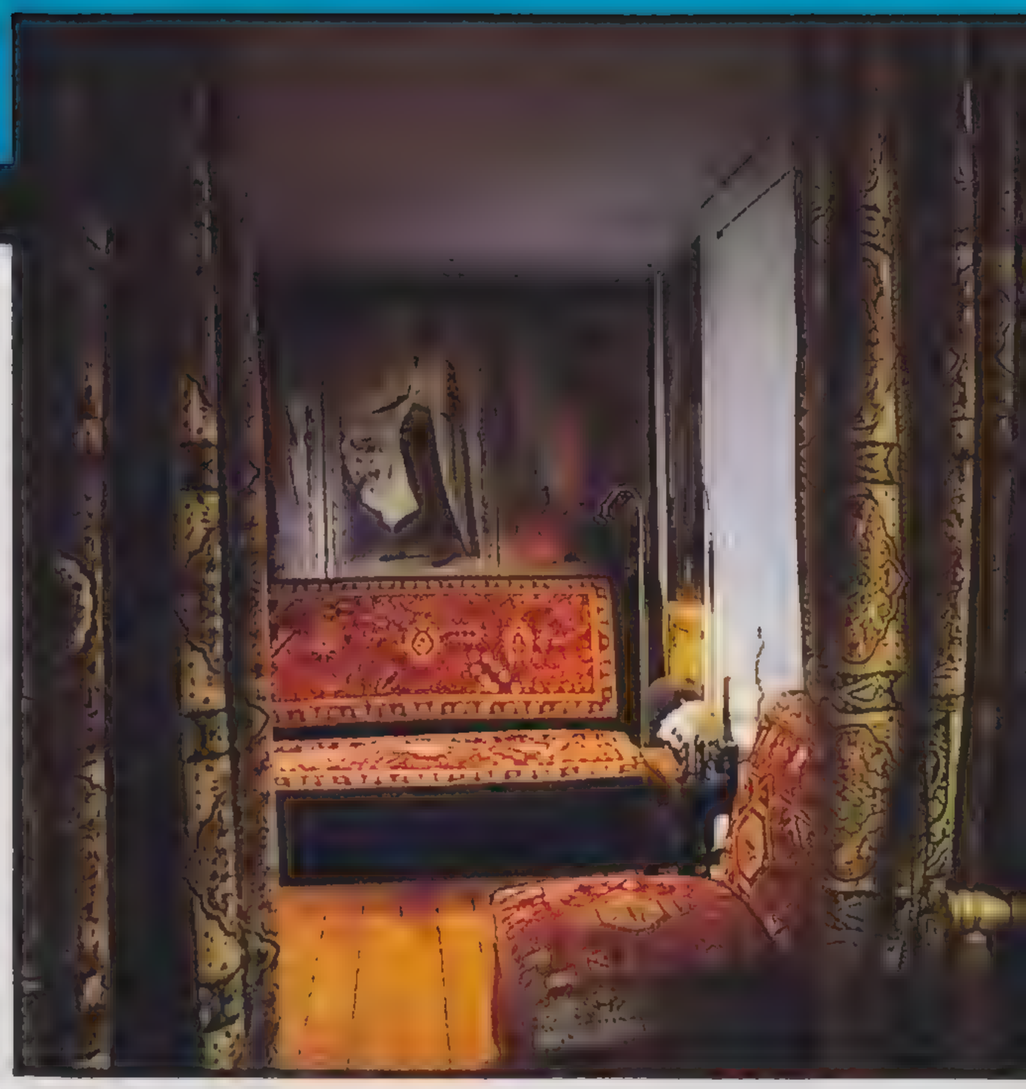
GAZETTE

French actress Isabelle Adjani makes her home in an opulent, exotically patterned duplex in an eighteenth-century Paris townhouse on Paris's Left Bank

By Barbara Plumb



film star Isabelle Adjani, left, divides her Paris duplex into two visual worlds—light, airy day rooms downstairs and rich, formal night rooms upstairs. Above: An eighteenth-century Italian screen in a cozy alcove offsets the lushness of Oriental rugs used as drapery and upholstery. Below: Eighteenth-century wrought-iron railing in the daytime living room frames Jean-Michel Frank daybed, three-part mirror.

Because Isabelle Adjani travels so much for her film career, she had barely a moment in which to search for a new Paris apartment. Her friend of ten years, decorator Jacques Granges, came to her rescue and found for her a graceful duplex in a beautifully proportioned classic eighteenth-century townhouse on the Left Bank. Granges created for her there a world that is rich in variety, mood, textures, and range of colors. Also, he lavished it with mirrors that not only lend sparkle to the rooms but reflect the sophisticated still lifes of objects and art throughout the apartment.

Guests enter into the natural-light-drenched day rooms downstairs and move upstairs to sensuous and mysterious night rooms in the rich reds and patterns of the Orient. The natural assets of the apartment—a stunning wrought-iron stair rail and a white stone floor embedded with black-marble squares—set an almost sprightly tone for the downstairs entrance and living room. White cotton curtains, simple 'twenties and 'thirties furniture by Josef Hoffmann and Jean-Michel Frank seem exactly right. To prevent *(Continued on page 298)*

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GAZETTE

As different as night and day—the two levels of Adjani's ornate apartment

(Continued from page 296) the mood from becoming too spare, Granges enriched a white sofa with a blue-and-white rough-silk throw, and positioned a mirrored screen dressing room behind a daybed by Jean-Michel Frank. For the compact entrance area, he chose a wildly exuberant "fantastic" wooden bench and mirror, vintage 1880.

The mysterious mood upstairs is first suggested by a nineteenth-century Orientalist head of plaster and marble on a table at the top of the stairs. With the exception of Adjani's pretty, luminous creamy bedroom, the upstairs sitting rooms are hung and bedecked with Oriental rugs, red felt upholstery, and antique shawls. Thonet tables and a cushioned bamboo stool add a demimonde richness.

("Living" continued on page 300)

Upstairs: sensuous, mysterious night rooms in the rich reds and patterns of the Orient

Moods of Isabelle Adjani's intimate apartment modulate from room to room. Above: In the night living room, flowers, naïve painting, and bird sconces. Below left: 'Twenties screen keys the soothing color scheme in bedroom. Below: Stone and black-marble floor pulls together the entranceway and stairway.

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Plastic stars in many mediums. Top to bottom: Scottish architect Charles Rennie Mackintosh designed this mantel clock in 1919; plastic inlaid with ebonized wood, ivory face. Hair slide by Ally Capellino, combines several plastics with a knitting needle. Acrylic female head was created in the 'thirties by an unknown artist as a fantasy. A 'thirties Art Deco cocktail shaker echoes form of a ziggurat.

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GAZETTE

The enduring delights of Deco: streamlined tea sets, choice gifts for design buffs

Anyone who cares about design should find *A Woman's Touch—Women in Design from 1860 to the Present Day* by Isabelle Anscombe (Viking) a great reference book; $20. Cover *above*, by Sonia Delaunay, 1924.

For Christmas, the shopper who is looking for an unusual gift for someone who covets Art Deco designs, beautiful period china, or groundbreaking books should have her shopping problems quickly solved. *A Woman's Touch—Women in Design from 1860 to the Present Day* is a bit like *The Group* of everybody's favorite women in design, documenting such wide-ranging talents as Vanessa Bell, Syrie Maugham, Elsie de Wolfe, Sonia Delaunay, Eileen Gray, Charlotte Perriand, Marianne Brandt, Marian Dorn, and Clarice Cliff.

Although the market this year is flooded with revivals and reproductions of Art Deco tableware, it is possible to find good selections of the real thing, such as "Tango," *right*, with its signature triangular handles and pink, black, and gold color scheme.

Once the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City added vases and tea-set pieces by Clarice Cliff to its permanent collection, her hand-painted pottery began to be snapped up, in rhythm with rising prices. Perhaps this pottery is a present more to look at and love than to use, as her teacup handles tend to be hot and slippery, and her teapot spouts tend to drip. But what designs and what colors! Her geometric patterns echo the Cubists; her landscapes and flowers, in bold combinations of orange, yellow, blue, and green, marry the naïve to the fantastic.

This is the year of Art Deco in home accessories. Jewelry designer Derek Richards' sconce or shelf lamp (above) combines aluminum, wood, ColorCore Formica, and Lucite with a fluorescent tube. Signed, limited editions of fifty; $650, Derek Richards, 227 Fitzwater St., Philadelphia PA 19147. "Tango," a six-piece tea service, vintage 1935, was created by Royal Doulton; $950, Barneys, NYC. Left: "Bizarre" tea set by Clarice Cliff is a c. 1930 classic; $2400, Susan P. Meisel, NYC.

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entertaining

Russian luxe: the searing coolness of vodka bites into plumply lush caviar . . .

French whimsy: the sophisticated country fêtes of Claude and François-Xavier Lalanne

Beneath Russian faces—at right, Catherine the Great—bowl of caviar, vodka in cut crystal, nineteenth-century cobalt coffee set

There are certain entertainments so elegant, expensive, and simple that they are always a treat. They will even cheer up friends suffering from a classic holiday depression. Russian vodka chilled to a syrupy thickness and glistening, independently plump grains of beluga caviar combine to make the ultimate *zakouska,* the Russian meal-in-itself hors d'oeuvre served before the main course. The thing is to serve them with perfect simplicity. For the vodka, just extracted from the freezer, there should be a wine bucket—silver or crystal—and tiny glasses. The old Russian ones were in chased silver. For the caviar, there should be a container that will keep the caviar cold. A glass bowl nestled in a larger glass bowl filled with ice will do nicely. The spoons should be ivory, shell, bone, ceramic, or vermeil; silver interacts with the eggs of the sturgeon just as it does with a breakfast egg. If you want, serve lemon and thin toast without crusts. The meal that follows this should be the ultimate in restraint.

—BARBARA KAFKA

JACQUES DIRAND JEFF McNAMARA

Scenes from a marriage

Claude Lalanne is half of one of France's most noted sculptor teams. With her husband, François-Xavier, she lives on the edge of Fountainebleau Forest, outside of Paris. In a century-old farmhouse, she collaborates with her husband on special product designs for the famous Sèvres porcelain factories, commissions from museums and parks, and mammoth sculptures of animals that have a surreal theatricality.

Some of her pieces of furniture, in fact, are multiples of original projects for museums and private collections, which she uses indoors and out for mobile entertaining. Although she has a formal dining room, she likes to convert intimate corners of her library, her garden or her living room into impromptu dining spaces. In the style of eighteenth-century France, Lalanne sets a table in any room of the house to suit her fancy.

An Alice-in-Wonderland atmosphere prevails at the Lalannes. In a large atelier, they work on everything, from municipal projects such as a me-

(Continued on page 309)

Life on the edge of Fontainebleau—fantastical designs of the Lalannes—the crowd of creatures, leaf-like plates, bronze garden chairs (above) surreal flatware (right)

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claude lalanne

(Continued from page 306)

nagerie of bronze animals to floor-to-ceiling mirrors framed in vines for Yves Saint Laurent.

Upon entering the courtyard of the property, which was formerly a dairy farm, a cheerful blue hippopotamus by François-Xavier greets you. It's a devastatingly beautiful beast that opens to reveal a bathtub and sink. Inside, the house is populated by a magical world of Lalanne inventions in copper, silver, galvanized bronze, and electroplated metals.

Polymorphous dogs and polar bears (mechanically hinged to yawn and bark), frogs, ostriches that are bars for drinks, sheep that are ottomans, human imprints that are ashtrays, and fairytale flatware right out of Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast* are as much a part of daily existence as the fresh food the Lalannes acquire from neighboring farmers.

Claude Lalanne is informal yet highly disciplined in her orthodox French manner when she entertains. And every lily-pad table, every marble chair carved as a dove is calculated to look as if it floated into place at the snap of the thunderclap. She likes to entertain in a cozy corner, flanked by windows, which by day allow the dazzling Fontainebleau sun to warm her bestiary. There she slips a luxurious white cashmere lap cover (from Hermès) over a sofa and pulls her bronze garden chairs up to serve everything from a low table.

"I love low, small tables for simple dinners; and we aren't really formal, even for a big dinner, as we live in the country," boasts Lalanne.

For special parties, the garden is the *mise-en-scène*. When Valerie, one of the Lalanne's daughters, married recently, Claude and François-Xavier installed twenty round tables, a transparent tent for dancing, and, using transparent sacks filled with sand for candle holders, created a unique lighting suitable for a party on the tip of a romantic forest.

"We used the candles everywhere. They were on tables, lining walkways, the dance floor, and staircases. The lighting was magical, and I think we really achieved a *féerique* mood," says Mme Lalanne.

On a smaller scale, the visionary improvisation is easy, relaxed, and totally organized by the couple.

"We do all the shopping. Everything is a hundred times fresher here than in Paris. There is a farm that raises very tender lamb, which we use frequently," notes Claude. "And in November, fresh foie gras is always a part of the menu. We live near a superior foie-gras market. As for the actual cooking, François-Xavier is more into the art of the gourmet and cooks better than I. We both work together on the menus, the flowers, the actual setting for an evening."

Mme Lalanne likes to dress in the same unexpected way she artfully arranges her entertaining. For informal dinners, she might wear the same artist's coverall she's been in all day while electroplating or studding a copper necklace with rhinestones. Or she might throw on a bargain-sale shirt from the Fontainebleau flea market with a gold leather YSL skirt. She delights in the casual country life. And her sense of imagination fuses the provocation of surreal designs with open-air naturalness, a system of style uniquely her own. The result: a feast to the eye as well as to the palate. —ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

(For more entertaining, see pages 458-463.)

FOIE GRAS (à la François-Xavier Lalanne)

Cooking at the Lalanne's is often improvised, leaving expert chance to rule in the kitchen. During November, Claude and François-Xavier love fresh foie gras and often travel to Limousin, an area in France noted for delicate and fine goose liver.

Put a fresh medium-sized foie gras in the terrine with salt, pepper, and cognac, leave for several hours. Pour off the cognac and then cook the foie gras in a *bain-marie* (in which the water is hot, not boiling) for 16 to 23 minutes, depending on its weight. Serve either tepid or cold with small string beans that are cooked only slightly so they remain crisp.

SEVEN-HOUR STEW

eight servings

1 leg of mutton or lamb
1 calf's foot, poached
1 quart of red wine
1 quart of white wine
6 onions, peeled
6 carrots, peeled
1 bouquet garni
Salt, pepper, cloves

Marinate the mutton or lamb in the red and white wines, salt, pepper, cloves, and bouquet garni for two days. Drain the meat and brown it in a large pan with the previously poached calf's foot. Add vegetables, and marinade, cooking gently for five to six hours. Half an hour before it is done, remove the meat and place it in a roasting tray in a warm oven. Once cooked, remove the meat and place roasting tray with the juices over a direct flame. Simmer until remaining juices thicken; strain, and use to glaze the leg of mutton.

PINEAPPLE DELIGHT

six servings

Claude Lalanne's fantasy delights extend to special, colorful desserts. She likes to create rainbow hues of fresh *glace* (ice cream) in special French arrangements right out of Le Notre's world of structured, formal *folie* designs. For November, however, she likes "pineapple delight."

Cut out the inside of the halves of a large cored pineapple and put through blender, leaving some small chunks. Add some raisins and maraschino cherries to the blend. Mix the fruit mixture with a lot of fresh whipped cream. Place in freezer until it becomes firm. When ready to serve, give a final stir before placing on pineapple halves. ▽

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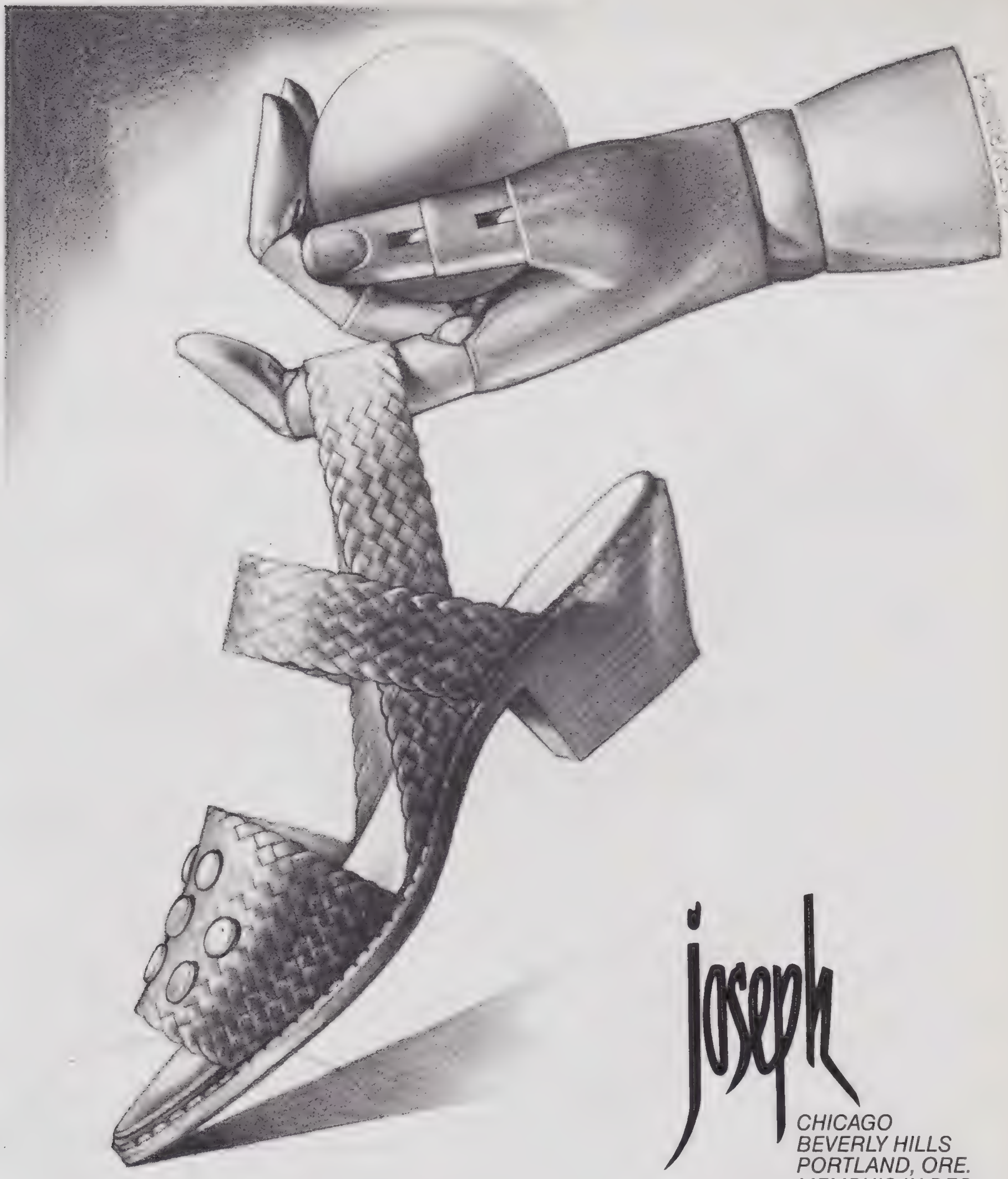

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the best of wines

The disarming simplicity of crusty country bread, robust cheese, and a good bottle of wine **By Martin Gersh**

Now and again, when I am overcome by a temporary spell of acute laziness and don't want to cook though I still wish to dine with a fine wine, a stalwart group of cheeses, aided and abetted by vigorous, crusty breads—French, Swiss peasant, or Italian—invariably come to my rescue.

I prefer cheeses that move in comfortably with wines, forming a partnership in which each complements rather than competes with the other. Adaptable and unpretentious, these favorites are all examples of proven merit: elegant Doux de Montagne, luxurious Corolle and Reblochon, deceptively simple Port Salut (never Port du Salut, an imitation), and Bonbel from France; Holland's distinctive aged Gouda; nutlike Appenzeller from Switzerland and Jarlsberg from Norway; gently creamy Danish Havarti (plain or with caraway seeds); superbly balanced Fontina d'Aosta from Italy; California's straightforward Monterey Jack; and fresh domestic Mozzarella. All do equally well when served "as is" or melted on bread, except for Mozzarella and Bonbel—a packaged St. Paulin cheese found in every supermarket—which I believe should always be melted in order to show to their best advantage with wines.

It is my hope that this modest suggestion releases you from the compulsion to save your finest bottles for those "special" dinners that are so painfully time-consuming to prepare that one seldom makes the effort. Why forego the great pleasure that a lovely wine can bring even to the simplest meal—especially one whose elements need only be purchased and very quickly assembled?

We come now to some praiseworthy red and white table wines from France and California that would all perform very nicely indeed with the cheeses and breads I have just been discussing. On the other hand, should the urge take hold, it would not upset me in the least if you decided to create an elaborate repast to accompany any of the wines that happened to capture your fancy.

RECOMMENDATIONS

White

The Wine Cellars of Ernest & Julio Gallo Reserve Chablis Made largely from Chardonnay, Chenin Blanc, Grey Riesling, and Johannisberg Riesling grapes grown in Northern California, this wine is handsome and tasty—very nicely balanced, with well-defined citrusy fruitiness and a long-lingering aftertaste. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next 9 months-1 year. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2¼ hours, then aerate 10-15 minutes. $3-$4. (*Note:* Always recork wines after aeration and between all pourings to prevent fading.)

Cakebread Cellars Chardonnay 1982 Urbane and distinguished, this exemplary Napa Valley wine is characterized by nice size and dense, honeysuckle-scented fruitiness. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 2-2½ years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 3¼ hours, then aerate 1-1¼ hours. $13-$14.

The Wine Cellars of Ernest & Julio Gallo Limited Release Chardonnay A worthy California Chardonnay of considerable sophistication—smooth-textured, just a little spicy, with an unexpected but tantalizing suggestion of cinnamon in its flavor. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next 1-1½ years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2½ hours, then aerate 15-20 minutes. $5-$6.

Chassagne-Montrachet 1982 (Roland Thévenin) From France, an uncommonly fine, creamy-textured, ample-bodied white Burgundy embellished by an exquisite melon-like fruit constituent. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 1½ years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2½ hours, then aerate 25-30 minutes. $13-$14.

The Wine Cellars of Ernest & Julio Gallo Sauvignon Blanc A fetching California Sauvignon Blanc of moderate scale with a pretty and gracious grapefruit-like taste component—really delightful! Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next 9 months-1 year. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2¼ hours, then aerate 10-15 minutes. $3-$3.50.

Robert Mondavi Winery Chardonnay 1982 Reminiscent of a classic Corton-Charlemagne, substantial in body, with rich Chardonnay varietal fruitiness that has a provocative salty-sweet finish, this is an absolutely terrific wine from Napa Valley. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 1-1½ years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2½ hours, then aerate 20-30 minutes. $13.50-$14.50.

Cuvée des Ducs (Pierre Bourée Fils) Created from an inspired combination of Chardonnay and Sauvignon Blanc grapes, ebullient and extraordinarily flavorsome, with a long-lasting second taste that persists for many seconds after you have put the glass down—a truly exceptional white wine of good size and perfect balance that just happens to be modestly priced. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next 2-3 years—at the very least. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2¾ hours, then aerate 30-35 minutes. $4.50-$5.50.

Meursault 1981 (Bouchard Père & Fils) Displaying an outspoken, somewhat "flinty" flavor aspect along with a melon-like fruit constituent, this is a splendid Burgundy of imposing size and middle taste tonality. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next year. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2¼ hours, then aerate 10-15 minutes. $15-$16.

Châteauneuf-du-Pape Blanc de Blancs 1981 (Domaine de Mont-Redon) Huge, oily in texture, exceptionally complex, and densely fruity, revealing hazelnut overtones plus an intriguing touch of bitterness—a grand Côtes du Rhône white table wine. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2½ hours, then aerate 25-35 minutes. $12-$13.

Chardonnay Bourgogne 1981, Clos du Château (Roland Thevénin) Marked by arresting lime-like fruitiness, this formidable yet very lovely Burgundy of moderate-to-large body is as reasonable in price as it is impressive in quality—and requires about an hour's aeration before its many beauties can fully emerge. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 1½-2 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 3 hours, then aerate 1 hour. $6.50-$7.50.

Beaune du Château Blanc (Bouchard Père & Fils) Blended from the grapes of seventeen different vineyards and more than one vintage year—a big, rounded, sumptuous, exciting white Burgundy of rare individuality exhibiting a strange but lovable resinous fruit component and high taste tonality. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next year. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2¼ hours, then aerate 10-15 minutes. $16-$18.

Red

Anjou Rouge 1982 (Remy-Pannier) Well-structured, sensationally fruity, this is an amiable, terribly pretty wine of moderate size from France's Loire Valley. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best Drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 1-1¼ hours. $2.50-$3.50.

Côtes du Rhône 1982 (Remy-Pannier) A meritorious, warm-blooded, lively bottle whose abundant fruit presence discloses a cherry-like flavor constituent further enhanced by a delightful sweet finish. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 1-1¼ hours. $2.50-$3.50.

Nuits-Saint-Georges 1981 (Roland Thévenin) Containing stylistic elements suggestive of both the Côte d'Or and the Côtes du Rhône, this is a splendidly made Burgundy with understated cranberry-like fruitiness. Vintage rating: Fair to Good. Best drinking: for the next 12-14 years. Aeration: 6½-7 hours. $18-$19.

Cakebread Cellars Cabernet Sauvignon 1981 An enchanting, very classy Napa Valley Cabernet with satiny texture and a wonderfully piquant blackberry-like fruit aspect. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 10-11 years. Aeration: 4½-5 hours. $14-$15.

The Wine Cellars of Ernest and Julio Gallo Zinfandel One of the loveliest and most graceful California Zinfandels I have ever known—small-to-moderate in body, with fine, quiet-spoken black cherry fruitiness and almondy nuances. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next 1½-2 years. Aeration: 1-1¼ hours. $3-$4.

Nuits-Saint-Georges 1980, Les Vaucrains (Bouchard Père & Fils) Pensive, captivating—a well-integrated, small-bodied Côte de Nuits with most attractive varietal Pinot Noir fruitiness. Vintage rating: Fair. Best drinking: for the next 9-10 years. Aeration: 4-4½ hours. $19-$20. *(Continued on page 320)*

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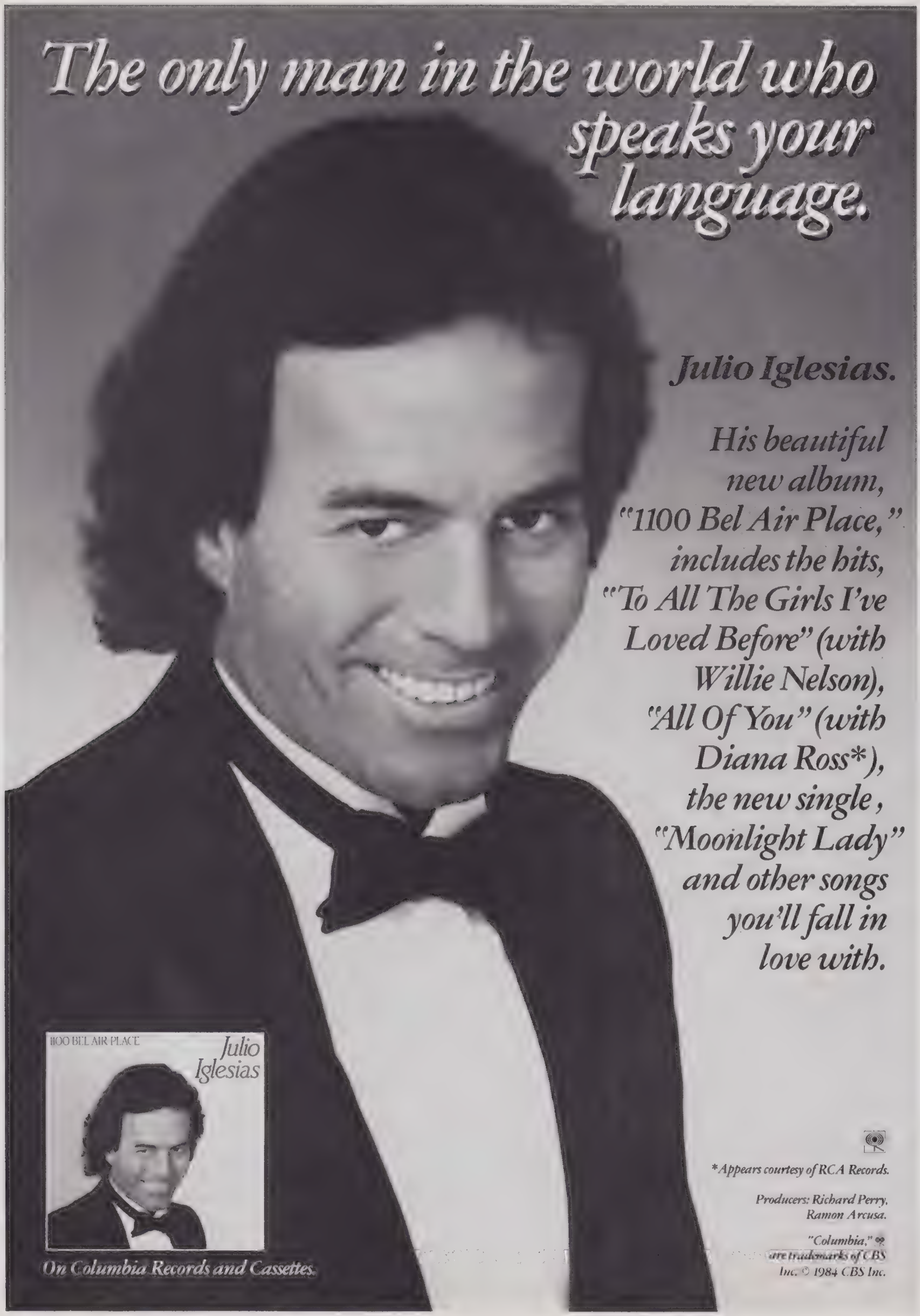

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best of wines

(Continued from page 316)

Cuvée des Ducs (Pierre Bourée Fils) This immense yet elegant and neatly structured wine conceived through a union of Pinot Noir and Syrah grapes has a spicy red raspberry fruit constituent—and is, in fact, marvelous in all ways. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next 6-7 years—viewed conservatively! Aeration: 4-4½ hours. $4.50-$5.50.

Château Grand-Puy Ducasse 1979 A compact, stylish Bordeaux from Pauillac, of modest dimensions and high taste tonality, whose flavor is redolent of red currants. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 7-8 years. Aeration: 4¼-4½ hours. $9-$10.

The Wine Cellars of Ernest & Julio Gallo Reserve Burgundy Mellow, somewhat mysterious, featuring a red plum fruit element—an admirable, eminently useful red wine composed predominantly of Pinot Noir, Zinfandel, Cabernet Sauvignon, Barbera, and Napa Gamay grapes. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next 2½-3 years. Aeration: 2-2¼ hours. $3-$4.

Volnay-Caillerets 1979 (Bouchard Père & Fils) Currently needing not less than five-and-one-half hours of aeration before its best taste characteristics are revealed, this is a robust Pinot Noir of great character with luscious peach-plum fruitiness. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 10-11 years. Aeration: 5¾-6¼ hours. $19-$21.

Beaulieu Vineyard Cabernet Sauvignon Georges de Latour Private Reserve 1979 A vibrant, silken, beguiling Napa Valley wine of adequate body with an accentuated Boysenberry-like fruit component and notable finesse. Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 8-9 years. Aeration: 4-4½ hours. $17-$18.

Château du Vieux-Guinot 1978 Featuring an unpretentious red plum fruit aspect, this interesting Saint-Émilion is nicely made, fairly complex—extremely pleasant. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 7-8 years. Aeration: 4¼-4½ hours. $9-$10.

Stonegate Cabernet Sauvignon 1979 From Napa Valley, a compelling and delectable Bordeaux-like Cabernet Sauvignon of generous body and beautiful structure ornamented by a superb black currant fruit constituent. Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 6 years. Aeration: 1½-1¾ hours. $11-$12.

Gevrey-Chambertin Premier Cru Reservée 1978 (Pierre Bourée Fils) Worldly, displaying pinpoint concentration and tangy, apricot-tinged red currant fruitiness—a deeply rewarding, electrifying Burgundy of incomparable quality that displays exceptional aging potential. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 20 years. Aeration 7¼-7½ hours. $40-$45.

Clos du Bois Cabernet Sauvignon Proprietor's Reserve 1978 Youthful in the extreme, this is a great and monumental bottle from Alexander Valley in Sonoma County, California—tightly knit, with an irresistible black currant flavor element. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 12-14 years. Aeration: 5¼-5½ hours. $17-$18. ▽

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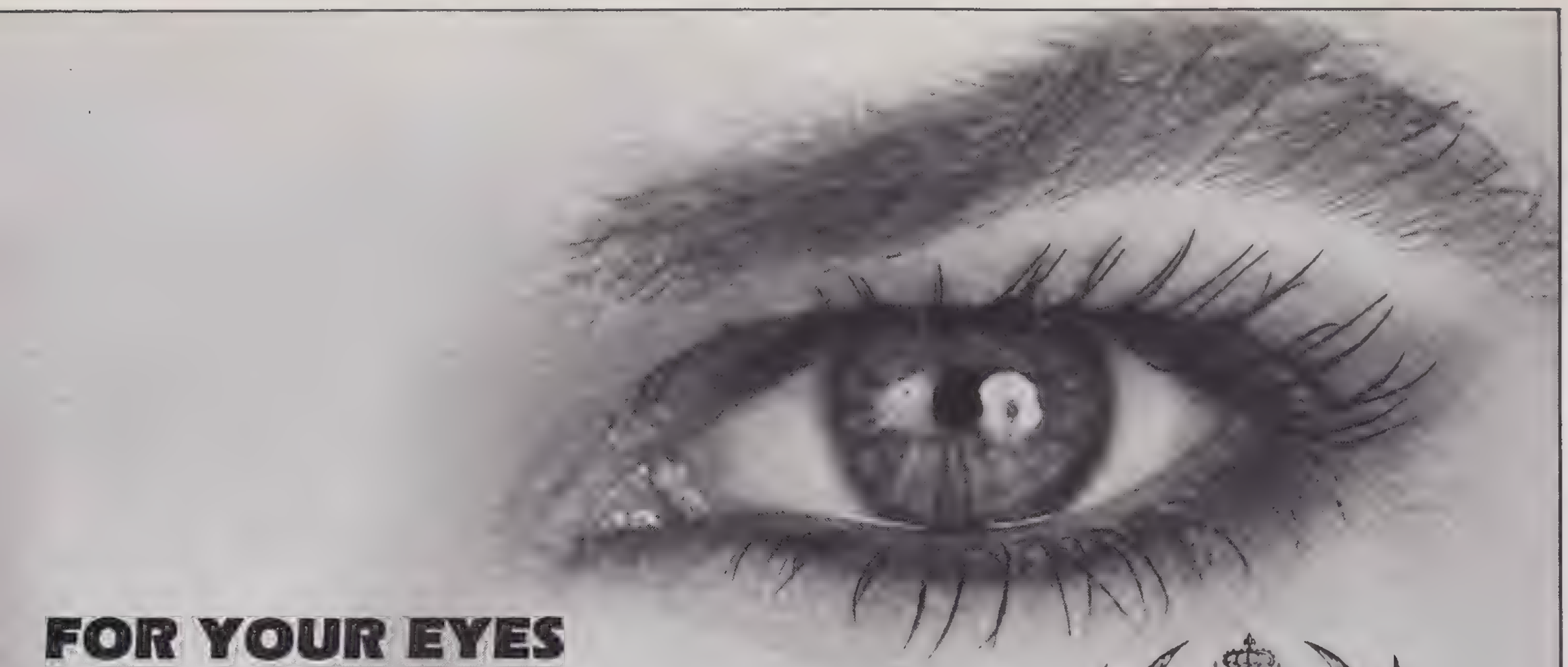

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food in vogue

Legendary seduction: The smooth sea-tinged luxury of oysters charms even the wariest of palates...In NYC, the latest spot to arouse your Italian appetite

By Barbara Kafka

I was a strange child. I loved the taste of olives and sips of Scotch stolen from adults' glasses. The very first briny oyster to plumply caress my tongue and slide smoothly down my throat started a love affair. Now that I am old enough to drink a crisp Champagne or a flinty Chablis with my oysters, I love them even more. While I am no Diamond Jim Brady consuming oysters by the hundred at the beginning of a meal, I have been known to go to Bentley's in Swallow Street, London, to eat two dozen of the Colchesters, from the restaurant's private beds, accompanied by thinly sliced and buttered brown bread, lemons, and black velvets (Guinness Stout and Champagne). In Paris, cold weather draws me to restaurants decorated by an outdoor oyster-shucking stand.

What a delight it is then that refrigeration, rapid transportation, and a growing interest in regional American foods has made a wide selection of American oysters available. Though there are only a few basic varieties of oyster, they are so profoundly affected by the waters in which they breed that there seem to be hundreds of kinds, each named after the waters in which they are found: Chincoteagues from Maryland, Blue Points from Long Island, French Belon now hand-cultivated on tiles in Maine and New Hampshire, tiny Olympias from Washington and Seattle (two hundred to a pint), Apalachicolas from the Florida Gulf, Cotuits and Chathams from Massachusetts, huge "box" oysters at their best cooked and eaten with a knife and fork, Golden Mantles from Puget Sound, and Malpeques from Prince Edward Island. The list could go on and on—Wellfleets, Kent Islands, and so forth. Each kind has its devotees. They vary in intensity of taste (often a pleasant sea tang of iodine), firmness, fleshiness, and size.

If you find yourself in New York City, go to the Oyster Bar and Restaurant in Grand Central Terminal. They have a fabulous selection of oysters and you can have one of each kind to see what you like. They also have a very good oyster stew that is made individually in special pots.

The very best oysters are to be eaten raw, preferably shucked by you just before eating. It takes time to master the art of shucking, but it is well worth it. All raw oysters need is a squeeze of lemon. I think cocktail sauce is an abomination—you might as well be eating red oyster crackers.

NYC's new Il Cantinore proves it's game—with roast pheasant, plump spinach gnocchi, grilled radicchio

However, for those who insist on sauce, the classic is mignonette with shallots, red wine vinegar, and cracked pepper. Freshly grated horseradish is good on the stronger tasting oysters, as is a slice of hard, spicy sausage as they do it in Bordeaux. The ideal accompaniment is buttered thinly sliced brown bread: not sweet Russian pumpernickel but Swedish Limpa, German pumpernickel, or firmly textured homemade whole-wheat bread. I do have one sauce of my own that is light and fresh.

GINGER-LIME SAUCE FOR OYSTERS

one cup, four servings

½ cup fresh lime juice
½ cup fresh lemon juice
2 tablespoons very finely julienned fresh ginger
1 tablespoon thinly sliced scallion rounds (green and white)

One day before serving, combine all ingredients. Cover and refrigerate.

Not all oysters are breathtaking. You can find very good ones shucked in refrigerators in fish stores and in some supermarkets. These are fine for cooking because they are blander—as are the widely available Blue Points. A new book, *Oysters, a Culinary Celebration*, by Joan Reardon and Ruth Ebling (Parnassus Imprints), has lots of recipes and general information. This time of year the recipes for oyster stuffings for turkey are particularly useful. They look back to a time when the shores of America were so crowded with oysters that they were a cheap protein.

One recipe that *(Continued on page 327)*

JEFF MCNAMARA KATHY TODD

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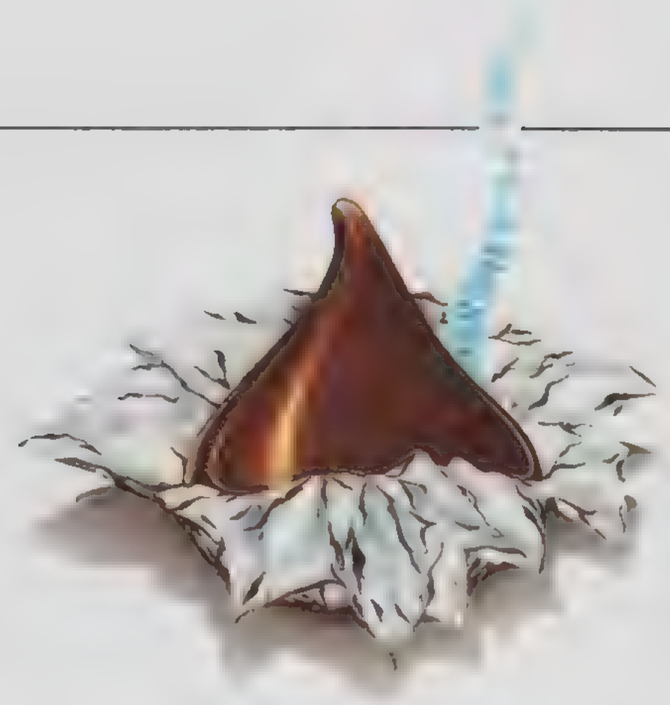

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(Continued from page 324)

adapts well to American oysters comes from my book, *Food for Friends* (Harper & Row).

RISOTTO WITH OLYMPIA OYSTERS

six servings

9 tablespoons unsalted butter
3 tablespoons chopped shallots
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 cup arborio rice
1 cup shucked Olympia oysters (or others quartered) with 1 cup oyster liquor
1 cup chicken stock
1 cup dry white wine
1 cup bottled clam juice
Freshly ground black pepper
¾ cup freshly grated Parmesan cheese

In 2-quart saucepan, melt 3 tablespoons butter over medium heat. Add shallots. Cook and stir 2 minutes. Add parsley and rice. Stir to coat rice with butter. Drain oysters, add liquor. Shake pan gently until liquid begins to simmer. Lower heat slightly. With wooden spoon, stir rice until liquid is almost all absorbed. Rice will form a cohesive mass.

Combine chicken stock, wine, clam juice. Add liquid to barely cover rice. Continue cooking/stirring until liquid is absorbed. Continue adding liquid, stirring/cooking until all liquid is added and rice is creamy and firm. If still hard, add liquid. Season with pepper. Add 6 tablespoons butter, Parmesan cheese, oysters. Mix thoroughly. Serve immediately.

HOT OYSTERS WITH JULIENNE OF LEEKS AND SAUTERNES SAUCE

six servings

¼ cup white seedless raisins finely chopped
⅔ cup Sauternes
30 oysters in the shell
2 pounds leeks
¼ cup + 1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
¾ cup chicken stock
½ cup heavy cream
8 drops hot red pepper sauce
¼ teaspoon lemon juice
Salt

Soak raisins in ⅓ cup Sauternes overnight.

Scrub oyster shells; shuck over bowl with sieve in it lined with cheese cloth. Free muscle of oyster from shell and keep oyster on half shell (using deeper of the two halves).

Thoroughly clean leeks. Cut into pieces the length of the oyster shell—about 2 inches. Cut pieces into julienne strips. Toss in 2 tablespoons melted butter and place in baking dish in shallow layer in a low oven to sweat leeks—not color—until soft and no longer raw-tasting. Turn off heat but leave leeks in oven to keep warm.

In a small saucepan, melt remaining butter (except for 1 tablespoon) over medium-low heat. Add flour and stir constantly until mixture becomes golden—about 4 minutes. Add chicken stock, ⅓ cup reserved oyster liquors, and remaining ⅓ cup Sauternes. Bring to a boil, then let simmer for about 10 minutes. Add heavy cream and red-pepper sauce and simmer another 2-3 minutes. Whisk in remaining 1 tablespoon butter. Add lemon juice and season with salt. *Note:* Amount of salt will depend on how salty oyster liquor is.

Drain raisins. To assemble, place about 1 teaspoon julienne of leek in bottom of each oyster shell. Sprinkle a few raisins on top of each shell with leeks. Place one oyster in each shell. Spoon enough sauce over each oyster to completely cover leeks and oyster.

To serve, heat broiler. Place oysters either on individual oven-proof plates or in a baking pan. Broil 4 inches from heat for about 30 seconds or until topping begins to turn golden and bubbly. Serve immediately.

Pizza has gone from being a poor man's Neapolitan stomach stuffer to a worldwide phenomenon. It is everywhere from the avenues and boulevards of Paris, the quais of the South of France, the streets of Rome, the harborsides and village squares of Greece, the shopping malls of Tokyo. Most surprisingly, according to a recent report in the *International Herald Tribune,* pizza has come to Moscow—where there are fourteen very successful pizza places with lines of people patiently waiting up to an hour. The Russian government has contracted with an Italian company for more pizza ovens and lessons in pizza making. Since, owing to shortages, the ingredients on Russian pizzas may range from herring to Ukrainian cheese, one can hardly credit authenticity for Soviet pizza popularity. Informality and low price are the apparent pleasures—or, perhaps there is a primitive instinct for fresh tomatoes, fragrant basil, and a gilding of olive oil and cheese.

For several years, I have been admiring the food at Da Silvano, an Italian restaurant on Sixth Avenue in New York City. The food was original, Italian, but not overwhelmed by tomatoes. Recently, I went to a new restaurant called Il Cantinore (32 E. 10th St., 212/673-6044) and the food seemed inventive but familiar. It was a pleasant surprise to find out that Pino Luongo now had a restaurant of his own. He designed and to a great extent built this pleasant setting. Wooden beams and a large wooden bar are set against white stone walls. Floor-to-ceiling French windows give out onto a narrow terrace. Here, Pino serves his attractive, robust-tasting food. He makes spinach gnocchi that are a vibrant jade green, undiluted by flour or potatoes and set off by a clear, chunky fresh red tomato sauce. His main courses are infinitely better than those in most Italian restaurants where they can feel like obligations after the pleasures of antipasto and pasta. Radicchio is grilled, as in Italy, to be a hot vegetable—a winy, fleshy perfect counterpart to the game that he loves to prepare and that is so bountifully available now. ▽

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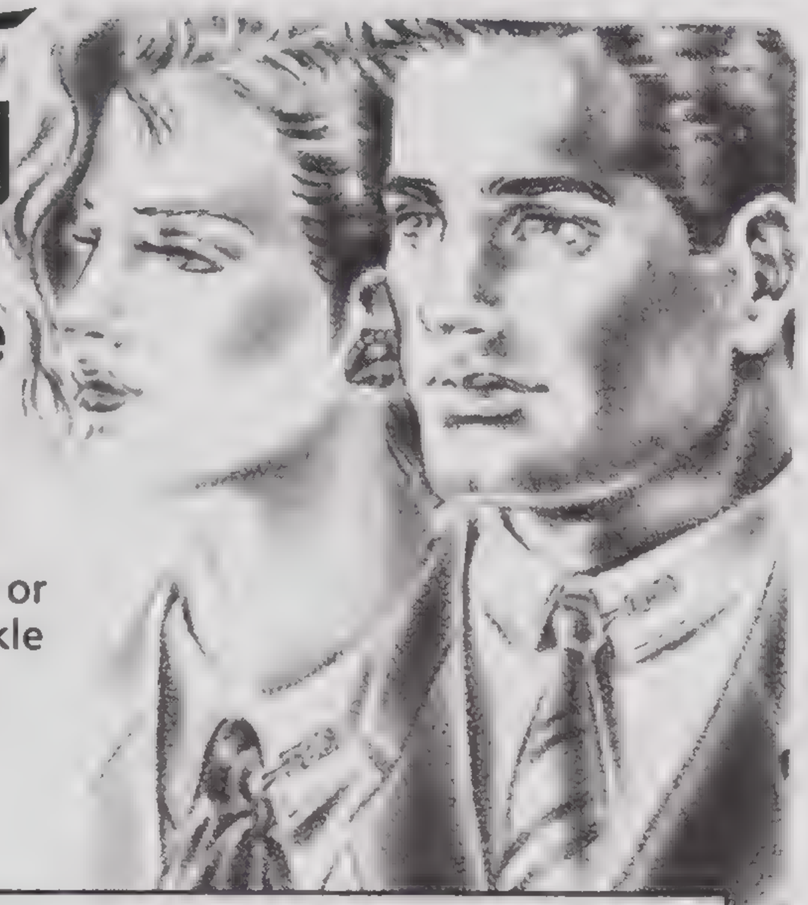

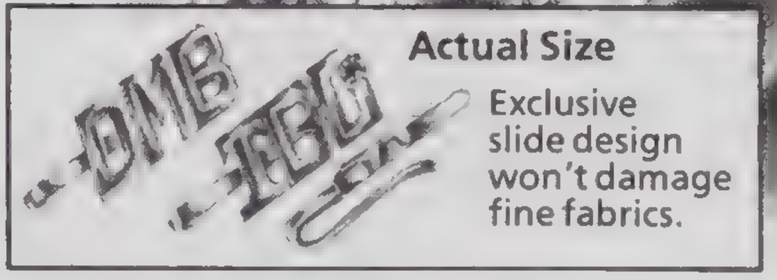

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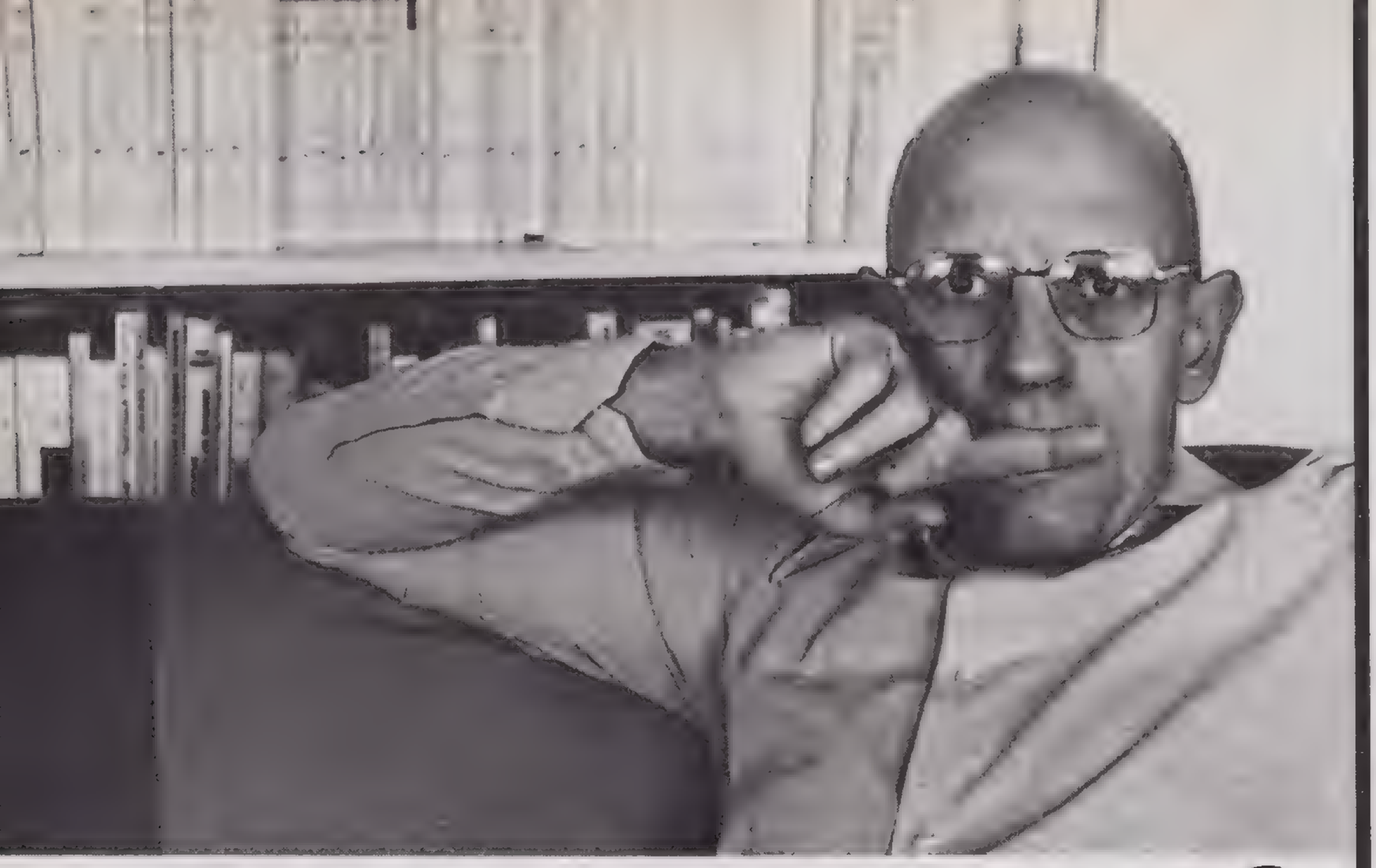

an emperor of the mind

Michel Foucault, France's most fashionable—

and misunderstood—thinker died last spring at fifty-eight.

His legacy is a body of brilliant, and surprisingly lucid,

writing about sex and madness, ethics and power

By Edmund White

Michel Foucault, France's most renowned philosopher to emerge in the 1960s and the man who dominated French thought in the years that followed, died of cancer last June 25 in Paris. He was only fifty-eight years old, but he left behind a large body of work that changed people's way of looking at madness, punishment, power, sexuality, and government. When he died, he went out like a Roman emperor in full triumph. The second and third volume of his *History of Sexuality* had appeared to front-page reviews and almost universal acclaim just a few days before he died. The fourth and final volume is not yet scheduled for publication. Only the first volume has been translated into English (published by Pantheon), but the others will undoubtedly follow.

Before his death (immediately afterwards such remarks would have sounded indecent and disrespectful), people were saying that the second volume, *L'Usage des plaisirs* (*The Use of Pleasures*), would be *the* beach book of the summer. Not because it was trivial but because it was gripping and unexpectedly lucid. I certainly read it all summer on the beach in Crete. It was especially appealing to read a study of the sexual ethics of classical Greece by day while by night I was trying to piece together the complex nuances of the same "discourse" in contemporary Greece. Foucault's observations were surprisingly pertinent.

The first volume of the *History of Sexuality* dealt with Victorian morality, which Foucault, in a typical paradox, thinks did not suppress thoughts of sex but rather made them ubiquitous and an obsessive subject for scientific inquiry and religious, medical, and judicial manipulation. Even the word *sexuality* was a nineteenth-century coinage. By studying sexuality, the Victorians created it.

The typical educated person living today in Europe or America thinks of his or her own "sexuality" as the deepest secret of his or her individuality, one that must be coaxed out of hiding through art or psychoanalysis or jogging or . . . sex. We all identify with our sexual nature. We feel it's a real thing, *the* real thing, our essence, and we feel we must *discover* it not only in ourselves but in our partners.

This view, which reached its most systematic expression in Freud, is really only the culmination of a very old Christian view, according to *(Continued on page 334)*

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emperor of the mind

(Continued from page 332)

Foucault, in which desire is considered to be the truth about our being, whether we are in a state of nature or fallen from grace. Tracing the ways in which several already existing classical traditions were brought together into the Christian ethic is the task of the fourth and final volume of the series, *Les Aveux de la chair* (*The Confessions of the Flesh*).

The Greeks had an entirely different way of regarding sexual ethics, as Foucault has demonstrated in *L'usage des plaisirs*, and these differences have long been quite clear on the level of details. For instance, the early Christians believed that monogamy applied to both husband and wife, whereas the pagans insisted on only the wife's fidelity. The Christians forbade all sex outside marriage but especially condemned homosexuality, whereas the Greeks expected adult men to have extramarital sexual relations both with women and with adolescent young men.

But such details do not reveal the radically different way the Greeks had of conceptualizing sexual and amorous behavior. Whereas the Christians worked out a code of rules that applied to everyone at all times, the pagans made only philosophical suggestions and reflections on the problematical areas of sexual morality. The Greeks worked out a situational ethics of moderation, whereas the Christians devised an absolutist law of austerity. For the Greeks, desire was a natural force—if sometimes an excessive one that had to be held in check. For the Christians desire was temptation, the work of the devil, and a surrender to temptation was a reenactment of the Fall. For the Christians the result of a chaste and good life was salvation; for the Greeks the result of temperance was an exemplary life, a model of esthetic value that other people could admire and emulate. For the Greeks, learning to govern oneself was a prerequisite to ruling others.

Although Foucault shies away from drawing "lessons for today" from his analysis, nevertheless this reader, at least, was struck by his book's suggestiveness. During the 1960s and 1970s many "liberated" people went far toward scrapping conventional Christian sexual morality with its emphasis on sin and guilt and its aversion to pleasure. But the rejection of such constraints often led to problems of another sort—an extreme preoccupation with sex and a corresponding inability to integrate sexuality into a satisfying existence.

> *The typically educated person of today thinks of sexuality as the deepest secret of individuality, one that must be coaxed out of hiding through art or psychoanalysis or jogging or . . . sex*

At this point, the example of the Greeks becomes useful. They did not work out a single punitive sexual law applicable to everyone; they were concerned with devising a gentler art of conduct that looked at the needs of individuals and recognized that these needs vary according to age, health, status, time of the year, and so on. Thirst and hunger are natural appetites, but if overindulged they can lead to drunkenness and obesity. Similarly the sexual appetite is natural, but if given free rein it can distort the proper dynamics of the self. Just as a sane diet is the way to manage hunger, so a satisfactory sexual regimen is the way to govern desire.

The purpose of such restraint is not saintly asceticism or the mortification of the flesh but rational, admirable conduct. As Foucault puts it in his conclusion: "Now, the demand for austerity . . . is not presented as a universal law to which each and every person must submit, but rather as a principle of stylization of conduct for those who wish to give to their existence the most beautiful and finished form possible." Until now many people have felt that the only logical alternative to Christian morality was sexual license; the Greeks, as interpreted by Foucault, suggest that a standard of *beauty* can also determine decorum.

The convention of paraphrasing a book's contents in the eternal present ("Foucault thinks . . . Foucault argues . . . Foucault believes") is particularly poignant after the death of a writer who was also a friend; at the same time, the convention also points toward the immortality that I suspect Foucault will enjoy. I first met him four years ago in New York when I was a fellow of the New York Institute for the Humanities, which invited him to conduct a seminar at New York University. Although the conference room in the university library was small and the number of seminarists was supposed to be restricted, an intense, excited, and polite mob gate-crashed. Many people stood for hours while Foucault presented his thoughts in his clear, precise, rather deliberate English.

Of the few great people I've met, he was the most modest. This last spring, for instance, although he was already very ill, he gave a large buffet dinner party in Paris for William Burroughs, and Foucault passed every dish and drink to every guest with his own hands. Despite his crushing work schedule, he served as a tireless and attentive adviser on many Ph.D. dissertations in the United States. In Paris, he taught at *(Continued on page 336)*

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(Continued from page 334)

the Collège de France, where he was the reigning thinker; but he scrupulously refused to take on the role of guru. In private life, his influences over his circle of young friends (who include some of the most gifted and good-natured writers in France) was subtle, indirect, but radiant. Like a modern Socrates, he brought out what was best in other people; he never imposed his ideas on anyone. His life was exemplary.

His personal modesty and courtesy, however, did not mitigate the ferocity with which he attacked hypocrisy and falsehood and defended the truth. His burning silences, his insistence on precision, his sharp eye for inconsistencies, his permanent skepticism, the precise definition he gave to abstract terms—all of these skills and reflexes lent his thought its rigor. But he was also flexible (another aspect of his modesty). For instance, he had originally planned his *History of Sexuality* as an examination of the relationship between political and societal power and sex. But after he had published the first volume, he rethought his assumptions. The final three volumes focus on the "techniques" by which "individuals have been led to pay attention to themselves, to decode themselves, to recognize and acknowledge themselves as subjects of desire." These "techniques of the self" tell us more about the historical development of sexuality, Foucault argues, than does his original analysis based on power and the metaphor of war and struggle.

> *As a sane diet is the way to manage hunger, so a satisfactory sexual regimen is the way to govern desire*

Unlike the structuralists, Foucault recognized that social systems are not perfect, self-contained mechanisms that exist outside of time but are instead inflected by history and change in an unpredictable and sometimes chaotic way. Thus, despite the real differences between the pagan thinkers and the early Church Fathers, he argues that there are no themes in Christianity that did not already exist in Greek and Roman philosophy; the change that occurs is simply one of accent, of emphasis, of (to use Foucault's word) "problematization." The Christians made problems out of ethical questions that had not preoccupied the Greeks; conversely, the Greeks had problematized sexual questions (for instance, the sexual relations between adult men and adolescent boys) that ceased to exist for the Christians.

Unlike the Marxists, Foucault did not see power as a conspiracy or as a class prerogative but as a universal (and often pleasurable) feature of human society that functions in even the most minute, "capillary" interactions (whenever two people meet, power is exercised). Unlike most philosophers in the English-speaking world, Foucault was not content to confine his attentions to a few niggling questions of language use and definition. He was far more a philosopher in the tradition of Nietzsche—bold, polemical, sometimes coquettish and hard to follow, always international and historical in his erudition and point of view. And like Nietzsche, Foucault was always using history, linguistics, anthropology, and every other social science to take another look at our (and his own) preconceptions—as well as the preconceptions of social science itself.

In his earlier books, he was often obscure; typically, in his modest way, he once told me he'd been obscure only because he hadn't known how to be clearer. His teaching at Berkeley and Toronto, his lectures at Princeton and elsewhere in North America, and his discussions with such devoted and methodologically acute scholars as Hubert Dreyfus and Paul Rabinow at Berkeley may have helped him to clarify his thoughts and their expression. Certainly in the *History of Sexuality* he arrived at a limpid style almost unparalleled in contemporary French. This clarity, however, did not suppress a queer, poetic turn of phrase that always marked his writing. For instance, in *L'Usage des plaisirs*, he writes: "Travel makes things young and the relationship with oneself old"—an observation that no one else could have come up with. ▽

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Travel Now

Passage to Rajasthan... a new Rockresort... weekends with Degas

By Richard Alleman

Rajasthan—Land of the Rajas—is India at its most extraordinary. In this exotic desert world, the wonders include mammoth sculptured temples (the Jain Temple at Ranakpur, *above*), marvelous markets, luxurious places to stay (Udaipur's Shiv Nivas Palace Hotel with mosaic swimming pool, *left*). A great—and hassle-free—way to take in the glories of Rajasthan is on one of Special Expeditions' new tours to the area, plotted with the help and guidance of the former Maharini of Jaipur. Traveling by plane, motorcoach, and aboard the Maharaja's private railway carriage, these eighteen-day India odysseys visit Udaipur, Jaipur, Jodhpur, Jaisalmer, and the seldom seen (by Westerners) city of Shekhavati where fabulous frescoes cover most of the mansions. Extra attractions: a day in Delhi, another at the Taj Mahal. Land prices begin at $2940—with eight departures set for 1985. See page 345.

If you love a mystery, a new guidebook, *The Game Is Afoot*, tracks down legendary locales and secret sites of Sherlock Holmes's England. Filled with photos, maps, quotes from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the "leather"-bound volume costs $22.50, and is available from Book Passage of San Francisco. A great gift; call (415) 982-7866.

Celebrating the 150th birthday of painter Edgar Degas, Boston's Colonnade hotel has come up with a wonderful weekend package that provides tickets to the Degas show at the Museum of Fine Arts, double room at The Colonnade for Saturday night, lavish Sunday luncheon. Price: $123 per couple; available from November 16 to January 13. See travel agent or page 345.

london express

For theater lovers, it's a chance to catch London's latest—such as "Starlight Express," *right*. It's also a great way to see the city's newest museum shows. Starting November 1, Pan Am launches $429 London "Weekenders." Included in the low-low package price: London hotel room, breakfasts, round-trip air fare between NYC and London. Similar programs are available from other U.S. cities. See page 345.

Hawaii's ultimate hideaway—the Hotel Hana on Maui's super-secluded east coast—has just been acquired by Mrs. Caroline Hunt Schoellkopf for her glamorous Rosewood Hotels. Now in the works: a $6 million redo

Luxury in the desert Opening next month in Carefree, Arizona, the world's newest Rockresort...The Boulders. Built on a high-desert plain studded with gigantic rocks and ancient cacti, The Boulders will feature twenty-seven holes of golf, two heated swimming pools, six tennis courts, miles of trails for horseback riding and hiking. Guests stay in luxurious adobe "casitas." For details, see page 345.

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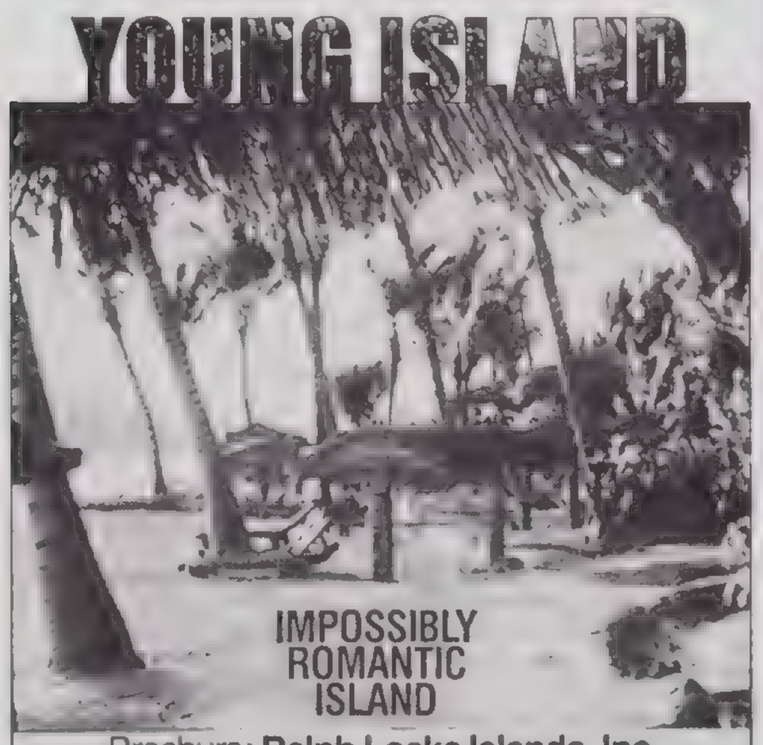

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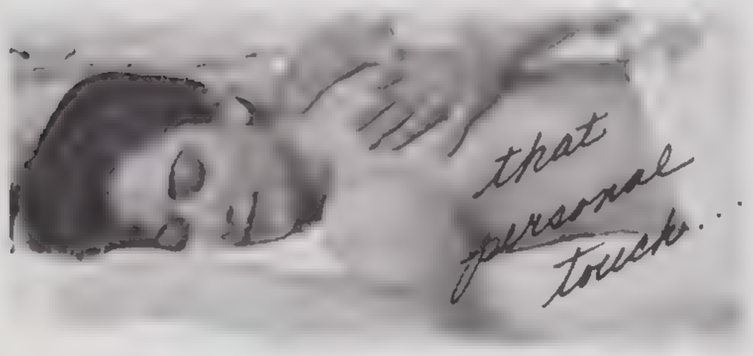

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travel

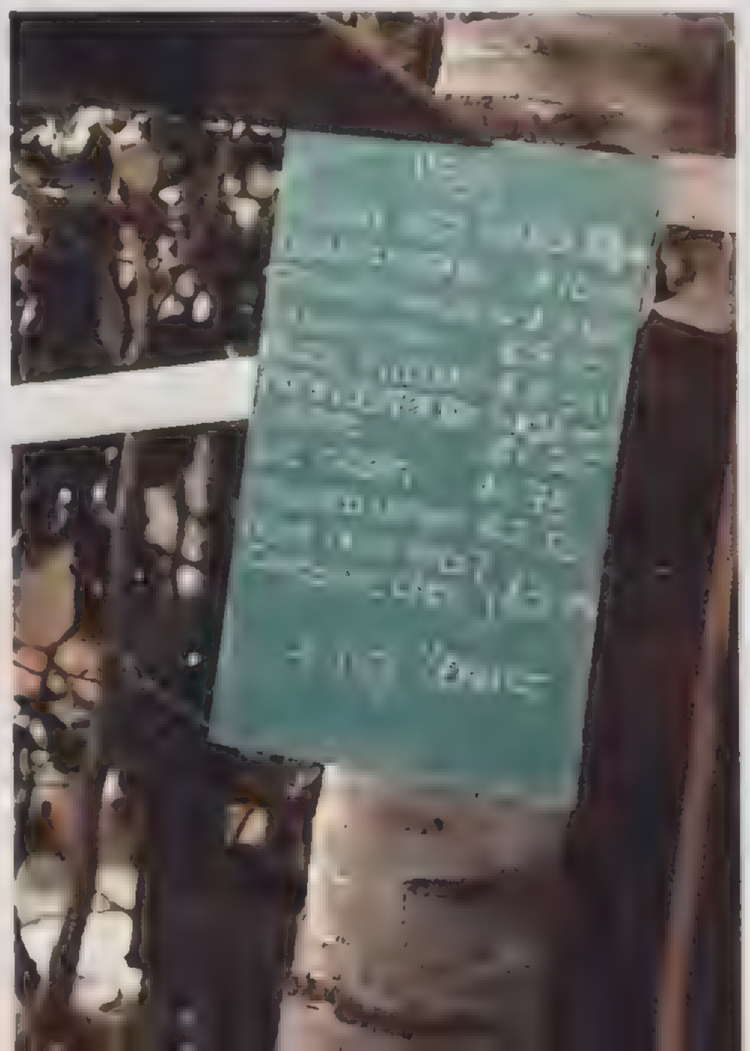
Something luscious under the sun. On the little French island that has seduced the world—St. Barts—a great cook discovers what may be the Caribbean's best cuisine

By Lee Bailey

It's easy to see why people return to St. Barts year after year. To a place where the only options are lazing around all day—in and out of the sun and in and out of the water—and eating. With, blissfully, not a golf course or casino in sight and no discos to pound the soft night, this is a Caribbean island where even wind surfing can be ignored after a few lessons. In Gustavia, St. Barts' main town, sleek pleasure boats bob democratically alongside more modest service craft in a splendid harbor. Streets that roll away from the water's edge are lively in the mornings with household shoppers and coffee drinkers. Only occasionally are their routines jostled by cruise-ship travelers given a few hours' freedom ashore. By noon, all is serene again; and between one and three, the whole island dozes and dines—or both. Lunch is one of the greatest joys of the place—the best meal of the day and, for me, the time of day when St. Barts' food most satisfies.

Since St. Barts is a French island, you'll find lots of *pâté*, *saucisson*, and cheese in its restaurants and shops—and marvelous local bread. Grilled fish and salads are served everywhere, and *langouste*, the native clawless lobster, is on most menus. Red snapper is also standard, as is grouper. In almost every case, food is relatively inexpensive, whereas wine is not. On the other hand, hard liquor is so cheap in the markets that you think the price tags have been stuck onto the wrong bottles. Restaurants on St. Barts share the problems of those on most of the other smaller Caribbean islands—namely limited access to certain raw materials. Over the years I have learned to stick to dishes that reflect the area's Creole origins and that use native ingredients (often brought in from neighboring islands). After all, it seems rather self-defeating to come thousands of miles for big-city food that will never be as good as the original.

But back to lunch. Taking the midday meal at one of St. Barts' charming waterside spots lets you experience the island's atmosphere at its most seductive. The good food may not always be *(Continued on page 343)*



LEE BAILEY

Lee Bailey *is the author of "Lee Bailey's Country Weekends" and "Lee Bailey's City Food" (Clarkson N. Potter).*

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st. barts

(Continued from page 340)

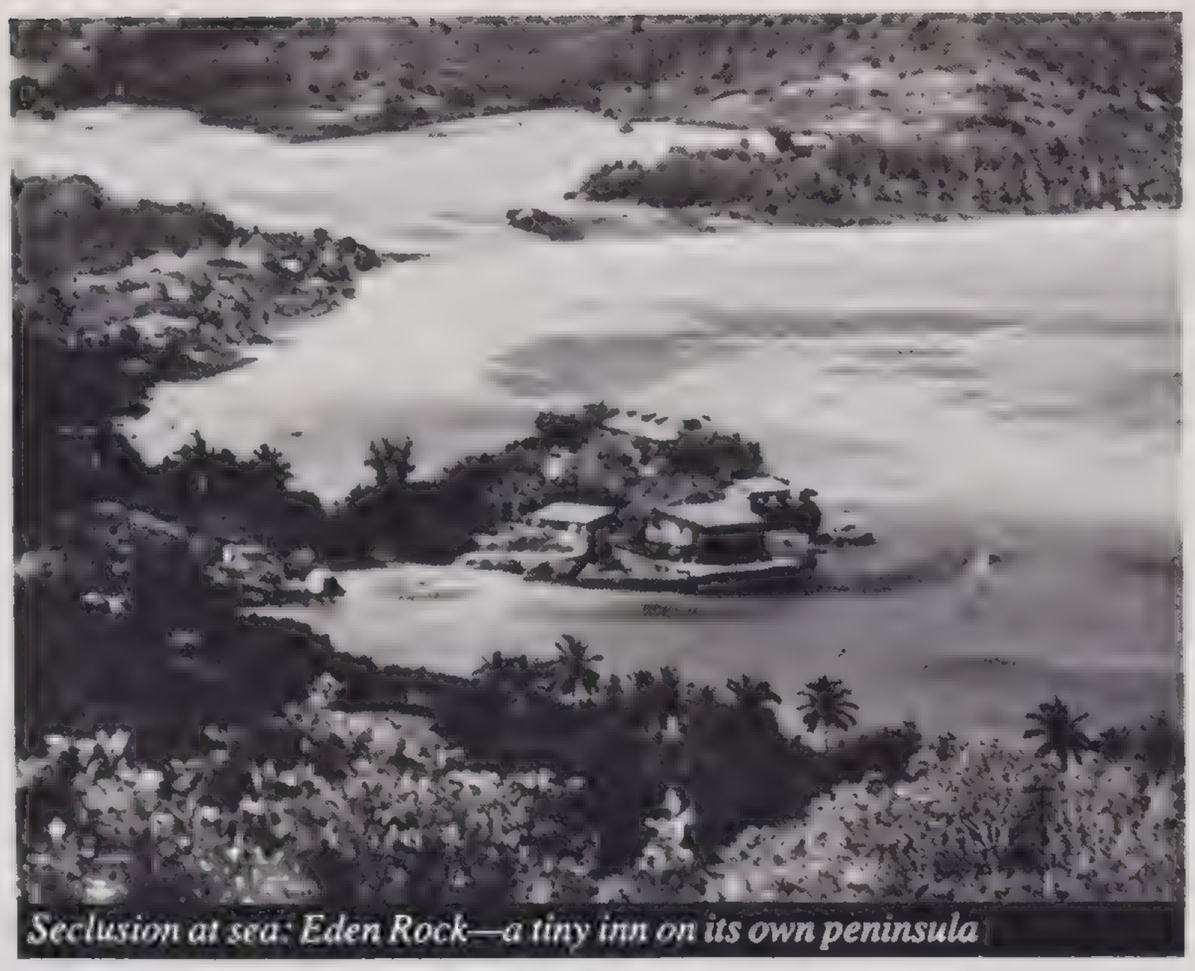
spectacular—but the views are. And the latter can surely go a long way toward making up for any lack of subtlety in the former. Chez Francine is one of St. Barts' best known restaurants. Situated on the road between the airport and the village of St. Jean, Chez Francine is distinguished by a beautiful vista and bountiful food. Whether it be grilled fish (usually shark) or chicken, or black pudding (*boudin*), lunch is served on a generous wooden tray loaded with *pommes frites* and salad. Hearty and simple. Just the sort of straightforward fare on which their reputation was made. The open-air deck seems always to be filled with people enjoying themselves.

A little further down the road from Chez Francine, Le Pelican Gourmand "snack" has grilled specialties, makes generous and tempting salads. My two favorites of the latter are lentil and *langouste*. As with Francine's, meals are served in a room without walls right on the water. If there are only two of you, you can slide into a bench at one of the long tables without too much waiting. Because of their proximity to the airport, both places are easily accessible to day-trippers from the glitzier nearby island of St. Martin; Chez Francine is even within comfortable walking distance of the terminal. So, sometimes, the lunch crowd has a more frenetic feel about it than at places that require more of a drive.

Indeed, the seasoned St. Barts hand is more likely to be found out at Taiwana, a restaurant/hotel overlooking a cove called Anse des Flamands. Lively lunchers and a wide beach combine to make it a favored spot for whiling away an afternoon. You can almost always count on running into someone here whom you didn't know was on the island. You'll also find a surprisingly varied menu. On my last visit, after luscious tomatoes, I had big spicy shrimp grilled in their cellophane-like shells, followed by a wonderful thin lemon tart for dessert. Reservations are a must, and parking can be a nightmare—but you get the hang of it after a few visits. Incidentally, there is no dinner—which, after driving seemingly straight up on a narrow strip of concrete and then straight down to reach the restaurant, you realize is a blessing. I wouldn't like to make the trip at night after a bottle of wine.

On the opposite end of the island, around the area of Grand Cul-de-Sac, is a clutch of restaurants: Club Lafayette, La Toque Lyonnaise, and La Flamboyante—all recommended and all popular with people who know where to go. At Club Lafayette, shaded by a palm, you can sit and soak up the view with your feet literally on the sand.

Club Lafayette's kitchen turns out a tasty salad of warm croutons and *lardon* (thin bacon pieces) over lettuce. The crispy duck is very good, as is the ubiquitous snapper, accompanied by the equally ubiquitous buttery and hot-pepper sauces (mix them). Both duck and snapper are served with a purée of island squash—and with the fish come the crunchiest and best stubby little fried potatoes around. Don't miss their thin chocolate cake—also the best. *Boudin* is on the menu, too, but I like it better at other places—a small quibble as, all in all, this is one of the most agreeable places to lunch on St. Barts. Reservations are needed from 12:30 to 2:00, but things quiet down after that.



Seclusion at sea: Eden Rock—a tiny inn on its own peninsula

La Toque Lyonnaise, at El Sereno Beach Hotel, is primarily a dinner restaurant (and a very good one), although they do serve a modest and pleasing lunch. However, unless you are a guest at the hotel and not in the mood to explore, I'd save it for the evening meal, when they do their star turn. La Flamboyante serves dinner only and is considered a good spot for unpretentious food.

When you round the last hill before coming upon Grand Cul-de-Sac, the road flattens out briefly at a beautiful little cove. Where the next hill starts to rise, Marigot Bay Club sits perched on the rocks. Here you dine just above a tiny beach, look out over the cove to open water. The restaurant offers a very nice selection of fish, unusually well prepared. On my first visit there, I started with an individual cheese soufflé. While it wasn't exactly my idea of a soufflé, it was quite tasty. Desserts are uncomplicated and good. If you arrive early, you can have a table with a superb view of the Caribbean. The place starts to fill up around 1:00 P.M.

Because none of the better eating places in Gustavia are on the water, we almost never go there to eat during the day. Au Port, a good restaurant, faces the harbor but is open just at dinner. Entrées change, but always on the menu are their *(Continued on page 345)*

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st. barts

(Continued from page 343)

flavorful fish soup and their *profiteroles*. Try them both. Also facing the harbor is Le Brigantin, somewhat tonier and big cityish and only open in the evening.

Stacked—literally one on top of the other—on the steep hill in back of Gustavia are two more establishments worth trying. The first is L'Ananas and just above it is L'Hibiscus, a hotel/restaurant up high enough to afford a panoramic view of boats, shops, and islands. L'Ananas is not open at noon, but they have a little place down at street level. L'Hibiscus, like La Toque Lyonnaise at El Sereno, serves a modest and uncomplicated lunch, saving its big guns for the evening meal—which can be impressive.

Set on the ridge at the very top of the hill looking down on Gustavia is Castelets. After a drive more vertical than the one coming back from Taiwana, you are treated to the most dramatic view on the island—taking in all of St. Barts as well as its many outer islands. This alone would be worth the trip—but the food can be equally as satisfying. Mme. Jouany, the manager of Castelets for a number of years now, continues to dedicate herself to serving island Continental food of high quality. Hers is a lovely and relaxed place for lunch and one of the only restaurants that serves a well-prepared *steak tartare*.

Many people would rather pack a lunch and go beach exploring than have lunch in a restaurant. If you are one of these, you can easily assemble something from La Rotisserie in St. Jean. They will make simple sandwiches on long loaves (harriedly, around noon), offer assorted sausages and cheeses if you want to put together your own sandwiches. They also have *rillettes*, *pâté*, custard cheese pies, and pizza-like squares. Personally, I'd opt for a couple of different sandwiches, cut into pieces so everyone can have a taste of each—along with pickles and olives, and fruit for dessert. Especially tasty: those small sweet Caribbean bananas sold all over. Don't forget a bottle of water and some light red wine (and a corkscrew).

The perfect port: Gustavia—St. Barts' main town

Should you spend a day on the broad beach at Saline, treat yourself to lunch at Le Tamarin nearby. It is similar to Club Lafayette in feel, but funky. There is no water view; instead, the setting resembles pictures we have seen of the African veldt. Most times you don't absolutely have to have a reservation, but you can practice your archery on one of their straw targets if you must wait. The place is all open-air (shaded by a *faux* thatched roof) and service is provided by a single smiling but overworked waiter. Be ready to be patient. The menu features good *tabouli*, very nice chicken, tuna steak, and other fish. On many days wonderful guava and passion fruit sorbets are served, and scrumptious chocolate cake, as well as *tarte Tatin* (available every place in one version or another). Le Tamarin is open for dinner, only on Saturday; the crowd is young and easy. After lunch it is a few minutes' drive and a short walk over a slight rise to the miraculously blue water to finish a perfect day.

Since we always rent a house on St. Barts, our experience of the island is different than it would be at a hotel—different in that we tend to eat dinners at home four or five nights a week. To prepare *(Continued on page 346)*

MICHAEL HANNAU

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st. barts

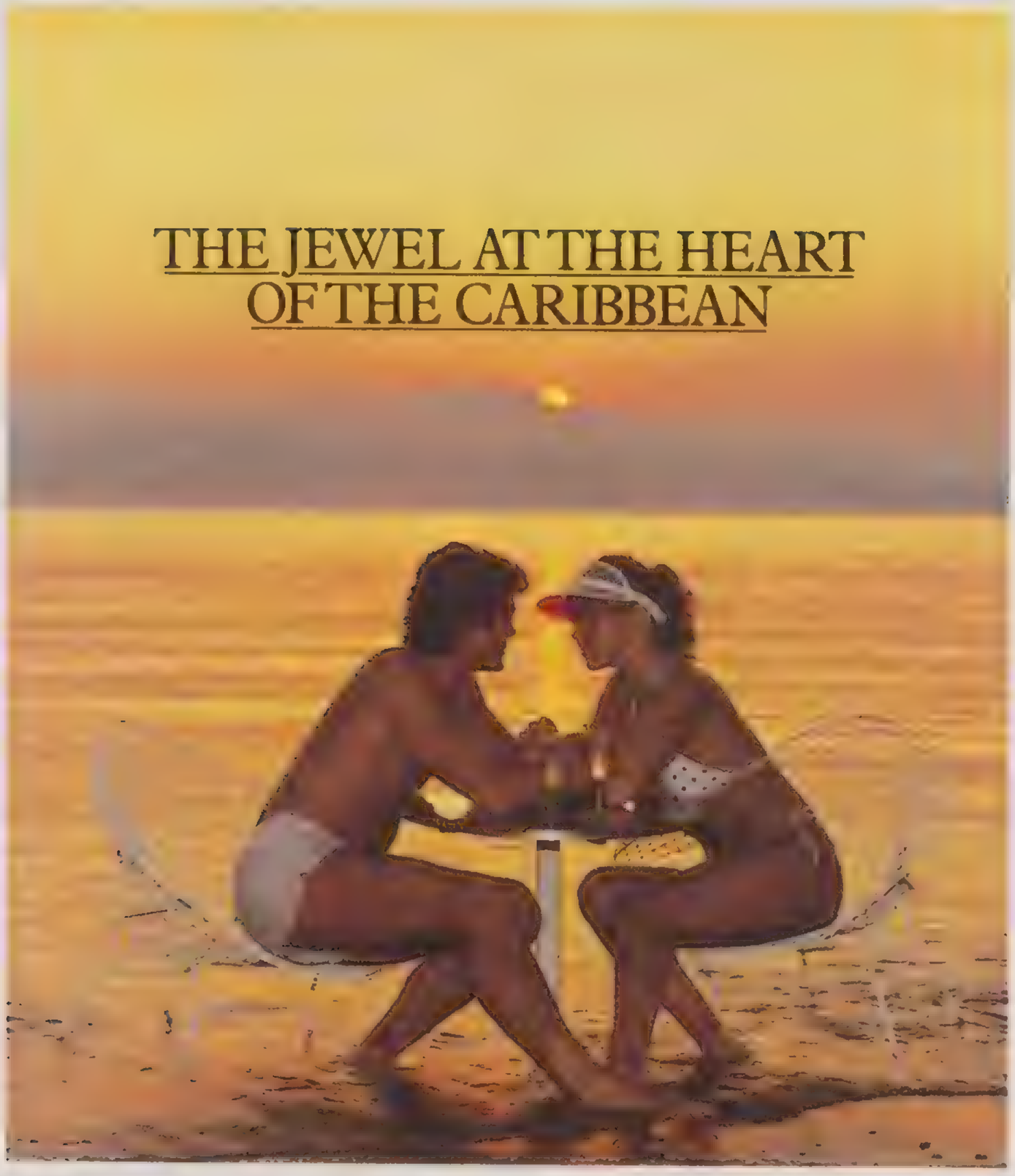
(Continued from page 345)

food on St. Barts, you must get yourself into the rhythm of the island and learn when the markets are stocked and when they are open. Often you'll have difficulty finding the simplest thing so my advice is to take a turn through the few food stores to see what they have—and if you see it, buy it; it's not likely to be there when you go back.

Thursday and Friday are usually outdoor market days at the harbor. There, you can count on coming across a good assortment of fruits and vegetables (and it is picturesque). About the only thing we bring from New York is a big chunk of Parmesan cheese. Pasta dishes are easy and are a welcome change, and Parmesan toast is a favorite with everything. Eggplant Parmesan is simple and the makings of ratatouille are usually available. *Crème fraîche* is always around and is nice stirred in with peeled and seeded chunks of cucumber (put down with salt first to draw out some of the liquid). Don't overlook lentils—they make fine salads or soups. Do them in chicken stock (from cubes) with a few onions and a tablespoon of olive oil, and when finished, a tablespoon of vinegar to pique their flavor. Incidentally, everybody's favorite pasta dish is a rough approximation of *spaghetti all' amatriciana*: a combination of tomatoes (if canned, no paste or basil added), garlic, *lots* of onions wilted in a tablespoon of bacon fat, with the one-half-pound-plus of crisp crumbled bacon stirred in at the end of the sauce's thirty-minute cooking time. Season all with a cautious sprinkling of cayenne pepper.

While St. Barts might not be an island with something for everyone, it sure has something for people who like what it does have: unhurried style, no glitter, good food, and those views. And if you leave home without your credit cards, don't worry—lots of places don't accept them. ▽

Where to stay on St. Barts? On an island where the largest hotel (the PLM Jean Bart) has just fifty rooms, the choices are deliciously few—which is part of the charm of this uncrowded, casual Caribbean place. Grandest inn on the island remains Castelets—with ten luxurious rooms, glorious views high high up in the hills above St. Jean Bay. No beach—but a tiny pool and great privacy; a celebrity hideaway. Reservations/information: (212) 571-0336. . . . Also popular with the glamour crowd: Taiwana—with nine rooms in pink-and-green Victorian cottages alongside the beach at Baie des Flamands. Taiwana has one of the island's three tennis courts; phone: 011-596-876501. . . . Marvelous seclusion and total quiet are the lures of El Sereno Beach at Grand Cul-de-Sac. Here, each of the twenty guest rooms has a private garden; there's a pool, beach, and the Club Lafayette restaurant is next door. . . . Newest place to stay on St. Barts: Manapany—with twenty hillside cottages set to open December 15 at Anse des Cayes. Cottages have one bedroom, a kitchenette, comfortably hold from two to four persons; (212) 757-0225. . . . Back at St. Jean Bay, the inn with the most dramatic location is Eden Rock: six no-frills rooms on a tiny rocky peninsula jutting into the bay. Very swimmable beaches lie below the property. Time was, this was the only place to stay on the island; phone: 011-596-876001. . . . Also on the bay, Filao Beach has thirty rooms, *palapas* on the beach, is near the well-known restaurant Chez Francine; phone: 011-596-876484. . . . Above St. Jean Bay, Tropical Hotel is three years old, very French, has twenty Spartan-simple rooms in a gingerbready complex surrounded by lush foliage; (212) 832-2277. . . . In St. Barts' harbor town Gustavia, L'Hibiscus is a thirteen-room inn—popular with the sailing set—just below the town's landmark Swedish clocktower. Great views—and easy walking to all of Gustavia's restaurants, shops. . . . For private villas, Sibarth Real Estate has some seventy-five listings—from one-bedroom bungalows that go for as little as $900 a week (including maid service) to four-bedroom/four-bathroom homes at $3400 a week. Sibarth also represents El Sereno Beach and L'Hibiscus hotels. Write: Sibarth/Wimco, P.O. Box 1435, Stamford CT 06904; phone: (203) 325-8600. *Note*: When booking a villa or a hotel on St. Barts, be sure to have your travel agent reserve a Mini-Moke at the same time. The number of cars on the island is limited—and having one is a must for beach and restaurant exploring. For more on St. Barts, see page 345. —R.A.



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travel

Ecstasy and an island—

a woman abandons herself to total pleasure

at a very special Caribbean resort

By Deborah Mason

It's a conspiracy. At Peter Island, they are all in league. The turquoise water, warm as a baby's bath. The sun, tranquilizing, forgiving. The unflappable man who maneuvered our Mini-Moke (a sort of junior Land Rover) around the island's voluptuous green hills to show off the best vistas of the Caribbean. Even the buoyant woman who oversees the daily barbecue on balmy Deadman's Beach was part of the plot. She teased me about my second piece of mocha cake and made me laugh.

Their sworn goal: to bind and soothe my jangled New York nerves. It didn't take long before I let them have their way with me.

Peter Island Hotel is an extravagantly indulgent resort of fifty-two guest villas carved out of 675 acres of Caribbean wilderness whose beaches are the kind you dream about and whose gorgeous waters would convince even the most hidebound anhedoniac to consecrate his life to the sacred mysteries of wind surfing. The island itself is still so untamed that the resort's horses (when not ridden by guests) roam the hills as they please.

Peter Island's exquisite gardens, dense with glistening rubber trees, flowering cacti, and yellow hibiscus, are artfully designed to remove you from anything that even hints of civilization as we know it. Even when I was indoors at Peter Island, I felt as if I were outdoors. Our room, for example. Housed in a row of Norwegian pine A-frames with sparkling white roofs and set on a narrow spit of land, we had the Caribbean as a neighbor on both sides. The fourth wall of our room was a sliding glass door that opened onto a snug terrace dripping with sea grape and bougainvillaea, making the room seem more like an atrium than a hotel room.

Nothing is left to chance at Peter Island. The attractive coated-wire pull-out baskets that serve as drawers in our bureau decisively did away with any subtropical mustiness. Tucked in the closet was a bright striped umbrella for the genial three-minute showers that sometimes brush the island.

Because of the sheer size of Peter Island and the relatively small number of guests, you can check out of civilized society as effortlessly as you can turn off your phone at home. One morning, we indulged ourselves with a long, lazy breakfast on our terrace, cutting up the fruit we found in the room's mini-refrigerator. Our only diversions were a determined hummingbird with a pale yellow breast drilling into a lemony hibiscus, and a member of the staff who ambled up to a sea-grape bush across the yard, *(Continued on page 348)*

DEBORAH MASON

Peter Island

(Continued from page 347)

studied it for what seemed five minutes, then picked three perfect leaves that, we later discovered, would line the bowl of fruit on the dessert table at dinner.

Our light, sensible, *mature* breakfast gave us at least a running chance of lifting the racquet for a 10:00 A.M. tennis game. The seductive alternative lurks in Peter Island's snazzy open-air dining room—a morning-long breakfast buffet of freshly squeezed pineapple, orange, and grapefruit juices; mango and guava nectars, as well as just about every fruit I've ever heard of. And then there were the omelets—guava jelly, goat cheese (sublime), and the provocative "Fat Hog Bay" laced with bacon, sausage, and cheese; the pancakes—coconut, pineapple, and banana; and the grouper served with mango chutney.

The Saturday-night buffet was no mingy affair either: roast beef, dolphin (the Caribbean fish, not Flipper), and gargantuan platters of lobster tails, shrimp, conch salad, cold duck salad à l'orange, decorated with whimsical birds carved out of small yellow squashes and perched in elaborate honeydew-melon cages.

Past experience has taught me that, in most cases, Caribbean food can be disappointing. Peter Island's kitchen, too, has some work to do. It is, I was told, in the process of "upgrading"; I hope that also means putting more indigenous Caribbean dishes on the menu.

If you do decide to rouse yourself from the beach to piece together a civilized conversation, Peter Island's racy open-air bar iced with a crisp blue and white striped awning helps to make the transition less painful. Nearby is a dazzling white terrace for sunning by day, dancing by night—and only a pebble's throw away from the pool that overlooks the Caribbean. One night over after-dinner drinks, we listened to a local steel band and watched a group of Texans prancing around the terrace's white marble floor in their own quirky version of the island two-step.

Throughout my stay I watched with bemused curiosity as my fellow guests spent whole days on the water in pursuit of their particular passion—Sunfish sailing, scuba diving, deep-sea fishing, island-hopping on the resort's dashing new sixty-foot catamaran. Others, like me, drank up the sun, occasionally stirring ourselves to poke around the beach for a shell or two. Then, one day near the end of our stay, I finally consented to put on a snorkeling mask and fins (my first time) and plunged into the coral reefs off White Bay Beach. I never dreamed what giddy exhilaration there would be in watching, close up, this fantastic underwater pageant: silky angelfish preening before their mates, cheeky zebra fish playing tag around rocks studded with sea urchins, pale lavender sea fans bowing before me as if asking for a dance.

They had a hard time getting me out of the water to go back and change for dinner. And as for the ferryboat back to civilization the next day, I nearly missed it. I should be so lucky. ▽

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travel Beyond room service.

How to function efficiently—and live luxuriously—away from the comforts of home and office

By Dena Kaye

Today, women account for 31 percent of all business travelers—and the travel industry has come a long way over the last decade in accommodating their needs. Rooms at many hotels have been redecorated with women in mind, new emphasis has been placed on security, desk clerks rarely call female guests "honey," and the check in the dining room doesn't automatically go to the man at the table. The hotel business itself has been practicing what it preaches by moving many women out of the traditional positions of public relations and into management.

The result is that women are no longer fighting the original battle of being taken seriously as business travelers. They don't want better treatment than their male counterparts; they simply want good service. On a business trip, the goal now is to eliminate whatever gets in the way of being productive: how to function efficiently away from the comforts of home and office is an art that needs constant refinement. Here are some tips from expert travelers that may enlighten both the pro and novice. (Role models are not yet passé when you consider that little girls will soon be able to play with a female executive doll that arrives with a dress-for-success wardrobe and accessories such as business cards, calculator, briefcase, and toy Rolodex.)

Rosalie J. Wolf, treasurer of International Paper Company, is frequently on the road—meeting with bankers in Europe, the Orient, and all over the United States. For her, the choice of hotel is the most important consideration in planning a business trip. "Luxury and service are the key things when I'm traveling," she reports. "I want a hotel that offers more than just skirt hangers." She likes the Stanford Court in San Francisco, the Meridien

TIM SHEAFFER

in Boston, the Adolphus in Dallas. "Business travel is extremely exhausting; and I don't want to deal with lumpy beds, tiny bathrooms, and inadequate showers."

Ms. Wolf recalls a happy experience at the Four Seasons hotel in Seattle. "I arrived at midnight after an all-day meeting and had an important breakfast meeting at 8:30 the next morning. I asked for an iron and ironing board—and, even at that hour, it was at my door within minutes."

The glories of the new, smaller hotels like those of the Four Seasons group have not been lost on the larger hotel chains. Many of the Marriotts, Hiltons, Westins, and Hyatts have added special executive floors with extra security, a concierge, and special services that appeal to many women. "These so-called chain hotels have probably eased the lives of more business travelers than can be imagined," says Pamela Fiori, editor-in-chief of *Travel and Leisure* magazine. "They promise efficiency, neatly delivered . . . and they offer a certain necessary peace of mind that comes with knowing that the wake-up call will rouse you at the requested time, that breakfast will arrive promptly, that you can direct-dial Auckland from your hotel, that a collect call to your office will not take three hours to make, and that you can sign an express checkout form."

There are times, however, when super-efficient service is not a woman's top concern. "I often like non-business hotels for short trips," says Muriel Fox, executive vice-president at Carl Byoir and Associates, one of America's top public-relations firms. "When I go to Winston-Salem to see clients, I stay overnight at Colonel Ludlow's bed and breakfast. It is an old private mansion with a handful of rooms. We can all eat breakfast together—it's usually all business people—and I start the day in a better mood."

One aspect of hotel living that everybody loves and uses is room service. Nowadays, having dinner while wearing a robe and watching TV or reading is less the avoidance of eating alone in a restaurant than wanting the sheer joy of doing nothing. And when a woman does dine out alone, the trend seems in favor of more ethnic and casual spots. "I like going to Japanese restaurants when I'm traveling alone," says Anne d'Harnoncourt, who is director of the Philadelphia Museum of Art. "They are serene rather than formal."

Room service isn't for dinner only. "I love breakfast in bed," says Kitty Carlisle Hart, actress and chairman of the New York State Council on the Arts. Mrs. Hart also favors hotels with pools (she does a "majestic breaststroke") and likes the TV in her room to indicate what local station corresponds to what national network. She also believes in BYO. "I bring powdered skim milk and an immersion heater to make *café au skim milk!*"

Gloria Vanderbilt follows suit: "I get up very early," she explains, "so I take a packet of raisins, a plug-in coffeepot, and French roast coffee from Bloomingdale's." She also has a Rigaud candle lit in her hotel room before she comes in and puts her own Victorian lace napkin over the lamp for softer lighting. "A businesswoman looks for a home away from home," she says. Making a "home" means finding that special combination of service, luxury, and attention to detail that gives you the feeling someone knows you're there.

Planning ahead is another essential part of a successful business trip. "Assume nothing," says Cathleen Black, publisher of *USA Today,* who constantly commutes between Washington, DC, and New York City. "You cannot reconfirm enough," she emphasizes.

Beverly Kievman, founder and president of Atlanta-based Marketing Innovations Corporation always uses a travel agent (it costs no more and saves work), gets a seat reservation and an advanced boarding pass, and takes $25 and $50 in one- and five-dollar notes for tips and taxis. "I also belong to airline clubs," she says. "You can check in, layover at ease, make phone calls, or simply think—in comfort."

To save time, Muriel Fox carries airline reconfirmation stickers that she gets from her travel agent or from the airline itself. If she's running late, she changes the reservation by phone, puts on the sticker herself, and goes right to the gate. She also does her trip-related thank-you notes and letters on the flight home—on postcards, company letterheads, note pads, hotel or airline stationery—so that when she gets back to the office, she can start immediately on her next project.

One aspect of a business trip often *not* planned ahead is leisure time. But taking some time for yourself seems to humanize the rush of business. (Not booking a flight at the end of *(Continued on page 354)*

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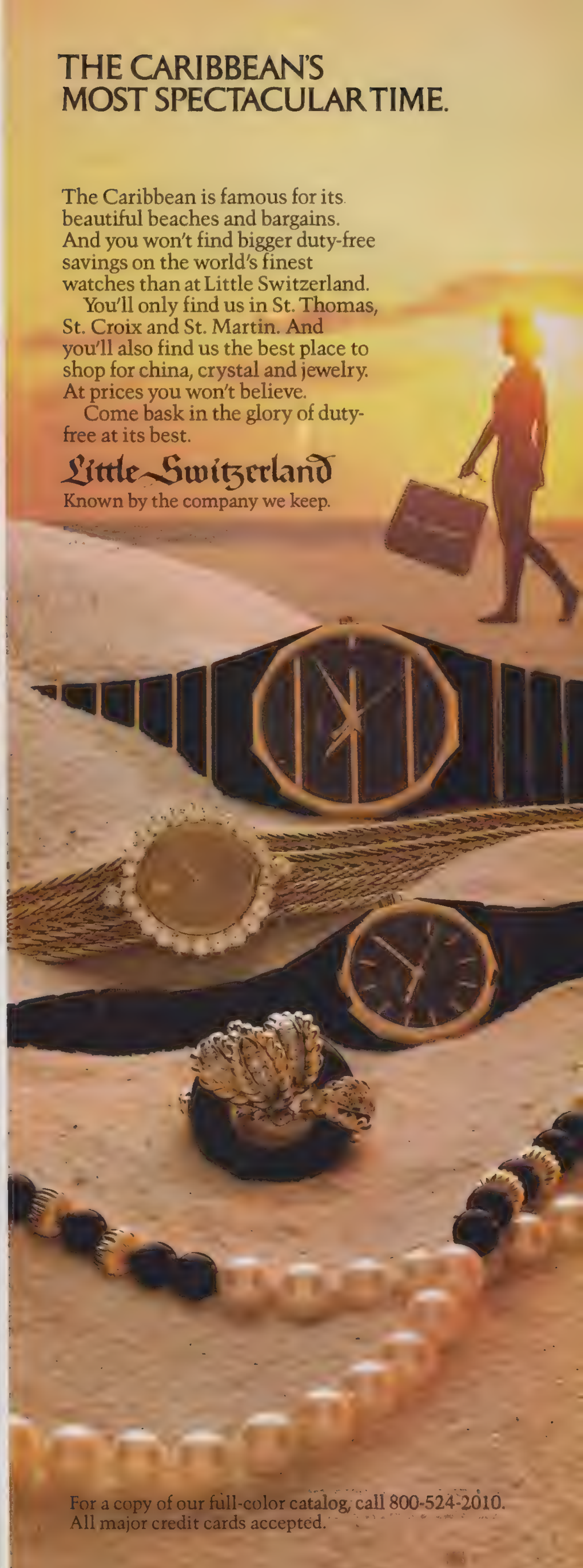

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beyond room service

(Continued from page 353)

a work day also helps.) "It would be incomprehensible to me to be in a city and not spend an hour or so to 'take away' something," says Adrienne Hall, vice chairman of the board of Eisaman, Johns and Laws Advertising, one of the largest national ad agencies headquartered in the West. "I always try to see at least one museum in a city."

The traveling wardrobe needs as much preplanning as a business presentation. "You should have a dress rehearsal before you pack. Hang everything up or put it on the bed, try it on, with all the accessories and shoes," says Gloria Vanderbilt. "If it doesn't look exactly right, forget it. Take less, not more. What you have may look meager when you get to the hotel, but it works."

It also seems that the female version of the three-piece pinstriped suit is no longer the last word in executive dressing. "There is no reason to wear a grey flannel suit to impress anyone that I'm an efficient administrator," says Kitty Carlisle Hart—who often makes presentations to legislators. "When I go to meetings, I take my best clothes, my best jewelry. It's a compliment to your colleagues as it would be to a dinner hostess."

By the same token, it's practical to know what's appropriate. "Find out whether formal really means 'formal' where you are going," suggests Pamela Fiori. "Don't overdress, unless you are sure it is appropriate. You could look very silly in taffeta when every other woman is wearing tweed and feel even sillier when you think of what it took to pack your dress and have it ironed upon arrival."

Adrienne Hall is also a firm believer in planning. "Simple things can look terrific if I think ahead," says Hall. Recently, she went to the Middle East for a month with a wardrobe based on black, red, white—and lots of accessories: from scarves to ivory, silver, and ebony jewelry..."nothing you'd worry about losing." She usually throws in a pair of jeans and casual sandals, too.

On long trips, Adrienne Hall not only lives out of her suitcase, she takes her "office" with her: in her carry-on shoulder bag, she stores a cassette recorder (to make tapes to send back from the road) as well as a five-pound Brother electronic typewriter that's quiet and runs on batteries. (Lightweight carry-on luggage is the hands-down favorite way to pack.)

When Muriel Fox travels overseas, she leaves nothing to chance, not even who she is—she takes press clippings to establish her credentials if necessary. "If people don't know me, it is hard to modestly convey clout," she observes. Fox also believes in being ready to take off on a moment's notice—and keeps a flight bag permanently packed with an umbrella, cosmetics, pyjamas, eyeshades (for sleeping on planes), extra pantyhose, and a flashlight....A little Girl Scout ingenuity never hurt anyone. ▽

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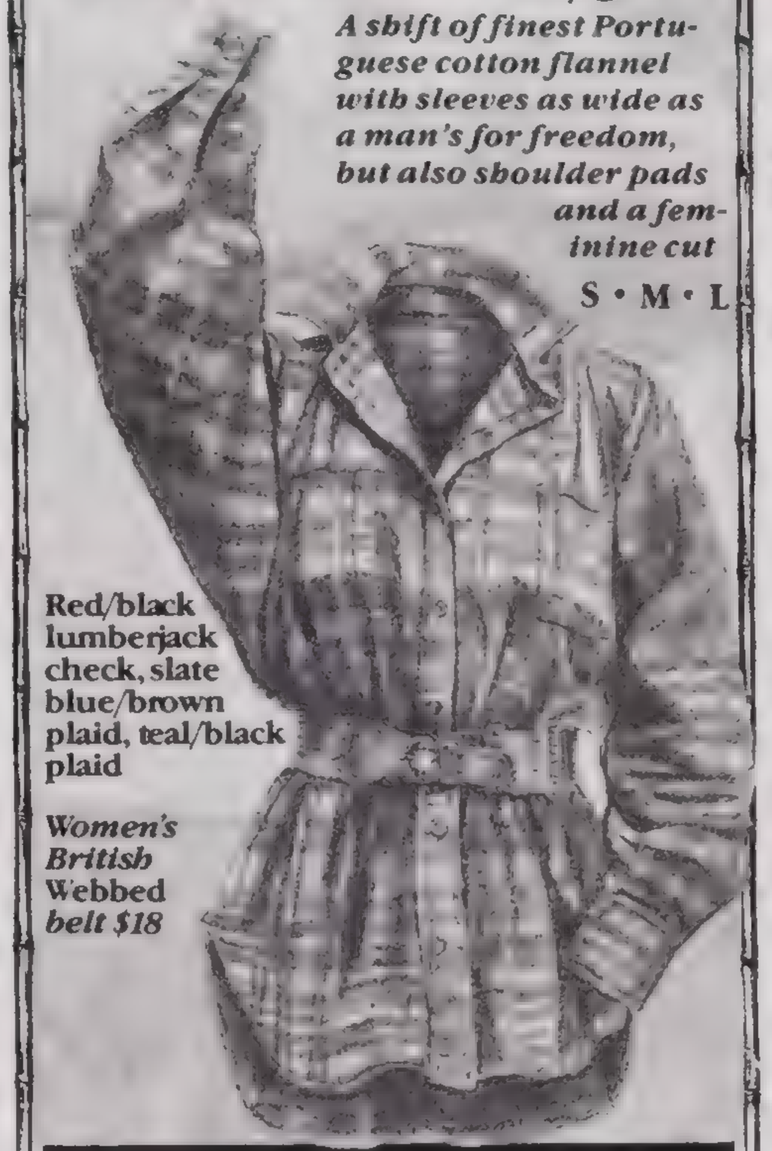

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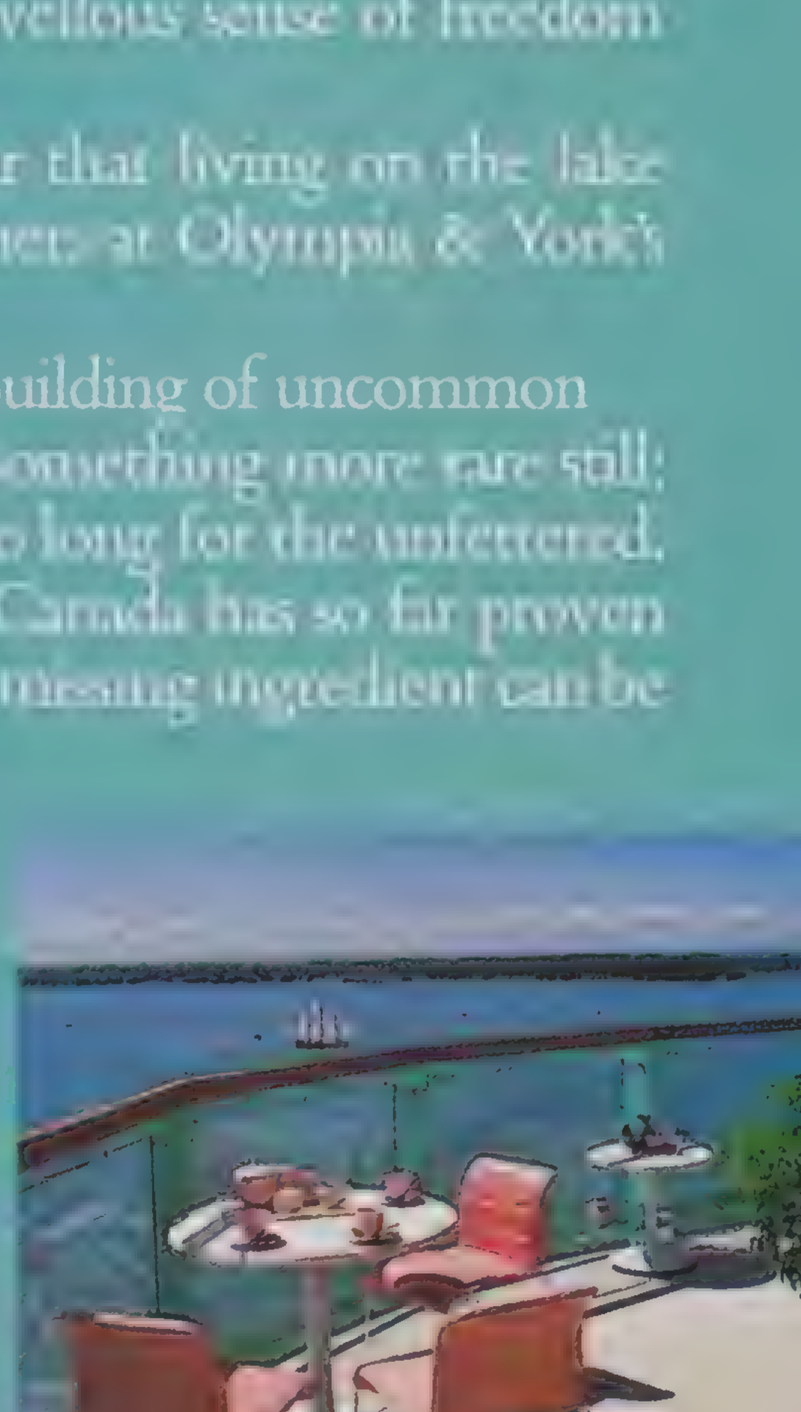

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word of mouth

Twelve of the best-kept secrets in America: great unexpected restaurants around the country.

Clip this—you never know when you'll be in Reading, PA

By Jane and Michael Stern

Eating well when you travel means finding a restaurant that makes you gasp . . . in a moment of surprise, pleasure, discovery. Not a velvet palace where grave someliers wield golden corkscrews, nor a tourist mecca that spins atop the tallest building in town, but a special place you might never find unless you were led there on the arm of a knowing local.

These are usually places that don't advertise, and you will not read about them in slick food magazines. They are the stuff of little black books, known by word of mouth among a discerning clientele, often rich and famous, who are assured enough to value probity more than pomp.

Two of the most delectable are in the heart of the Mississippi Delta, the fertile crescent from Memphis to Vicksburg. Through time-weathered hamlets like Panther Burn and Alligator, past tin-roof cabins and columned plantation houses, find the wrong side of the tracks in a dusty Zion named Greenwood—"the cotton capital of the world."

Here, in a dilapidated ex-grocery store, with paint peeling off the ceiling and with the men's room out the back door, is Lusco's—to which cotton planters make weekend pilgrimages for the best food in the South. Each party is given a private booth, a dining room of Faulknerian secrecy. The chintz curtain parts, and a menu is recited by a sloe-eyed waiter, but regulars come for one specialty: pompano, broiled in secret lemon-butter sauce. Deltans cherish Lusco's because everything about it, from first-class food to sickly green walls, drips tradition; and in this part of the world, traditions are hallowed.

Fifty miles west, in Greenville, is a legendary steak house called Doe's Eat Place, where river traders and soybean kings bring their families to dine at oilcloth-covered tables in a wide-open kitchen. Choose from a comely selection of raw T-bones shown by the waitress, and watch them cook freshly cut French fries in a cast-iron skillet at a stove in the center of the commons. Doe's is supremely informal, ebullient with table talk and kitchen clatter, a clubby, gilt-edged dive where everyone knows everyone, yet where strangers intrepid enough to find it are rewarded with a night of Mississippi hospitality and the steak dinner of their lives.

New York City has its in-spot for steaks, too—not the square-jawed red-meat bastions on the East Side's "steak row" but a low-profile grill called Frank's, downtown in the Gansevoort Meat Market. James Beard clued us in, advising that Frank's serves the best veal chop he ever ate. For seventy-five years, it has been where meat men in hard hats and bloody aprons breakfast (it opens at 2:00 A.M.). At dinner, when the market is closed, it metamorphoses from hash house to high tone. Fresh sawdust is sprinkled on the floor, brown and white napery is *(Continued on page 360)*

In NYC's unglamorous Gansevoort Meat Market area, Frank's (both photos) lures hard hats at noon, socialites in the evening

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restaurants

(Continued from page 358)

spread, and a menu featuring the finest prime beef in Manhattan is chalked upon the blackboard. No other experience offers as true a taste of Old New York.

Boston is known for North End Sicilian food, but local epicures have fallen in love with another kind of Italian cooking at Ristorante Toscano on Beacon Hill. Toscano is sleek, befitting its Tuscan menu: a refined cuisine of game and wild mushrooms, elegant *risotto* and fresh vegetables, and one particular drop-dead meal of venison cooked with pears and raisins. After a lattice-top grape tart or wine-poached pear, stroll across Charles Street and put a point on it with a cup of authentic *gelato*.

There are a dozen restaurants in Washington, DC, suitable for impressing people with one's stature in the world; but when Washington cognoscenti want seafood without frippery, there is only one—Crisfield. Here is the best in the East: juicy soft-shell crabs with parchment-crisp skin, mountainous filets of flounder stuffed with sweet crabmeat, seafood Norfolk style (sautéed in butter). A Formica lunchroom whose decor was once described as "early shower tile," Crisfield takes no reservations, accepts no credit cards, gives no special treatment—whoever you are. You cannot help but love it.

> *At Highland Park Cafeteria: Mercedes, battered pickup trucks, and chauffered limos*

The London Chop House is the Rolls-Royce of Detroit restaurants; but across the street is The Caucus Club, more like a Bentley, sharing the same kitchen, every bit as posh, yet somehow more exclusive, not so ostentatious. Chef Jimmy Schmidt is at the vanguard of the American food revolution, but the favorite Caucus Club meals are traditional Midwestern fare, suitable for making major business deals over: grilled steaks, mighty Caesar salad, barbecued ribs, and four-star chili. The staff, accustomed to serving Grosse Point families who have cars named after them, treats all patrons like privileged members of an exclusive club.

In no other city in America do adventurous eaters have more fun than in Chicago, where each week the ethnic neighborhoods yield a new hole-in-the-wall that serves celestial ribs or the crispest Bohemian duck and dumplings in town. Last year, *Chicago* magazine uncovered a Yugoslavian bar called The Casino, in the steel-mill part of town known as Slag Valley. City foodniks have flocked to join neighborhood regulars for square meals, Serbo-Croat style: *(Continued on page 362)*

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BLOOMINGDALE'S

(Continued from page 360)

For breakfast in West Hollywood, CA: Duke's, above, is where rock people and movie folk cluster in the A.M.

crusty schnitzels, sausage and shish-kebab, and fruit-filled crêpes. It is impossible to spend more than $10 here—for one of the most authentic ethnic meals in the Midwestern melting pot.

Reading, Pennsylvania, is better known for pretzels than for haute cuisine; but an out-of-the-way specialty restaurant called Joe's has turned the Railroad City into a magnet for East Coast gourmets. Since the 'fifties, Joe's—originally a workingman's tavern—has served Platonic puréed mushroom soup, and a whole menu devoted exclusively to mushrooms. Joe's owners, Jack and Heidi Czarnecki, third-generation mycologists, still forage in the fields around Reading for local morels to supplement the cepes and chanterelles they import from around the world for dishes such as snails *Suillus pictus* and veal sweetbreads with wild agarics. Joe's is charmingly upmarket, with *outré* cabbage-rose carpeting, a significant wine list, and glamorous photos of mushrooms on the walls.

Parking-lot demographics at Dallas' Highland Park Cafeteria include Mercedes and battered pickup trucks side by side, and chauffeured limos, motors running. Stanley Marcus and the Hunt brothers wait in line along with construction workers and anyone else who meets the requirement (on a sign at the head of the line) of being *fully attired and appropriately dressed for a family dining room*. At this stunning horn of plenty, select from a bakery's worth of breads, a dozen salads and vegetables (including a celestial eggplant casserole), plus Dixie desserts like buttermilk pie. Connoisseurs of regional food know Southern cafeterias as special places; of all of them, HPC is the unchallenged queen.

Outside Nashville, Tennessee, on a road to nowhere, a neon sign shimmers LOVELESS CAFE AND MOTEL. You'd never stop here . . . unless maybe you happened to spot Charley Pride's or Willie Nelson's tour bus hidden in the back of the parking lot. You see, the Loveless was country when country wasn't fashionable—and it has been a favorite gathering place of the music stars who come to the roadhouse for down-home victuals at their country best: salt-cured ham or fried chicken, hot biscuits and red-eye gravy, and peach preserves (cooked on the premises). A meal here is the real thing, like going to the Grand Ole Opry before it became Opryland.

Northern California is an Edenic place to eat, especially in the morning. Fresh fruit, sourdough rolls, omelets made with perfect avocados: you will find them all at a natty storefront café in San Francisco called Doidge's. Breakfast is the house specialty, with six kinds of bread, including raisin-nut and honey-wheat, turned into French toast, topped with bananas and sour cream or cinnamon and nuts. Doidge Baldwin and his boys maintain a constant repartee among themselves and with a happy crowd that flocks to the tables and a grand mahogany counter—the choice spot for watching good grill men at work.

"What a dump!" you will say when you see Duke's, formally known as Duke's at the Tropicana, the Tropicana being a West Hollywood motel patronized by not-yet-successful rock stars and by superstars looking for their roots. The rockers eat in the café; they share communal tables with local punkers and hoards of people devouring *Daily Variety* and *Billboard* with their eggs. California-style burgers are served later in the day, but breakfast is the time to be here. As Lauren Hutton or Donald Sutherland or any number of recognizables from the recording, movie, and TV worlds sips fresh O.J. from a tall frosty mug or digs into blackberry-topped cheese blintzes, aspiring newcomers wait to be paged by the manager. The café is bedlam, as befits a genuine Hollywood hangout. ▽

Lusco's, *722 Carrollton, Greenwood, MS; (601) 453-5365*
Doe's Eat Place, *502 Nelson, Greenville, MS; (601) 334-3315*
Frank's, *431 West 14th St., New York, NY; (212) 243-1349*
Ristorante Toscano, *41 Charles St., Boston, MA; (617) 723-4090*
Crisfield, *8012 Georgia Ave., Silver Spring, MD; (301) 589-1306*
The Caucus Club, *150 West Congress St., Detroit, MI; (313) 965-4970*
Casino Restaurant, *9706 S. Commercial, Chicago, IL; (312) 221-5189*
Joe's, *7th & Laurel St., Reading, PA; (215) 373-6794*
Highland Park Cafeteria, *4611 Cole St., Dallas, TX; (214) 526-3801*
Loveless Café, *Highway 100, Nashville, TN; (615) 646-9700*
Doidge's, *2217 Union St., San Francisco, CA; (415) 921-2149*
Duke's, *8585 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA; (213) 652-9411*

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Managing Your Money

By Patricia O'Toole

Bringing up broker...guaranteeing your right to complain...taking investment wizards to task

LETTER-PERFECT DEDUCTIONS

If your two-carat diamond ring slipped off and down the drain into the sewage system, could you deduct it as a casualty loss on your income-tax return? If you think your dyslexic daughter could benefit from an educational summer camp for children with learning disabilities, would the expense qualify as a medical deduction? One way to find out is to seek a "private-letter ruling"—a decision you ask the Internal Revenue Service to make when the issue involved falls into a grey area of the tax code.

A private-letter ruling request must be based on real circumstances, not hypothetical situations, and it covers only the person who asks for it. Most of the six thousand-plus taxpayers requesting these rulings each year are businesses that are contemplating transactions with pricey tax consequences, but individuals also apply. All it takes is a letter that follows a fairly straightforward format outlined by the IRS. Simple as the procedure is, however, it makes sense to talk your questions over with an accountant before you proceed to ask for the ruling. "It could be that an area of the tax law you think is up in the air really isn't," according to attorney Mary L. Sprouse of Van Nuys, California, a former IRS agent and author of "Taxable You: Every Woman's Guide to Taxes" (Viking). Sprouse also says that it's not a good idea to apply for a private-letter ruling if your accountant believes that the IRS will decide against you. "Once you get the ruling, you have to attach it to your tax return. Without a ruling, you could claim the deduction and then wait to see if you're audited."

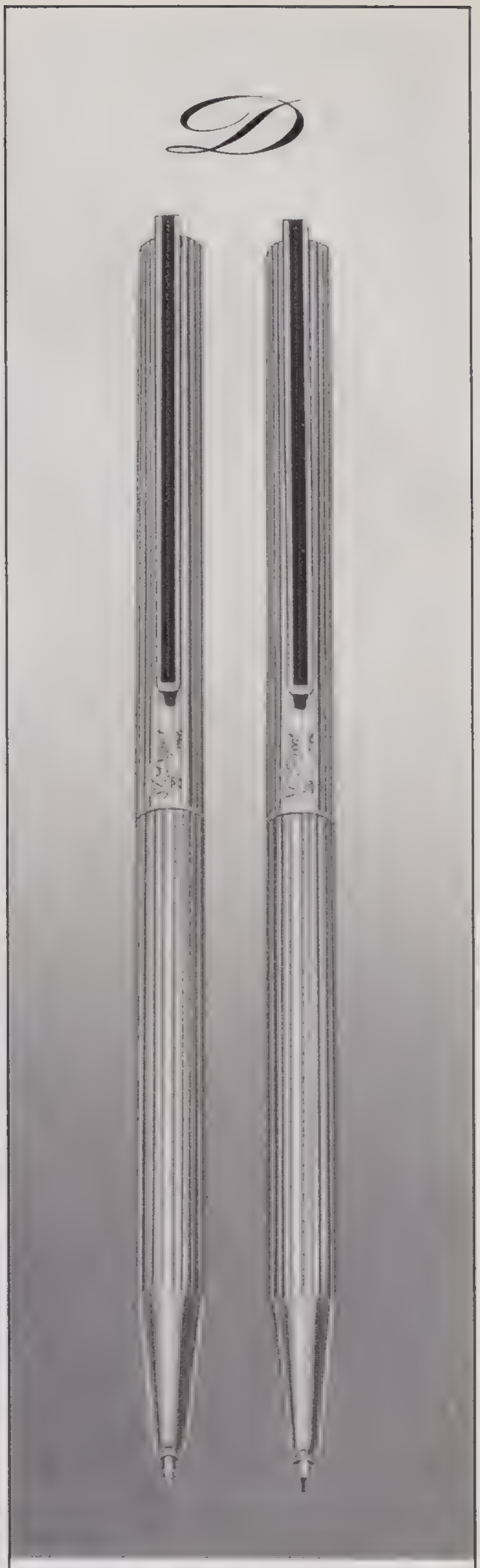
PROFIT PROPHETS—WHOM TO TRUST?

It sounds like the answer to every investor's prayer: somebody who shifts your holdings around at just the right moment to make the most of market bulls but keep the bears at bay. Known as a "market timer," this breed of crystal-ball gazer usually handles investments in mutual funds rather than individual stocks, and the basic strategy is to shift assets back and forth between money-market funds and stock funds. In general, holdings are moved from stock to money funds when interest rates rise, and back again when rates fall. Yearly fees average about 2 percent of assets (that would mean a fee of $20 per $1000).

How good are market timers? They look terrific on paper, but the available numbers tell only part of the story. The fact is that many market timers didn't begin doing business until after the devastations of the 1973-74 bear market; and, for the most part, stocks have been going up ever since. "People marvel at market timing when they should be marvelling at the nine-and-a-half-year bull market," says Phillip Verrill, president of Pallas Financial Services Inc., a Nashville, Tennessee firm that tracks the performance of market-timing services. Verrill suggests that anyone considering a market timer look not only at overall performance for the last five or ten years, but also at the timer's record during the "baby bear" markets of 1977, 1981, and the first half of 1984. What you want to find is a timer who lost less than the market as a whole when times were tough. Verrill also warns against looking to timers for quick profits. "Their real value comes over the full course of the market cycle, which could be anywhere from thirty-six to sixty months."

Three timing services that started before the dark investing days of 1973-1974: Monitored Assets Corporation of West Des Moines, Iowa (open to investors with $2000 and up); Schield Management Company of Denver (open to investors with $10,000 and up); and Greenwich Monitrend Corp. of Fort Lee, New Jersey (open to investors with $25,000 or more).

("Money" continued on page 368)



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MONEY

(Continued from page 367)

GOING FOR BROKERS

You pick up the phone, and the stockbroker at the other end—who may or may not be your regular broker—says that *now's* the time to buy shares in Worldwide Wonder Co. Warning bells go off in your head. You don't want to miss a profitable opportunity, but you also don't want to ignore the fact that the broker is delivering a sales pitch, not impartial financial advice. Instinct tells you to reel off every tough question you can think of: What's the risk? How much are the dividends? How much will the company earn next year? And, by the way, what's the outlook for the market as a whole? But the broker, who is, essentially, a salesperson, is able to parry each of your thrusts with a reassuring answer. What's the best way to field these calls?

"If you've never done business with this broker, you need to establish your general areas of interest before you consider specific stocks," advises Michael Reinhardt, a broker with Dean Witter Reynolds, Inc. in Los Angeles. "You may want dividend income, or be looking for long-term growth, or want to speculate short-term. After you set your parameters, let the broker recommend stocks that fit your goals."

When the broker is one you've dealt with in the past, playing cross-examiner makes less sense than simply considering the recommendation in light of past advice. No one hits the jackpot every time; but if a broker has done well for you, that's probably all you need to know. If, however, the broker hasn't performed, you don't need a new stock to buy, you need a new person to buy it from.

WARRANTIES: YOUR MOVE

An outrageously beautiful, $5000 carpet bought three months ago is already starting to look worn. A $400 raincoat leaves the wearer soaking wet. The bill for a $250 pair of shoes hasn't even come yet, and one of the heels has snapped off. It's infuriating, but without a guarantee, what can be done?

Plenty. Even though most shoes, clothes, and countless other goods don't come with written guarantees, there's an excellent chance they're covered with unwritten warranties good for one year, says Karen Schnittgrund, Ph.D., the University of California's consumer economics specialist. Basically, these implied warranties promise customers that a product will do what it's supposed to.

That is a big, warm blanket, but few consumers climb underneath it as often as they could. "Instead they just get mad," Schnittgrund says. Rather than go back to the merchant and explain the problem, they take their business elsewhere. But that way everybody loses: The consumer's money is wasted, and the store will be in the dark about the product's quality.

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VOGUE'S View

Electric color, bold prints... witty hats...Schiap pink... style: sophisticated lady

By André Leon Talley

PRINT IT!

Resort kickoff: On easy shapes, word images, outscaled prints, tropical abstractions, florals

Giving a bigger splash to resort this season: outscaled prints stamped in bold colors. The mood is a nostalgic return to tropical prints à la Gauguin, Matisse-inspired graphics, 'fifties Hollywood bungalow florals.

Graffiti and word-message prints get highlighted by vivid strokes of color in abstract patterns: At New York City's Tous les Caleçons, on the easy shapes of pyjama tops and bottoms. The SoHo-based shop is also big on "couture Olympics," notes designer and owner Gilles Charriot. "I like Bianchini Ferier couture chiffon silk with big cabbage roses cut in easy Olympic-style shorts, tank tops; clothes that can be luxe sports dressing for the beach or at-home in town."

At Album, Kenzo's new lower-price line for over five hundred forty Limited Stores, the big print message is "ethnic classicism." Says Kenzo, "The Indonesian block print is timeless."

MARIO TESTINO, KAZUHIDE YAMAZAKI. Hair by Howard Fugler, makeup by Wendy Whitelow

Matisse: "Color is neither accident nor anecdote"

For easy resort life: pyjama shirt and boxer shorts in bold brush-and-word print *left*, from Tous les Caleçons; *above right*, Sylvia Heisel's Matisse-like print silk tank dress; *right*, from Kenzo's new Album Collection for The Limited Stores, pull-on pants with the look of batik. A rainbow of color: Paul Stuart's vivid red, green, and yellow cotton fishing hat, *below*.

NEWSWATCH: People are dining at Jezebel, NYC's new soul-food eatery owned by chef Alberta Wright. Seen there: Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward (she knits while waiting for her order), Mickey Rourke, Marisa Berenson.

("View" continued on page 378)

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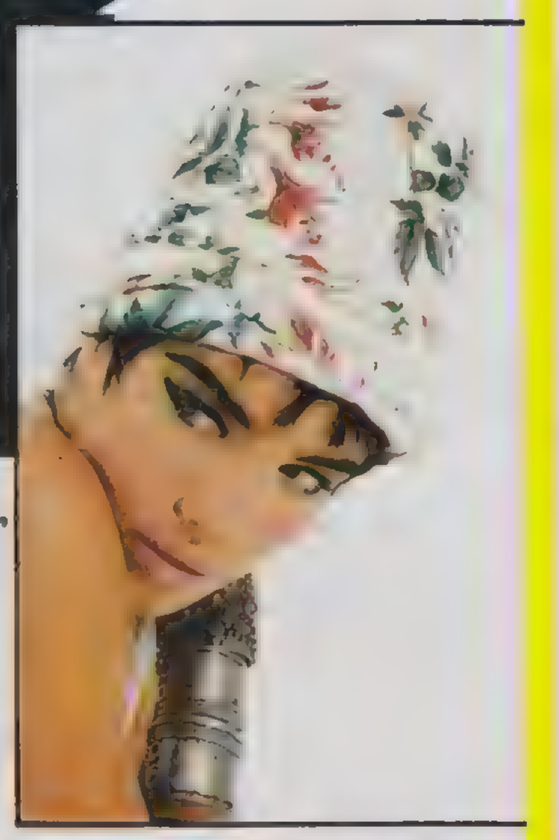
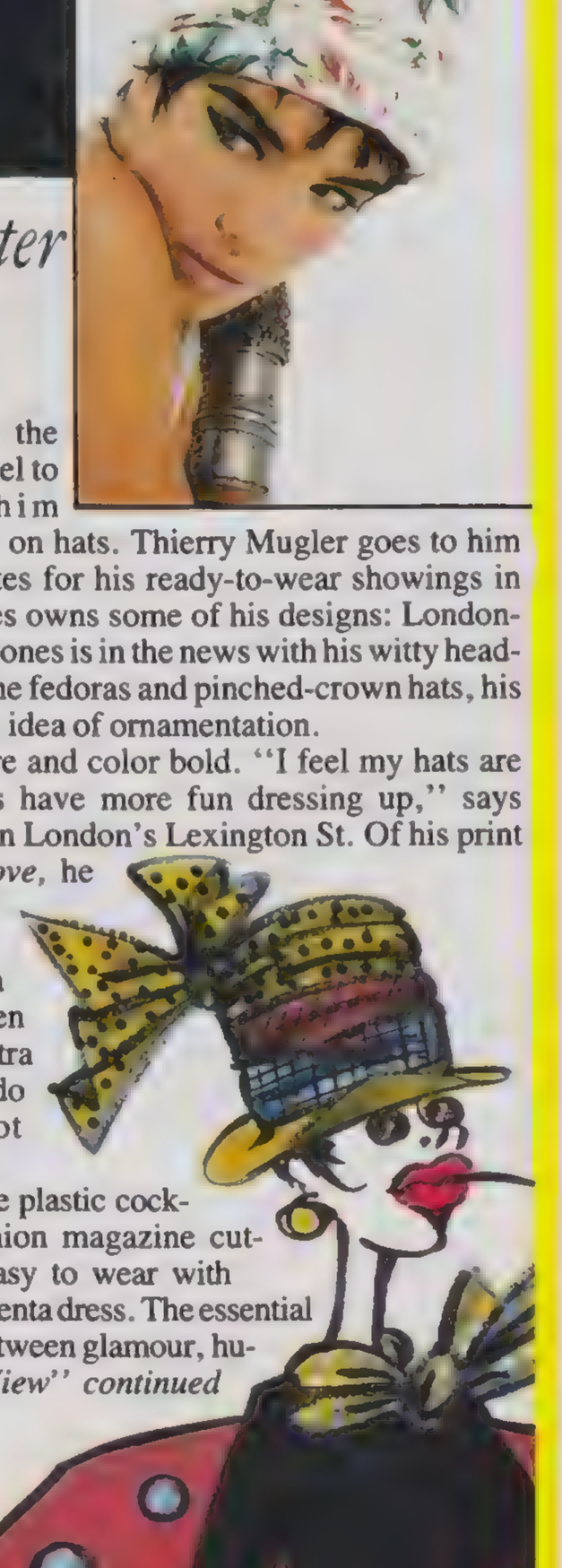


Mr. Mad Hatter Stephen Jones

Gaultier crosses the English Channel to work with him (*sketch below*) on hats. Thierry Mugler goes to him for the top notes for his ready-to-wear showings in Paris. The Princess of Wales owns some of his designs: London-based hat designer Stephen Jones is in the news with his witty headgear. In a season of masculine fedoras and pinched-crown hats, his fanciful ideas point to a new idea of ornamentation.

Shape is dramatic, texture and color bold. "I feel my hats are very American. Americans have more fun dressing up," says Jones, from his workshop on London's Lexington St. Of his print "flowerpot" hat, *inset above*, he says, "I wanted something essentially English, chintz; Evelyn Lambert, a client, inspired the hat. When Fellini asked her to be an extra in *8½*, he designed her hairdo in that shape. She has not changed it since."

A new shape—such as the plastic cocktail disc, *above*, with fashion magazine cutouts—he believes is "as easy to wear with jeans as with an Oscar de la Renta dress. The essential thing is to strike a balance between glamour, humor, and seriousness." (*"View" continued on page 382*)



SPECIAL EDITIONS

At Chanel, Karl Lagerfeld has designed ten costumes, inspired by the Jazz Age, for Jane Seymour in "The Sun Also Rises," an NBC mini-series, adapted from the Hemingway novel, to air in December. Among them, below: a wrap dress with rhinestone monogram. "I like the Jazz Age sophistication," notes Lagerfeld. "The dress-up mood of that era comes across very much to me in the late Bricktop's memoirs. I read the Hemingway book but it was Bricktop's version of elegance that I liked most."

MARIO TESTINO, KATHY TODD, JEAN-PAUL GAULTIER. Hair by Howard Fugler, makeup by Wendy Whitelow

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view

SOPHISTICATED LADY

Smashing style, Mercedes Kellogg: balancing couture refinement with invention, fusing sharp color with originality

An intriguing mix of madcap and sensibility, an inveterate globe-trotter, Manhattanite Mercedes Kellogg has many interests. Many of them, she readily admits, revolving around her husband, Francis Kellogg. A former special assistant secretary to Henry Kissinger at the State Department, Kellogg is now on the board of The World Wild Life Fund. As wife-in-the-limelight, a political and social hostess, Mercedes Kellogg entertains senators, statesmen, her international mix of friends, the Queen of Thailand with equal ease. "I dress for myself," says Iranian-born Kellogg. "When I shop in Paris at the couture, I always look for novelty. Novelty of cut isn't always the big change in couture. It can be a new fabric, a new color. Givenchy's clothes, I feel, have no time limit. That's a factor. You can be eighteen or eighty and still wear them."

"My mother first suggested I go to Givenchy about ten years ago. She said, 'Once you wear a Givenchy you'll never want to wear another designer's clothes!' I have been wearing Givenchy ever since."

Her Givenchy choices, in a season of basic black dressing: "Color, pivotal color. Red is a color that's appealing to everyone. I dress by mood, and it's always 'up.' On other nights when I want to walk in and make a splash, Givenchy's emerald-green draped dress will fit that mood."

Color is something Kellogg believes in, day or night. "I can't spend twenty-four hours a day thinking about my clothes. Saint Laurent is smart, crisp, and amusing for day. I like to add bright scarves by him or big scarves by Calvin Klein to daytime classics.

(Continued on page 384)

At night, for Mercedes Kellogg, a black-and-white crêpe and velvet second-skin dinner dress from Givenchy, left; above right, Mercedes at couture showing in Paris.

A "stopper dress" is what Mercedes Kellogg calls Givenchy's turquoise bustiered dress, left; she adds a taxi-yellow Calvin Klein scarf to a Givenchy outfit, center, in Paris. Above right: A fuller-skirted dinner dress, another Kellogg choice from her couturier of ten years, Givenchy.

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view

SOPHISTICATED LADY

(Continued from page 382)

"At night, I love to look sophisticated, grand," Mercedes Kellogg says. "But the dress always has to become my second skin. If the dress walks into the room before me, it's wrong. I buy at Givenchy because he sculpts his clothes to you. His dresses promote me, not him."

Surprise elements in Kellogg's personal style: "No matter how well dressed a woman is, a bit of naughtiness should be the final touch." She expresses that with "amusing stockings," a sense of dramatic accessories.

"There are some evenings when I think wearing what I call a 'stopper' dress is important, especially when dancing is part of the agenda. Givenchy's turquoise-and-black dress is a stopper, it will look great when moving on a dance floor."

Kellogg's changes this season: "Dramatic makeup, short hair." She did cut hers last winter. "And a sense of humor in dressing."

("View" continued on page 386)

"I think it's fun to wear red lace stockings under a black dress for a surprise. With this red dress, I might dare to wear red stockings, red YSL shoes with a rose, even put fake jewelry in the roses."

Paris fitting: Mercedes Kellogg, above, with Givenchy; the red gazar dinner dress, center. Right: Lunching at The Ritz in Paris before heading to her favorite florist, Lagautiere: Jacqueline Lagautiere does special bouquets for Kellogg to send as thank-yous.

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view

PARIS PINK

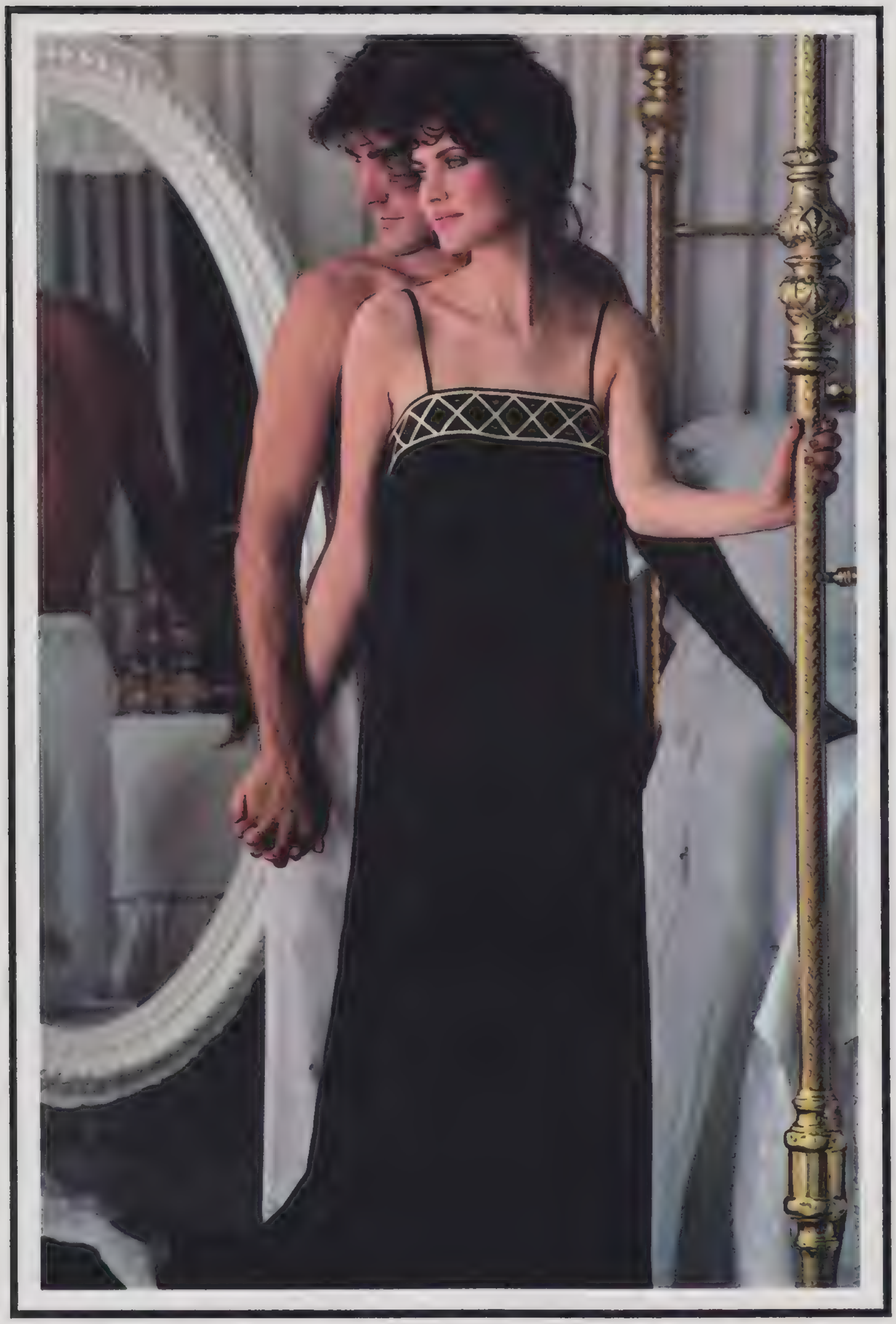
In Paris collections, vivid color, a new mood. "Schiap pink" shines again

Much ado about Schiaparelli in Paris: an *Homage to Schiaparelli* exhibition at the Musée de la Mode et du Costume, homages to the late designer in winter couture collections, respectful nods to the linchpin of her career—the creation of Shocking pink. "Bright, impossible, impudent, becoming, life-giving, like all the birds and the fish in the world put together, a shocking color," is what Schiaparelli said in her autobiography, *Shocking Life*.

At YSL, jolts of Shocking pink were integral parts of new shapes in clothes as well as accessories. "She never stopped hitting Paris in the face with the most ideal form of provocation," notes Saint Laurent, of Schiap. "If it were possible to make a cocktail of Chanel and Schiaparelli, you'd come up with something close to St. Laurent." *Above*, Schiaparelli in fantasy dress; *top right*, YSL's jacket with pink muffler. Couture-pink dress, *center*, Dior; *far right*, YSL satin jacket. *("View continued on page 392)*

Left, pink embroidery by M.F. Lesage, for Schiaparelli's 1938 "circus" collection.

Oscar de la Renta



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Fashion finds: mid-winter "classics"... model changes...what's coming: great jewels, new star designer directions

view

PEOPLE IN **FASHION** ARE TALKING ABOUT **WHAT'S COMING...**

People are talking about . . . fashion finds: at this moment, they're often "classics" with some small, quite appealing difference. That may be simply a matter of coloring: something as simple as a pair of new sweatsocks in buttercup yellow or bright neon green . . . or as luxurious as a blouson jacket from Ralph Lauren in the palest of pale-blue suede, Bottega Veneta classic luggage pieces now in cherry-red leather. Yves Saint Laurent, for fall, has come up with a new classic in pants: traditional trousers that are cut a bit above ankle, with a bit more pleating at the hip. In black or grey flannel (they also come in black satin) that extra bit of softness makes them the sort of pants that go from day to night without effort. The dress of the season—the new "classic" for resort? It's a collared linen shirtdress—made longer, a bit more ample, with an off-center buttoning. You'll see plenty of it in months to come: Calvin Klein, Anne Klein, and Ralph Lauren all have done almost indistinguishable versions.

It seems that Mickey Mouse, as an American symbol, never dies: And at age fifty-six, he's just taken on his latest incarnation for children of the Baby Boom. Newest "Mickey"s for grown-up kids: an entire clothes-*cum*-accessories collection, in stores for Christmas—cartoon-character camp shirts, boxer shorts, boatneck sweaters, "rep" ties, visors, belts; of course, there are T-shirts, too. The line (including Minnies and Plutos) comes licensed from Walt Disney Productions; the people producing it, interestingly: J.G. Hook.

"Fashions-to-come presaged by intriguing clues: a change in the appearance of models"

New directions: This month, Barry Kieselstein-Cord opens his new New York City Bergdorf Goodman boutique, inaugurating at the same time his first collection of "home furnishings" objects. "Objects," à la Kieselstein-Cord, means in sterling silver: plump-duck candlesticks, shell-shape pillbox or minaudiere, deco-y ashtrays, belt buckle-like picture frames. "Some things you can use and enjoy," says Barry Kieselstein, "that you don't have to wait to inherit." The objects, in Bergdorf's shop, will sit alongside new Kieselstein-Cord jewelry, belt buckles with sculptural shapes. Belt styles, for '84: Matisse, Gauguin, Braque, Léger.

What's new? Norma Kamali lingerie, for starters: now to be found in her New York City OMO boutique and coming to other stores later this winter. What that means: great shapes—and, for Kamali, some surprisingly "classic" ones—in charmeuse pyjamas, kimono robes, shorts, bras, teddies, short skimmer lace slips. What's great: a sense of ampleness—and suppleness—on a woman's body, a sophisticated hand with (mossy green, black, peach, white, or pearl grey) coloring, an inherent versatility. These are pieces to wear at home, wear out, work in myriad ways in your wardrobe. A Kamali pyjama top cut like a big charmeuse camp shirt, for example, is a find: simply one of the best tops around this season. . . . What's coming? For Calvin Klein fans, for '85, a completely new line of Calvin Klein sleepwear; for women who've long loved Gottex swimsuits, now there's lingerie, too, from Gottex—small cotton T-shirts, tanks, tinier bikinis, underwear pieces in makeup-pale colors. They're all made in Italy. Gottex styles, unsurprisingly, are streamlined: as spare as the best sort of bathing suits.

As much as the palest of soft pastel colorings are providing real charm for resort sportswear pieces now, that palette is giving an attractive freshness to new jewelry for spring. "Pales" show up as an abundance of semiprecious stones—rose quartz, citrines, tourmalines; as chunks of pastel rocks and crystally geodes. They're being worked into bracelets, cuffs, drop earrings in their natural rough textures and "odd" shapes. That doesn't mean off-beat arts-and-crafts pieces: a pale faceted citrine in a "natural" shape might get set up into a highly refined 18k-gold, diamond brooch by Paloma Picasso for Tiffany; cubes of pastel semiprecious stones in pale colors are assembled into strong, swirly cuff bracelets by Jessica Rose. Something else to watch for in new jewelry—and it's not unrelated in thinking: geometrics with a three-dimensional look. Jyunko Sonohara's new earrings and link bracelets in burnished gold, silver or niobium look like charming products of an architect's sketchbook: 3-D parallelograms, triangles, cubes.

Fashions-to-come, it often seems, are presaged by intriguing clues: At this moment, what's interesting are some noticeable changes in the appearance of models. What's up? Almost across the board, young women these days are growing out the cropped boyish haircuts that easily suited this fall's menswear-based clothes. Some model agencies are reporting a greater demand again for blond hair: for longer, "softer" looking hair; for a more "feminine" look and somewhat smaller-frame bodies. What that bodes: not a change in prevailing notions of attractiveness in women, simply a predictable—coming—turn to a more "feminine," flirtatious fashion.

—KATHLEEN MADDEN

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WHAT TO THINK ABOUT AS FASHION TURNS A SEASON—

THE NEWS, THE PLEASURES THAT CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE NOW...AND IN MONTHS TO COME

To put it simply: November allows for the expression of different fashion thoughts. As a moment of transition, a bridge between winter and spring on the fashion calendar, it can tell you about what's coming, what's changing, and what's happened to certain key fashion ideas.

November is, in fact, less about big "fashion messages," and more about a real delight in dressing. For one thing, it's about evening, and all that implies. For another, it's about resort dressing—and the season is not one that usually starts major trends. This year, it's not a season that sets off any firecrackers, but it does provide very welcome options. You won't necessarily find clothes that cover all the bases, but you will find some very charming things to consider.

Clearly, the mood of fashion has changed. The pervasive mantailoring, the strictness of fall and winter dressing are no longer part of the picture. There is a gentler, softer turn to dressing. The first indication—the coloring. After muted colors, darkened tweeds and plaids, there are now the prettiest, palest tint-of-color colors. Their appeal speaks for itself. Another change: a sudden burst of vivid tropical prints—again, marking a departure. At their best—very South Seas/Gauguin inspired—they add a raciness to everything they color.

This is a season that traditionally brings a focus on bareness; this year is no exception. But now there are key differences in the way the body is revealed. There's the legginess of short skirts and dresses; the legginess of long-but-slit and sarong-wrap skirts. And—news everywhere—walking shorts in every texture, every area of warm-weather dressing: from the classic ease of ivory linen shorts with a jacket to match and a linen shirt, to the flirt of a tropical-print silk shirt and bandeau top with print walking shorts, to the new punch of neon-color thin gabardine walking shorts with an oversized jacket as part of a new—unexpected—city suit dressing. . . . There's a new degree of sleevelessness this season—with dresses and tops cut further in on the arm to reveal a little more shoulder, and cut deeper under the armhole.

But the real focus of attention, of bareness—the back—revealed in a number of new ways . . . in charming linen sundresses for day with crisscross strap backs, and the same idea worked for evening in more sophisticated versions—dark navy crêpe, cross-strapped, buttoned in gold. There are new cropped tops, scooped low and buttoned in back; there's the glamorous ease of an oversized black cashmere pullover, bared in back; and from the couture, the understated impact of a simple, narrow, covered-in-front dress that turns to reveal a cut-out of bareness, edged in jewels. Given the above, it's not unexpected that this is also a season of maillots with new design centered in back—suits that are innovatively cut out, shirred, strapped.

The same spirit of innovation—and a very real charm—continue to change the world of leisure dressing; dressing that's gone beyond recycled warm-ups. New options include: soft, slightly oversized terry trousers in white to wear with a new camp shirt (one of the season's key tops). Or a beguiling easy-to-wear jumpsuit in the thinnest silk, the prettiest color—sometimes, with a matching padded cotton blouson to throw on top. There are new romper suits and skinny cotton-knit pants, cut just like long johns, with suspenders and matching bare tank tops.

There's even more of a change in another level of leisure dressing—a kind of dressing that's less casual, more sophisticated, racier for places and moments that call for something less casual. What works: one of the season's new linen dresses—and it's a dress that's pervasive—long, and easy-fitting, with a one-button or fly-front closing, in white or a pale, pretty color—it appears in collection after collection. At its best, perhaps, in this leisure context, belted or not, with a flat, bare sandal. In a similar context, the contrast of narrow-fitting riding pants and a big oversized satin top . . . or classic pieces done perfectly: the best cuffed white linen trousers with the best cashmere polo shirt or pullover. These are all slightly unexpected, and very attractive options—options that symbolize a more modern thinking on leisure dressing.

Very much in demand this month, this whole time of year: evening dressing. To answer that demand, evening clothes that follow the narrow lines, the body-conscious shapes of the past season, in similarly luxurious textures. The added attraction now: color. The very real delight of a bright red, body-wrapping strapless dress . . . or a rich green velvet skirt with a silver-shimmered green top . . . brilliant yellow satin pants and an even more brilliant yellow and black sequined jacket. Even as an accent, color is highly effective at night: the purple satin waistband and sash on a grey flocked velvet dress or a dazzling tricolor waist-wrap on a background of black silk.

Something else to keep your eye on: the beginning of a more easygoing, more understated quality to evening. Evening clothes that are as "dressed" as the occasion demands, but narrow, uncomplicated in line, more relaxed in the wearing, in the way they feel on—a dress that fits with all the ease of a sweater and skirt, or a pyjama; a dress that's low-key but equal in impact to just about anything at night.

In a month of transition, you stand a better chance of finding seasonless clothes. The kinds of clothes we all need more of as we move from city to city, climate to climate. Behind their adaptability, and mobility: lightweight textures, neutral colors. And what you find now: some of the best seasonless choices have evolved from prevalent fall shapes. A good example: the jumpsuit you saw for fall in pinstriped navy wool is now in crisp navy linen, just as polished, just as pulled together in effect. There's the continuing attraction of the sarong-wrap skirt—in a new seasonless navy-ground linen print. And a seasonless turn to coat dressing: an easy balmacaan in gutsy flax linen to slide over a white blouse and black trousers, to slide over just about anything; the versatility is built in to this way of dressing.

By its very nature, this isn't a season where you expect to find jackets in great quantity. And certainly the absence of overly tailored jackets is a relief. But what has evolved from fall—and what's exceedingly charming—a short, waist-length jacket, shaped and rounded through the shoulder, and terrific over anything narrow . . . in bright-color wool . . . in fur, day or night, as a change from the season's omnipresent oversized coats . . . or in quilted nylon as a country/cold weather jacket.

What you do expect to find this month: something a little more dazzling, a little more daring. There are no disappointments on that score. In fact, evening "effects"—in makeup, in hair—get more dazzling. What has changed: our approach, and it makes all the difference. There's a certain selectivity and discrimination that come into play. Instead of all-over color or shimmer, makeup has one point of dazzle: a fantasy-color eye on a matte neutral face, or a single brush of silver from cheek to brow. Instead of an elaborate look to hair, there's a more unstudied, casual look . . . and it allows for the addition of one of the new ornamental hats—of tulle or sequins that just plops on . . . or hair can take flecks of glitter adding an unexpected shimmer. The point is: we know when to start . . . and when to stop. We know the difference between a needed, healthy touch of fantasy at night and an old-fashioned kind of artifice. It's another example—and this issue is filled with them—of a very welcome, very appealing kind of change.

Catching the spirit of a new season—multi-talented, young actress Lori Singer, whose real-life movie career has taken off with a similar fast start (more about it, *below*). What's starting on these ten pages: the season's news. And, in a season of charming differences, these are the welcome changes to keep your eye on. The first of which—you see it instantly, *right*—a change in coloring. Now, there's a tempting palette of soft, tint-of-color hues—colors that turn the mood, heighten the appeal of everything they "touch"... More of a change: the vividly colored tropical prints you'll find later in this issue. Together, they establish a new mood of dressing—a departure from fall's dark/neutral coloring mix...Whatever the color, look for changes in texture: everything is lighter, thinner, softer—silks, linens, the thinnest gabardines—fabrics in keeping with the character of resort/warm-weather dressing...Another key change for resort: new definitions of bareness, new ways of revealing the body. There's the legginess of short dresses, of long-but-slit skirts or leg-baring sarong-wrap skirts. And the legginess of new walking shorts—often acting as a short-skirt equivalent. There's a different kind of sleevelessness—not only are arms bared, but shoulders as well; everything is cut further in on the arm, and cut deeper at the armhole. But the most outstanding change: a new bareness in back—there are bare-back dresses, day and night; tops; sweaters (all, in addition to the more expected bareness of maillots) that are cut-out, cross-strapped, exposed in inventive new ways. A look at all of the above changes on these ten pages...

LORI SINGER Charming is a word that applies equally well to Lori Singer, but it hardly tells the story. This enthusiastic and fast-rising actress has had, in a few short years, a string of successes, all of them different. First, there's the fact that she's a Juilliard-trained classical cellist. And, in a case of art imitating life, she played the role of the cellist, Julie, in TV's popular *Fame*. From that success, it was a quick transition to film, and she started with a winner: *Footloose*. Due out in January, her second movie, John Schlesinger's *The Falcon and The Snowman*, in which she co-stars with Timothy Hutton and Sean Penn. To be followed by: *The Man With One Red Shoe*, a spy spoof. The commitment is to acting: "I love it; I love becoming someone else. I love the challenge. The whole world opens up to you."

Perfect example of the season's changes, *right:* Calvin Klein's classic, slightly oversized, patch-pocket shirt and soft-pleated trousers ... now, in the prettiest pale-peach silk crêpe de Chine. Shirt, about $180; pants, about $170. Lord & Taylor; Saks-Jandel; Montaldo's; Burdines; Bullock's; Nordstrom, San Mateo CA. These ten pages: hair, John Sahag; makeup, Margaret Avery. For details, more stores, see last pages this issue.

ESORT '84: A

SEASON OF CHARMING DIFFERENCES

Steven Meisel

LORI SINGER

A definite shift to prettier colors, to prettier dresses! . . . and to bareness that takes on new shapes. Most appealing—most prevalent—bareness in back, the season's new center of attraction. The attraction, *near right,* Lori Singer in Calvin Klein's criss-cross-back sundress in a wonderful pale-blue linen—it captures the feeling, the charm of the season. About $190. December at Bloomingdale's; Filene's; Neiman-Marcus. . . . There's something irresistible, *far right,* about a dress this feminine, this flirty, this color! Kasper's brilliant-pink silk jacquard dinner dress, cut in on the shoulder to reveal bare arms and a little more, "wrapped" at the hip to hold the body. Kasper for Joan Leslie. About $212. Late November at Altman's; Rich's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson. Details, see last pages.

CHARMING DIFFERENCES...IN COLORING, IN MOOD

Steven Meisel

Steven Meisel

LORI SINGER

News now: the way a change of color heightens the appeal of inherently appealing classics. At its best, at Ralph Lauren, *far left:* his trousers in an irresistible mauve-pink suede (about $798); a classic V-neck cashmere vest in soft yellow (about $398); and a crisp white linen camp shirt (about $190). Jan., Bergdorf Goodman; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Phoenix AZ; Nordstrom, San Mateo, CA; I. Magnin. . . . In eye-catching color—a Stephen Sprouse signature—*near left,* his wonderful oversized jacket in chartreuse wool gabardine (about $640); and matching walking shorts (about $180); with a sleeveless silk jersey T-shirt (about $140). Jan. at Bloomingdale's; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Dayton's; Maxfield, Los Angeles; I. Magnin. Details, more stores, see last pages.

CHARMING DIFFERENCES...WITH A STRONG ACCENT ON COLOR

Steven Meisel

LORI SINGER

Key to the season: provocative new takes on bareness. *Left,* from Julio, a stretchy, hug-of-black dress, as body-conscious as a bathing suit (and, in fact, it's the top of a suit that can be worn gathered at the hip, with a matching bikini!). About $90. Of Antron/ Lycra. Dec., Bloomingdale's; Jerrie Shop, Cedarhurst NY; Cameo Stores, Philadelphia; Burdines, Mayfair and Dadeland FL; Sassafras, Madison WI; Nordstrom, San Mateo CA. . . . Bareness with a sizzle, *right,* from Stephen Sprouse. His very short, shimmered, one-shoulder dress of brilliant paillettes. About $675. Dec., Bergdorf Goodman; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Hattie, Palm Beach FL and Scottsdale AZ; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. Details, more stores, next to last pages.

CHARMING DIFFERENCES...IN THE WAY THE BODY IS REVEALED

CHARMING DIFFERENCES...

LORI SINGER

Continuing at night: the prettiness, the captivating charm of the season. And bareness—as seen from the back. A romantic interpretation of the news at Valentino Night, *left*—his V-back evening dress in dotted black silk—gently "ruffled" and slit, narrow yet soft, it won a rave from Lori Singer. About $1390. January at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Valentino Boutique at Saks-Jandel, Chevy Chase MD; Valentino Boutique, Washington DC; Ultimo, Chicago; Frederick & Nelson. . . . As disarming as a sundress, and as sophisticated as dressing-at-night demands, *right:* in Oscar de la Renta's criss-cross-back evening dress of navy silk crêpe buttoned in gold. About $1150. Late December at Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin; John Baldwin; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus; Sakowitz. Details, more stores, see next to last pages.

GIVE A NEW LOOK TO EVENING

Steven Meisel

A new direction for resort—straight from the South Seas: dressing based on upbeat colors, lively tropical prints; in shapes often based on Hawaiian shirts, translated into various new ways of dressing . . . translated here into a dress that's one of the most appealing of the season—loose, easy, big in the shoulder, bold in its colorful palm-tree print. Of silk, by Albert Nipon Collectibles, about $200. Late November at Bloomingdale's; Godchaux's, New Orleans; Neiman-Marcus; Frost Bros.; Montaldo's, Denver; I. Magnin. . . . More color: in accessories—a splashy scarf wrapping a softer, bigger hat; jewelry that's vervy, witty, one-of-a-kind. . . . *Beauty Note:* Irresistible colors in makeup—lips glossed with Platinum Mauve; cheeks blushed with Rose Amethyst, both from Ultima II. These twelve pages: Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Linda Mason. Details, more stores, see next to last pages.

Jean Pagliuso

resort dressing with... a new tropical punch!

a new tropical punch!

More of the appeal of tropical prints; more of the new treatments, new shapes this season. It could be as charming as Emanuel Ungaro's wonderful little silk dinner dress, *opposite page*, that slips on, wraps, goes just about anywhere, delights in its colorful print. About $950. December at Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques NYC; Palm Beach; Houston; Colitti, Millburn NJ; Dayton's; Loretta Blum, Dallas . . . . *This page*: From Gloria Sachs, key shapes with the key idea of color and print, often in unexpected—always amusing—combinations: a blue floral linen camp shirt (about $260), and matching shorts (about $220), with a pink polka-dot silk bandeau (about $60). January at Lord & Taylor; Kaufmann's; Montaldo's; L.S. Ayres, Indianapolis, IN; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. . . . *Beauty Note:* The key colors in makeup, from Stendhal—Rhapsodie blush, #41 Lipstick. The setting: Miami Beach, Florida, now enjoying a renaissance: in spirit—increasingly lively, young, energetic . . . and in architecture—revving up its Art Deco treasures, re-styling them with amusing pastel paint-jobs—the kinds of colors glimpsed on these twelve pages. Fashion information, additional stores, last pages.

Jean Pagliuso

More of the difference—of the lift—delivered by a gaily colored print, by a breezy little dress. It's what you get, what you see immediately, with Thierry Mugler's splashy silk crêpe de Chine dress, attractive in its narrowness, its legginess; given a sarong effect with its inventively designed attached jacket that ties at the waist. About $900. December at Bergdorf Goodman; Caché, Florida; Ultimo, Chicago; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; T.S. Woman at Torie Steele, Beverly Hills. . . . Another new direction, *this page*: pleating in the back—a developing area of interest, a focal point you'll see a good deal more of in the following pages. . . . *Beauty Note:* More back interest, surfacing as the focal point of a haircut . . . and a new use of color, with a lighter shade on top, contributing a look of thickness to the bluntness of the cut. One way to lighten hair selectively: with Clairol's Frost & Tip. Fashion details, last pages.

a new tropical punch!

Jean Pagliuso

a new tropical punch!

[illegible] mini-[illegible] [illegible] pr[illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible], neon [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

a new tropical punch!

Here's the trend of the season: sizzling colors, and the equally "hot" idea of a back exposed in inventive ways—news that extends to every kind of resort news that you'll see on these four pages in maillots with a new level of design, a new interest in the back. You can see it, *this page*, in Giorgio Sant'Angelo's knockout suit: forcefully colored, boldly strapped, highly revealing in the back. Of Antron/Lycra, about $50. For Capriccio. Late November at Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's; Burdines; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. . . . *Opposite page:* A new definition of the body, delivered in Gabar's raspberry maillot, shirred in back, tied in front. Of Antron/Lycra, about $44. Late November at Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Davison's, Atlanta; I. Magnin; Liberty House of Hawaii. In the background, a look at more hot color: Miami Beach's signature coral-splashed buildings. Details, next to last pages.

Jean Pagliuso

a new tropical punch!

Focal point of the season: the back. Focal point of Valentino's bright purple maillot, *left*: a charming little twist in back that shirrs the suit and shapes the body, of nylon/spandex. About $50. Saks Fifth Avenue; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Montaldo's; Jacobson's, Florida; Valentino Boutique, Palm Beach FL; Frost Bros. *Opposite*: The message, from Stephen Sprouse—a different kind of suit, T-strapped in back, in a bright pink graffiti print of Lycra. About $81. December at Bloomingdale's; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Montaldo's; Jordan Marsh, Miami; Hattie; Neiman-Marcus. More:

FUR: A WHITER SHADE OF PALE

All in all this season, the big, long-haired furs in a wonderful new range of white and whitened-blond colorings are ones worth watching. It's something about their size—ample enough to slide with ease over big-scaled clothes—combined with the refinement of the look of a fur in white, that makes them unusually inviting this year. The pale, honey-flecked vanilla natural Canadian lynx from Bill Blass, *opposite*, is a case in point: a big, full-length wrap of a coat, with a rich depth of color worked into it that "warms" the tonality And, like all the furs on these pages, it's the most luxurious of its kind. Bill Blass for Mohl Furs, about $35,000. Burdines; Marshall Field's; Colbert's, Amarillo TX; Bullocks Wilshire; I. Magnin, San Francisco . . . And, *this page*, a whiter shade of pale from The Revillon Fur Collection: their oversized, double-breasted steamer coat in pure, snow-white mink—so white that it seems to sparkle with an almost silvery sheen. About $17,500. Available at The Revillon Salon at Saks Fifth Avenue. Silver blue fox earmuffs by Lenore Marshall. . . . *Beauty Note:* A warmer shade of makeup color, opposite—Chanel's Tawny Beige Creme Makeup; Sandalwood blush. Hair, these six pages, Suga of Suga Salon, NYC; makeup, François Nars. Fashion details, more stores, see next to last pages.

Penn

Penn

FUR: A WHITER SHADE OF PALE

The subtle luxury of a white fur when it's "shaded" with color—Grosvenor Canada oversized mid-calf silver blue natural Saga shadow fox, *opposite*. About $16,000. Fur Galleria, Cedarhurst NY; Furs by Robert, Troy MI; Thomas E. McElroy Furs, Chicago; Alaskan Fur Company, Kansas City MO; Szor-Diener Furs, Dallas; Edwards-Lowell, Beverly Hills. . . . Another example—another fur that catches the eye, *at right*, from H.B.A. Furs: their collarless snow-frost Mongolian lamb jacket to the waist, with a beautiful, glowing "platinum blond" undertone. About $2250. Roberts-Neustadter Furs, Boston; Nan Duskin; Frost Bros.; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ; I. Magnin, San Francisco. . . .*Beauty Note:* The eye-catching color, *left*, Charles of the Ritz's Perfect Mocha eyeshadow. Details, more stores, see last pages.

FUR: A WHITER SHADE OF PALE

The most luxurious fox: Valentino's dramatic, rounded mid-calf coat, *opposite*, in a new unique coloring: coral-dyed silver shadow fox, warm, ivory-white, marked with a soft, golden coral. About $20,000. Valentino Furs for Alfonso Telese. To order at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Abravanel Furs, Pittsburgh PA; Saks-Jandel; Furs by Weiss, Cleveland OH; Sakowitz. . . . And, *this page*, what may be one of the most precious of furs in any color: a full-length, natural white Russian lynx coat from Saks-Jandel. With beautiful markings, a big shawl collar, all enhanced by an almost irresistible lightness. About $175,000. Saks-Jandel, Chevy Chase-Washington, DC. Details, next to last pages.

ANOTHER SIDE TO EVENING...

yet with definite presence—

and a "diamond" tiara at

the waist. Fabric by Mo-

reau. A striking defi-

nition of shape and another

wonderful waistline—

Yves Saint Laurent's ban-

ner of wrap-and-tie color

right, on an open-back dress

of black Moroccan silk crêpe

that fits as simply as a sweat-

er. Fabric by Abraham.

Dominique Isserman

More understated charm at night in two quietly sensational dresses. Each as easy on, as uncomplicated in the wearing, as a pyjama. . . . Left, Givenchy's narrow black silk velvet dress with dazzling back interest—a cut-out of bareness edged in jet and pearls. And, right, at Dior, Marc Bohan's simple silk chiffon tank-top dress with more—panne velvet insets, pleats from the knee, a jet-and-lace belt. And a small jewel of a matching jacket. Velvet, Bucol. These four pages: hair by Vincent of Faces, makeup by Cindy Joseph of Faces.

ANOTHER SIDE TO EVENING...

FRAGRANCE: THE GRAND ALLURE

THE MEMORY... BY HOLLY BRUBACH

The war was over, and my father, on his way home from a tour of duty that ended in Germany, stopped off in Paris and bought my mother, his girlfriend at the time, a bottle of Chanel No. 5. Not long after, they were married, and eventually they had a daughter: as a little girl, I was required to help out around the house, and one of my chores was dusting. I dusted that bottle of Chanel No. 5 week in and week out, year after year, watching the liquid inside turn from amber to brown, the level go from almost full to slightly less than almost full. My mother had other perfumes, some of which she wore regularly but none of which she seemed to notice. Nor, for that matter, did I. They came and went like indifferent chorus girls hired to frame the star, grouped in a half-circle on a mirrored vanity tray, with the bottle from Paris downstage center.

When my mother actually wore her Chanel No. 5, which she hardly ever did, she rationed it—one dot behind each ear, one dot per wrist—as if the bottle my father had given her could never be refilled. Occasions that merited this precious perfume were, in my mother's estimation, few and sometimes a year or two between—mostly red-letter days, like anniversaries, or black-tie dinners celebrating my father's latest promotion. As my parents were on their way out, my mother would kiss me good night, and the warm, mellow, vaguely spicy smell that I had learned to recognize as Chanel No. 5 alerted me that they were embarked on something momentous. There was one exception, the day my mother arrived home from the hospital after having come through a rather serious operation. Very slowly and deliberately, as if the act required great concentration, she applied her quota of perfume and then spent the afternoon sitting in a chair, staring out the window. I knew then that that bottle of perfume stood in my mother's mind for the promise of better times to come: she had set it apart and venerated it until it had become something more than perfume, a source of strength.

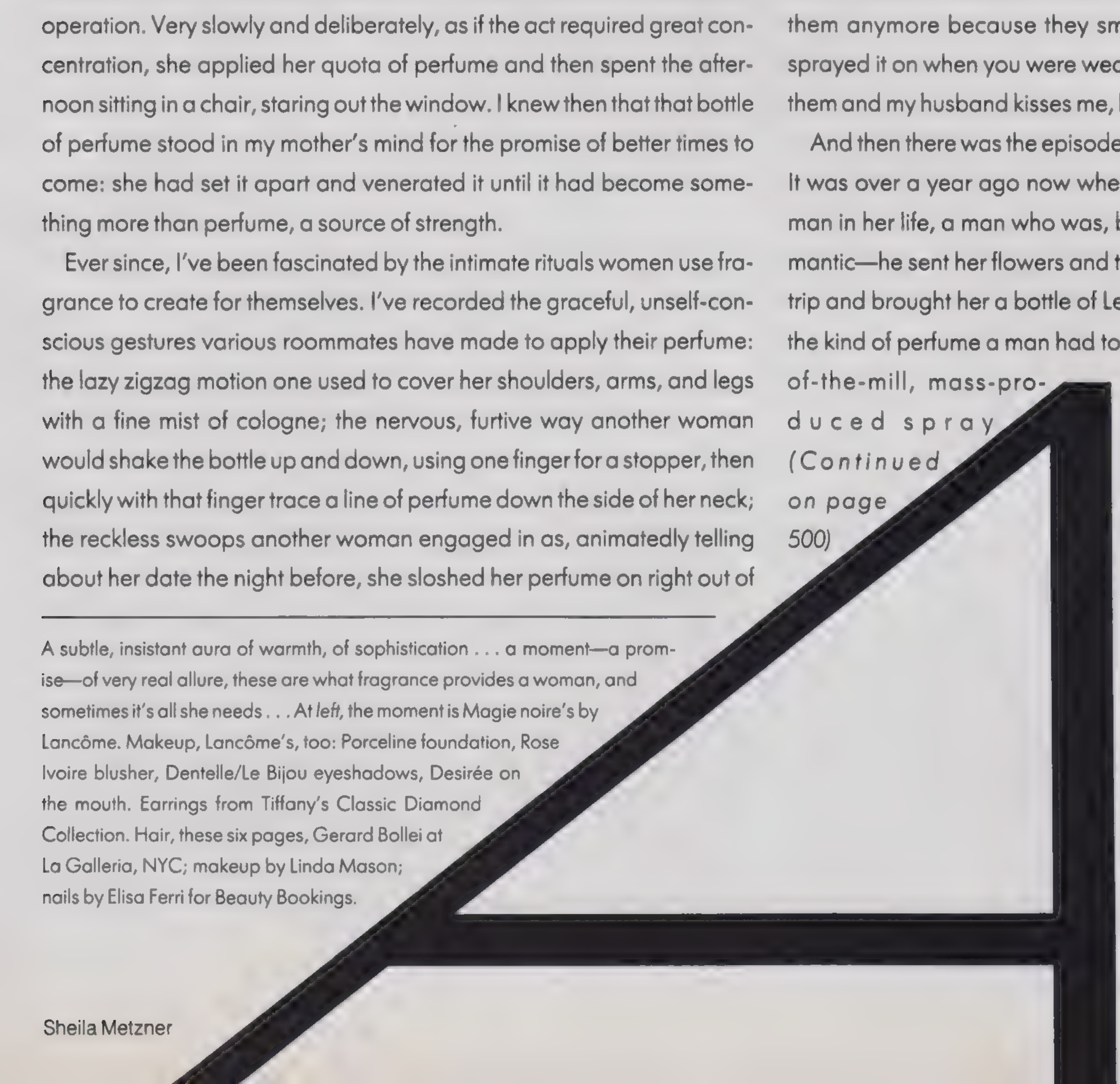
Ever since, I've been fascinated by the intimate rituals women use fragrance to create for themselves. I've recorded the graceful, unself-conscious gestures various roommates have made to apply their perfume: the lazy zigzag motion one used to cover her shoulders, arms, and legs with a fine mist of cologne; the nervous, furtive way another woman would shake the bottle up and down, using one finger for a stopper, then quickly with that finger trace a line of perfume down the side of her neck; the reckless swoops another woman engaged in as, animatedly telling about her date the night before, she sloshed her perfume on right out of the bottle. One of these women wore fragrance only in the evening, one wore it only on the days when she played tennis, but the other wouldn't have left the house without it, and neither would I.

For both of us, the fragrance we wore had some deep, direct connection to our morale. We took for granted that a woman's scent becomes indelibly associated with her in other people's minds. We were young, in our early twenties, with rickety identities—one day it seemed that we were ravishingly attractive, or daring, or brilliant, the next that we were hopelessly plain, or weak, or dim—but we both wore the same fragrance every day, regardless, as if to steady ourselves. For the other two women, fragrance was not unlike jewelry, mere decoration. Their view was undoubtedly more convenient than ours. The two of us, though we never discussed it, shared the conviction that scent was brash and wise; we were in awe of what it could do. It went rummaging around, without permission, among memories we had relegated to the attic, and there was no telling what it would come up with. Scent for us was an adventure.

More recently, I was having lunch with a friend, who admired my earrings. "Here, take them," I said—it seemed to me that she appreciated them more than I did, and therefore deserved them; they had found their rightful owner. She took them and wore them for a few weeks, then stopped. Months went by and I never saw them on her again. One day, we went shopping together and she bought a necklace. "That will be nice with the earrings I gave you," I told her. She looked embarrassed. "I have to tell you something about those earrings," she said. "I never wear them anymore because they smell of your perfume. You must have sprayed it on when you were wearing them, and now, whenever I wear them and my husband kisses me, he says the smell reminds him of you."

And then there was the episode I watched another friend live through. It was over a year ago now when I first began hearing about the new man in her life, a man who was, by her description, perfect. And so romantic—he sent her flowers and telegrams, came back from a business trip and brought her a bottle of Le Dix. We both agreed that Le Dix was the kind of perfume a man had to make a real effort to buy, not the run-of-the-mill, mass-produced spray

(Continued on page 500)



A subtle, insistant aura of warmth, of sophistication . . . a moment—a promise—of very real allure, these are what fragrance provides a woman, and sometimes it's all she needs . . . At *left*, the moment is Magie noire's by Lancôme. Makeup, Lancôme's, too: Porceline foundation, Rose Ivoire blusher, Dentelle/Le Bijou eyeshadows, Desirée on the mouth. Earrings from Tiffany's Classic Diamond Collection. Hair, these six pages, Gerard Bollei at La Galleria, NYC; makeup by Linda Mason; nails by Elisa Ferri for Beauty Bookings.

Sheila Metzner

AN EVOCATION OF FRAGRANCE BECOMES A JOURNEY INTO TIME AND THE IMAGINATION

FRAGRANCE: THE GRAND ALLURE

Although fragrance has a way of circumventing typecasting, for extroverts, entrepreneurs, and those of decisive opinions, certain ones carry an unequivocal message . . . Detchema by Revillon (in a new stronger formula created especially for today's woman) . . . Scoundrel by Revlon . . . Forever Krystle by Charles of the Ritz ("inspired" by *Dynasty's* Krystle, Linda Evans). "D" flawless necklace of perfectly matched round brilliant-cut diamonds from Tiffany's Classic Diamond Collection. Grey silk charmeuse negligee by Jackie Rogers. Details, see next to last pages.

Sheila Metzner

FRAGRANCE: THE GRAND ALLURE

THE MYSTERY... BY SHIRLEY LORD

Absence of real facts about fragrance has probably enhanced its magical—even mystical—reputation. Indeed, over the centuries, much of its allure has been its mysterious power to evoke sensations, provoke situations, and—on encounter with the same scent weeks or even years later—to provide instant recall of either or both.

With today's new and serious focus on our sense of smell—once erroneously considered the poor relation of all the senses—we know that how and what we smell contributes enormously to the way we think and behave, and that has caused fragrance to come under increasing scrutiny. As far as the fragrance makers are concerned, valuable insight is being gained as to why we choose what we choose when we go out to buy.

In *The H&R Book of Perfume*, a volume recently published with the help of Haarmann & Reimer, one of Europe's major fragrance companies, it is pointed out that until now there has been little difference between creating and marketing a fragrance product and a brand of cigarettes. Market research has been carried out for both products in an identical manner, with potential target groups selected only in terms of age and background—and no attention being paid to personality traits. And yet studies have proved the most important factor in selecting fragrance *is* the personality or "mood" of the buyer. The only surprising thing about this is that it has taken so long to establish.

Perfume scholar Edwin T. Morris, who teaches courses on the history of culture at The New School, New York University, and on fragrance at The Fashion Institute of Technology, says, "Smell is our most primitive and powerful link to the outside world: it affects our appetite, our sex drive, our moods. It is no wonder perfume has played such an important role in history."

Perhaps there is a clue as to why fragrance has only recently begun to be analyzed seriously in the introduction to his current book *Fragrance: The Story of Perfume from Cleopatra to Chanel* (Scribner's): "When I first became interested in the history of perfumes and fragrances I felt embarrassed, as if I were researching trivia or had become the archivist of idleness . . . and really were not perfumes and scents merely a pleasant extravagance for women to indulge in during their leisure hours? The more I studied the historical records, the more I saw that in all major civilizations fragrance was a cultural need associated with magic, pleasure, and even healing and therapy . . . Now our culture is retreating from puritanism and coming to an appreciation of scent. Researchers . . . have uncovered an almost ESP-like quality in our great information processor and storer, the sense of smell, our 'chemical' equivalent of the sense of touch."

As William S. Cain, Ph.D., at Yale University, says, "Olfactory images furnish us with a great mass of what we may call 'by-sensations,' accompanying us through life, their emotional force often having a duality. The same odor may be at one moment highly pleasant, the next highly unpleasant, in accordance with the emotional attitude resulting from its association. Visual images have no such flexibility."

Now that medical research has documented the fact that our olfactory receptors are directly linked with the emotional centers in our limbic systems, fragrance "creativity" is much more concerned with personality "profiles." Studies are also under way trying to pinpoint why some fragrances do well in certain countries and not in others. One important conclusion has already been reached. What is as variable as "mood"? The weather, of course. Climate, it has been established, plays a very definite part in perfume selection.

For instance, in hot, dry places, more intense fragrances sell exceptionally well—those such as Je Reviens by Parfums Worth, Chantilly by Houbigant, Dioressence by Christian Dior, Paloma Picasso by Warner Cosmetics, Shalimar by Guerlain, Sophia by Coty, Bal à Versailles by Desprez, Joy de Jean Patou, and Private Collection by Estée Lauder. One reason is that in hot, dry air our sense of smell is impaired: the nasal mucous membrane loses moisture, making it more difficult for fragrance to be transmitted to the olfactory receptors. So a stronger fragrance makes sense.

In a tropical climate, lighter, yet lingering fragrances are very appealing, very much in demand: ones like Anaïs Anaïs by Cacharel, Calandre by Paco Rabanne, Ombre Rose by Jean-Charles Brosseau, First de Van Cleef, and a delightful new one called Noha-In by Parfums Perac. This is because hot, humid air intensifies fragrance values—again through olfactory dysfunction.

In temperate zones, when rain falls after a long dry spell in summer, the olfactory sense is suddenly enhanced, causing a flood of stimuli, which apparently soon results in "nose fatigue," a deadening of the sense of smell—so a favorite fragrance can suddenly become less appealing.

In the fragrance industry this is called a "swing phenomenon," and it helps to account for the fact that although fragrances have proliferated at an extraordinary rate during the last decade, the ratio of successes to entries has been very low. Our olfactory sense, in other words, although superb in lifting spirits when inhaling the right fragrance and astonishingly accurate in summoning up even long ago *(Continued on page 501)*

AS THE FACTS OF FRAGRANCE'S ATTRACTION PROLIFERATE, ITS MYSTERY ONLY GROWS DEEPER...

The tactile power of perfume in liquid, powder, or cream form, smoothed on damp, cool skin, is soothing, softening, above all emphasizes the "parent" fragrance that you dab on later . . . Specially skin-caring: Ruffles Silken Whispers Bath Collection by Oscar de la Renta, Jacomo de Jacomo Body Refresher, Jovan's Whisper of Musk Dusting Powder, Estée Lauder's Cinnabar Perfumed Body Lotion, Nocturnes de Caron Body Powder, Niki de Saint Phalle's Perfumed Body Creme, White Shoulders L.v.L. Body Lotion by Evyan Perfumes, and Minnetonka's Roger & Gallet Bath Collection. Next year: Guerlain's Jardins de Bagatelle Body Collection. Sterling mirror, Barry Kieselstein-Cord; tap pants, OMO Norma Kamali. Details, see last pages.

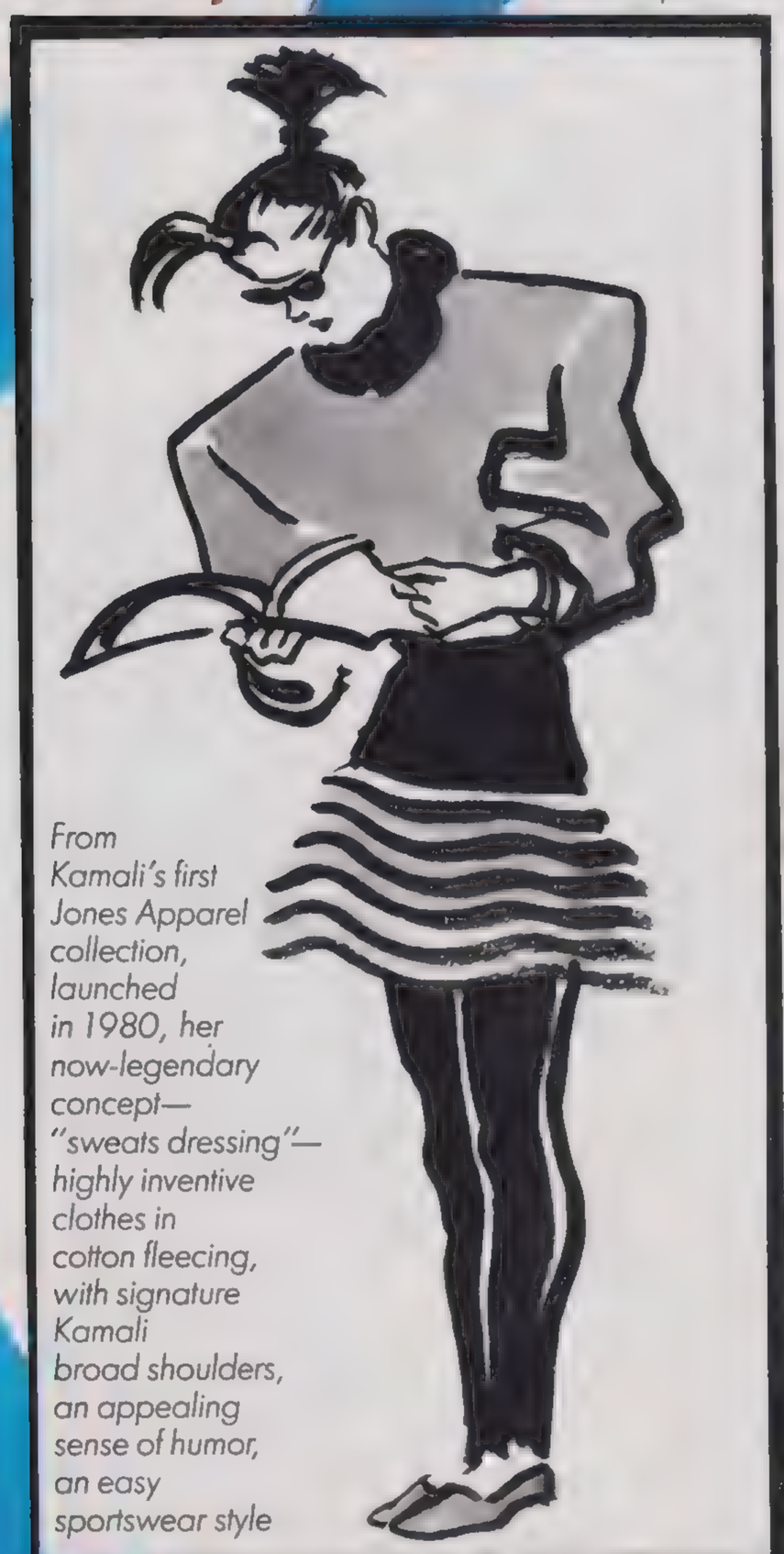
Sheila Metzner

True wit

The zany world of Norma Kamali, dressing at all times with a sense of sophisticated humor, a unique charm captured in these pages by Antonio

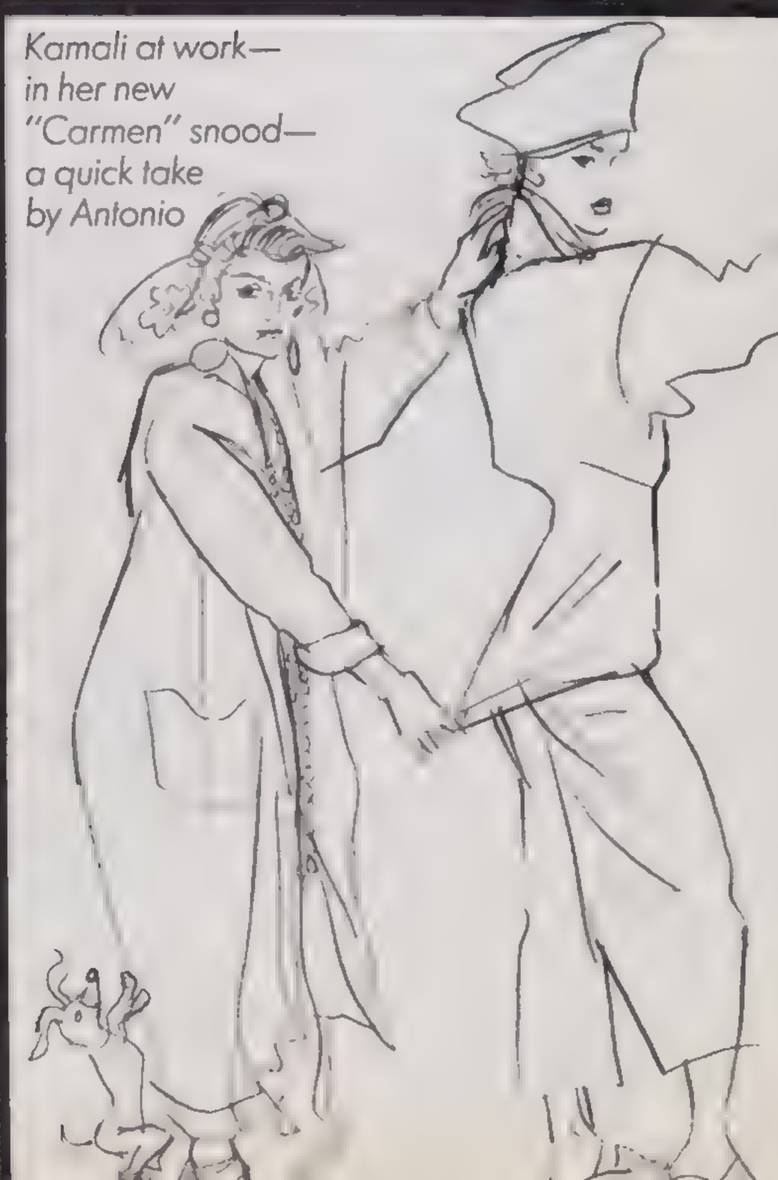
Kamali's outburst floral print—her T-shirt with ruffles, flippy flounced "umbrella" skirt in rayon, big melting rhinestones as ear ornaments

Norma Kamali, in an Antonio portrait, wearing her plastic baroque jewels with Ernie, the lovable dachshund in her lap



From Kamali's first Jones Apparel collection, launched in 1980, her now-legendary concept— "sweats dressing"— highly inventive clothes in cotton fleecing, with signature Kamali broad shoulders, an appealing sense of humor, an easy sportswear style

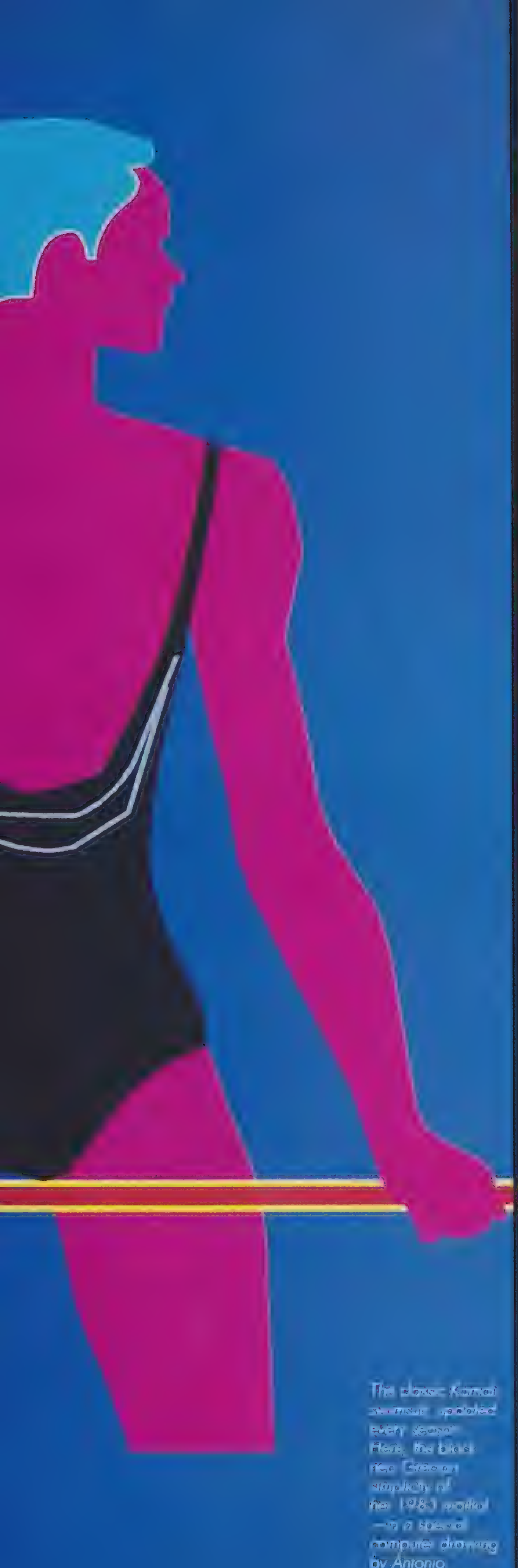
Kamali at work— in her new "Carmen" snood— a quick take by Antonio



Details, last pages

Details, last pages

Always sensational —Kamali swimwear. News, this page, her lace maillot— all-out beach glamour!



True wit

BY ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

There's always something about to quake at Norma Kamali. It might be the installation of her entertaining video, which is a Kamali biannual fifteen-minute production that presents her view of her collections. Instead of frequent window storyboards, and changing store mannequins, Kamali invented her own alternative. As a stack of video monitors flashes her fashion film, as it were, three Graces romp in the window. Baroque and in the mighty-high-style, Kamali's Graces à la Botticelli are molded from zinc. They are grey, instead of cool marbleized pales—the same grey of the cement and sand from which her monolith of a store is constructed.

If it isn't the thrust of her "Shoulder Pad" song blasting onto the sidewalk, as it accompanies her MTV fashion show, it might be the staccato tempo of Ernie, Kamali's carnelian-toned dog, clawing his way along a precipitous staircase. Ernie, the lovable dachshund, is Kamali's escort-walker-friend-companion-protector. He is not above taking a leap at a customer who doesn't pass his approval. Or it might be the amusing run-through of names for her collection—such names as Ethel Mertz (a recurring wrap-dress silhouette), The Boop, as in Betty (the latest linen ankle-strap wedgie shoe), or Ra-Ra (the title of Kamali's abbreviated cheerleader-line skirt), or The Ernie (a swimsuit bearing the privilege of being named after the ubiquitous dog Ernie). A hard day's work of tagging a collection is the light side of Kamali's entertaining world, her way of plugging humor into every inch and seam.

How does Kamali receive the inspiration for witty names for a skirt that she thinks expands at the hem like an umbrella? Or the message to be forward-thinking by arranging seasonal videos instead of fashion showings? It's not the reading of sands that tells her the secrets. It's Kamali tuned into MTV, Linda Ronstadt, electronic music, *I Love Lucy*, *Carmen*, and to the fifty-three employees who work for her company.

With her nerve endings wound up, as taut as a spool of nylon-coated thread, Kamali spins out four major collections a year for the Jones Apparel Group. There is, as well, a supplemental offering of swimwear, accessories, children's clothing and special couture-from-the-rack collections. Her design work reflects and projects her own tune-in to the economic and social zeitgeist: she fuses current music, street-smart style, art, pop culture, and life, as only she knows it, by living in The Big Apple.

Take the constant updating of her swimwear line. One season, Kamali goes overboard on a neo-Grecian simplicity in sleek black maillots with draped backs; another season, it's drama and saucy, spidery lace that stretches into a long-sleeved siren suit cut high on the leg. They are always in sync with the changing rhythms and waves.

Indeed, since 1980, when Norma Kamali's first collection for the Jones Apparel Group was launched with jogging "sweats" sportswear that had football shoulderpads—ushering in a new mode of urban-style sportswear—Kamali has climbed to international fashion celebrity status like a decathalon champion.

Her new resort collection is one extensive multifaceted extravaganza in affordable, movable rayon, wool gauze, cotton knit, and cotton-lace pieces. Kamali likes to layer lavish color and texture in warm-climate clothes that go everywhere. It's wildly entertaining; her outburst-scale florals on bags as "baggy" as carry-on suitcases or as charming as tiny gift boxes; her sultry turbans and snoods; the flip of curvy, dipping hemlines; waists cinched in fire-engine-red vinyl reptiles. After *(Continued on page 496)*

"High Chic"—
Kamali's antique
Chinese silk
evening suit,
from her
boutique
couture
collection

The "Beach Carroll"
linen or wool wedgie
named after
the resort on the route
computer drawn
by Antonio

True wit

Kamali all the way! In a comic-strip humor, her revamping of 'forties chic

Details, last pages

VOGUE
PATTERN
#9163

To sew: new takes on dressing-gown dressing with a spirit and attitude borrowed from men's pyjama and robe looks, and a distinctly feminine choice of luxurious fabrics. On these four pages, irresistible examples, worn by Andie MacDowell. *Left*, the all-out glamour that comes from gold lamé!—in a below-knee-length robe with matching trousers. Vogue Pattern #9163. Fabric by Lawrence Textiles. . . . Above, the ultimate in comfort—a floor-length robe in winter-white lamb's wool/angora. Butterick Pattern #6367. Held Fabrics. These four pages: hair, Alex Hilliard; makeup, Linda Mason. Details, stores, sewing tips, last pages.

AT HOME... IN A CHARMING NEW STYLE

Elisabeth Novick

AT HOME ...IN A CHARMING NEW STYLE

Simplicity at its best, *above:* a man's pyjama—taken right from a classic men's pattern—and "reinvented" in white silk charmeuse jacquard. The pieces: an easy button-down shirt with lapels; roomy pull-on pants. Butterick Pattern #6367. Fabric by Joong Wha. . . . More winter white, more classic pyjama dressing, *right*—this time with a twist—in silk cloqué, a strong-shouldered top that's wrapped and held at the waist and pull-on pyjama pants—a perfect look for evenings at home. Vogue Pattern #9164. Fabric by Horikoshi. Fashion information, stores, sewing tips, next to last pages.

Elizabeth Novick

VOGUE
PATTERN #9164

men and their

SIGMUND FREUD
"A man who has been the indisputable favorite
of his mother keeps for life
the feeling of a conqueror, that confidence of success
that often induces real success."

"THE LIFE AND WORKS OF SIGMUND FREUD,"
BY ERNEST JONES (BASIC BOOKS)

Show us a man,

and we'll show you

his mother.

Mother love

is primal,

and prophetic.

She is the one

he marries...

and flees.

And returns to

on bended psyche.

John Updike

looks in

the mirror and sees

his mother.

John Leo

explains why

the first cut is

the deepest

mothers

The most unforgettable character I've met

By John Updike

Updike: "Here's a nice picture of my mother and me, taken in about 1936, when I was four and she was thirty-two."

The topic of motherhood is of course intimidatingly large, and deep, and much mulled, especially in this post-Freudian century, when all blame and praise are assigned to the psychological matrix, the *alma* or *saeva mater* as the case may be, the dawning psyche's first and everlastingly internalized encounter, The Most Unforgettable—to quote Alexander Portnoy's autobiography—Character I've Met. The first sentence of that notorious document runs, you will remember, "She was so deeply embedded in my consciousness that for the first year of school I seem to have believed that each of my teachers was my mother in disguise." Men succeed, Freud tells us, because their mothers love them; men become homosexuals, some lesser psychologists have theorized, because they cannot bear to betray their mothers with another woman. Such a powerful personage must shoulder, like God, a lot of blame. Prince Hamlet greatly resents that his mother is anything *but* a mother, and feels entitled to scold her and commit murder in her boudoir. The largeness of our mother-myth has a paradoxically dwindling effect upon the women concerned: they must be in all things motherly and become therefore natural processes rather than people. Few things are harder, in this era so preoccupied with the monitoring of human relations, than to get to know one's mother as a person—to forgive her, in effect, for being one's mother.

My own will soon be eighty. She has just renewed her driver's license and has upwards of twenty cats to feed. To feed and to kill, for, motherly enough, her responsibilities toward her adopted dependents are conflicted: she began feeding a stray cat to spare the birds around the place, more and more cats appeared at her back door, and now the perplexities of mercy ask that she keep their soft-pawed herd thinned. It is a bind, and not the first she has been in. She was, for the twenty-one years in which she and I shared the same address, not only a mother but a daughter. We lived, my mother and father, her parents and me, in a household with a strong undertow of Depression, a historical event that had happened to hit both my father and grandfather hard. One lost his job, the other his money. My mother helped out by working in a department store three miles away, in the fabrics department, for fourteen dollars a week. Later, during the War, she worked in parachute factories. But most of the time she was home writing, sitting in the front bedroom, with its view of horse-chestnut trees and telephone wires, and tapping out pages to send to New York in brown envelopes. The brown envelopes always came back. Ours was a big white brick house but much cramped by worry and need. At its center, squeezed from all sides, my mother held forth and held out, and pulled us through. Or maybe, she says, we pulled her through. In any case, she and I are the only survivors of that family; and these last twelve years, in which she has been a widow, have been pleasant ones for me, of getting to know her, of tuning her in without the static of kindred broadcasting stations.

Her intelligence and humor, as she fends off the perils of old age, are startling. Though with a son's luck I have reaped most of the benefits, it was my mother who made the great leap of imagination up, out of the rural Pennsylvania countryside—German in accent and practical in emphasis—into the ethereal realm of art. I glimpse now how bright that little girl must have been to skip all those grades in her one-room schoolhouse and head off to normal school so painfully young. At college, she was four years younger than her classmates, of whom my father was one. This simple brightness comes in handy, as in solitude she calculates her taxes, administers her acres, operates her machinery, retypes her manuscripts, and entertains her grandchildren as they breeze in, not always unaccompanied, from their strange new world. She and I used to write letters; now, grown extravagant and lazy, we talk on the telephone, and I hear how festive and limpid her wit is, and with what graceful, modest irony she illuminates every corner of her brave life. All this for decades was muffled for me behind the giant mask of motherhood.

When I try to pull "mother" from my childhood memories, I come up with two images, both of them, I fear, already embedded in some work of fiction or another. In one, my mother, young and rather formally dressed, is sitting opposite me on the floor, coloring at the same page of a coloring book. I marvel at how neatly she does it, even though from her vantage the page is upside down. She seems calm and comely and I am so proud it makes me shy. In the other, we are both somewhat older, and I see her, while standing at the ironing board, jump slightly and touch her jaw with her hand: a twinge of toothache, and my first unsolicited empathy into the pain of another human being. And this vision merges with the pathetic remedy our family used to apply to aches of all sorts, toothaches and earaches and eyeaches—a folded dishtowel, warmed by the iron. How many, in those pre-antibiotic years, sugar pills and dabs of ointment and spoonfuls of syrup went into the nurture of a sickly child, like those little pats of wind and rain that reassure a seedling and embolden it to lengthen its roots.

As I get older and older, my mother's genes keep sprouting in me. We eat alike, my observant wife tells me, with a steady, enchanted absorption in the food. We laugh alike, and evade awkward questions with similar flurries of fancy. My hair, fine like my father's, went grey early like hers. My handwriting, which I consciously patterned on my father's open, always legible schoolteacher's hand, is slowly settling toward my mother's minuscule backslant. Her old hobbies, which I thought ridiculous—organic gardening, natural foods, vitamins—have all become mine. More deeply, deeper than any overt religion, I believe what she instilled: the notions that we should live as close to Nature as we can, and that in matters of diet and behavior alike we should look to the animals for guidance.

She can name all the trees and flowers and birds in her woods; I wish I could, and try to learn the names from her now, since I paid scant attention when young. As we walk carefully through these woods, with their treacherous footing of boulders and mossy logs (both of us grown too brittle to relish a tumble), the biological event that linked our two bodies seems further and further away, the mere beginning of a friendship. ▽

John Updike's recent book, "The Witches of Eastwick," is not about his mother.

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

...Did I ever tell you of an occasion when Whistler let me see him with the paint off —with his brave mask down? Once standing by me in his studio —Tite Street—we were looking at the "Mother." I said some string of words about the beauty of the face and figure—and for some moments Jimmy looked and looked, but he said nothing. His hand was playing with that tuft upon his nether lip. It was perhaps two minutes before he spoke. "Yes," very slowly, and very softly— "yes—one does like to make one's mummy just as nice as possible!"

HARPER PENNINGTON IN "THE LIFE OF JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER," BY ELIZABETH PENNELL AND JOSEPH PENNELL (AMS PRESS)

Sons & Mothers

Muse or Medusa, she landscapes his character. Will today's moms make different men? By John Leo

Edmund Bergler was a brilliant, quirky psychoanalyst who churned out a number of pop-psych books in the 1940s. My favorite is *Divorce Won't Help* (1948). Writing well before the invention of "creative divorce," the good Freudian simply pointed out that since most of us are neurotic, and can be reliably counted on to make the same marital mistakes over and over, we might as well skip the fuss and expense of divorce and endure the original yoking.

Nowadays, Bergler would be counted as a feminist. He pointed out, almost casually, that the world was about to undergo a conversion of women from "sexy toys" to normal human beings, and dismissed the fulminations of excitable males with a memorable line: "A tyrant, forced to abdicate, is not exactly the best judge of the new age."

Bergler preached that the average American male is the last to know what he really wants. He may bluster about dominance, manly virtues, and sex without entanglements; but he pines to be managed by a good woman and, in fact, will stop at nothing until he finds himself enmeshed in the net of a proper female manager, usually described as a wife. Everyone knows that the mother-son relationship is the prototype for all male dealings with women. Bergler took this truism a step further: in dealing with adult women, men are actually dealing with their mothers. The male child suffers a narcissistic wound from his utter dependence on mother, and tends to re-create the mother-son problem with one or more women in later life. The result is that males may be rationally committed to equality, but remain emotionally opposed.

Obviously, only an eccentric psychoanalyst would push matters this far, but Bergler's notions have a way of sticking in the mind. This one can be used to explain the slight hum of antagonism toward females that resonates in the brains of even the best males (i.e., this writer and his cronies). Then, too, Bergler's idea can be heaved profitably into any discussion of the nature of pornography, the reluctance of even enlightened corporations to allow women in top jobs, the worldwide male contempt for housework, or a hundred or

more otherwise puzzling aspects of male culture. It also helps explain, for me at least, why so many men end up marrying an obvious version of mommy. (Friends usually see this, but nature blessedly shields the groom from insight.)

Bergler characteristically refuses to be reasonable. The standard male attitude toward women is not a tinge of irritation but an "unconscious bitter anger" that is never really overcome. Neither is the male dependence on women, sprung on the baby boy in helpless infancy. Bergler even believed that what he called "the myth of male superiority" and what feminists today would call "the partriarchy" are directly traceable to the young boy's traumatic entrapment in the mother's female world. Unable to free himself from emotional domination by women at any stage in life, the male defensively invents a Superman image, though remaining something of a child at home.

Women, because they are emotionally sturdier than males at all ages, probably tend to underrate the problem Bergler was getting at in his usual off-center way. If the mother is loving and giving, how can she come to represent a trap? Child psychologists have charted the wary choreography that starts at about eighteen months, the time of the "second birth," when a toddler begins to realize that he or she is a separate being from mother. It is a time for peek-a-boo, hide-and-seek, and other conventional games that reduce the anxiety of separation. Both girls and boys shuttle away from, and back to, the mother; but the game is much more urgent and decisive for boys. Girls cling and push away. Boys run away recklessly, hoping to be caught, then tear away again. Escape is more important than rescue. "The danger of merging with the mother is the boy's greatest anxiety," psychologist Louise J. Kaplan writes in her book, *Oneness and Separateness: From Infant to Individual* "If he should surrender himself to his mother's arms, he fears not only the loss of identity as a separate self but also the loss of masculinity—his newly awakening gender identity."

Most of us resist the idea that a crucial drama takes place before the age of two; but if this struggle goes awry, the child may be on the road to becoming a mama's boy, or a perfectly masculine sort who devalues and fears women. "A woman comes to be perceived as a dangerous catcher of men whose entire being is bent toward swooping up, swallowing up, possessing and engulfing," says Kaplan. Most women recognize this type in adult life. At some moment of intimacy, as the woman moves closer, something clicks *(Continued on page 498)*

John Leo, *an associate editor at Time, writes on human behavior.*

PABLO PICASSO

...One day at Antibes in 1923, Picasso's mother was introduced to Gertrude Stein... Miss Stein extolled [the painter's] handsomeness when she first met him in 1905, only to be told, "it was nothing compared to his looks when he was a boy. He was an angel and a devil in beauty; no one could cease looking at him!"

"PABLO PICASSO: HIS LIFE AND TIMES," BY PIERRE CABANNE (WILLIAM MORROW)

EMERALD EVENINGS *The social*

Eric Boman

Muted greens set the mood in the San Francisco drawing room of Denise Hale (left). The walls are upholstered in the same linen velvet as the sofa, which Mrs. Hale shares with an eighteenth-century K'ang-Hsi porcelain. On the wall: Berthe Morisot's "In a Boat on the Lake," 1884, flanked by gilded Louis XV sconces

FASHIONS IN LIVING
BY AILEEN MEHLE (Suzy)

"My favorite color is green," purrs international hostess Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale of the San Francisco Hales, curled up on the custom-made strié silk sofa cushions in the exquisite drawing room of her new apartment on Russian Hill. She doesn't have to purr it twice. She could be sitting in the center of an emerald. Everything is luxuriantly, extravagantly, opulently, unmistakably green—the lush linen velvet covering the walls and ceiling, the couch on which she Récamier-reclines, the *faux marbre* moldings, the malachite boxes of all sizes, the magnificent floor-to-ceiling silk taffeta curtains, dripping swags and fringe and rosettes.

"I told Mark Hampton to really let go on those curtains," she says, speaking of the noted New York City decorator. "I didn't want something just chic; I wanted something breathtaking." There can be no doubt that Mark Hampton really let go. "Mark is a magician," says Denise Hale. "Prentis and I had the furniture, the paintings, the objects. Mark pulled them all together and out of his hat—and head—came this beautiful apartment we love."

What isn't green in the drawing room is gold or eighteenth-century Chinese porcelain or Aubusson. Intricately carved gold frames set off paintings by Pissarro, Berthe Morisot, and Redon. The Chinese Chippendale mirrors shimmer in golden light. The Sun King would not have turned up his nose at the eighteenth-century *appliques*. Luminous K'ang Hsi and Ch'ien-Lung *(Continued)*

wizardry of San Francisco's Denise Hale in her spectacular new apartment

(Continued) figurines line up on the marble mantel and on lacquered chests and tables. The eighteenth-century Aubusson rug, a treasure, was one the Hales finally found after looking forever. "We are not collectors," says Denise, "We just like to surround ourselves with things we love."

Of the apartment, Nancy Reagan, a friend for twenty years, says, "It is really beautiful and in marvelous taste." All this splendor was inaugurated with a little dinner for the Hales' friend from Beverly Hills, Betsy Bloomingdale, with guests seated at the silk-draped round table in the dining room complete with beige flowered silk walls and one Pissarro and one Fauve Braque. "The table seats eight comfortably and ten in an emergency," says Denise, who is obviously not too thrilled with emergencies. "I gave a fiftieth birthday luncheon here for Gordon Getty and his five favorite friends. They stayed until 4:30 P.M."

An international hostess of note is not merely born. She invents herself as she goes along, creating an ambience of charm, warmth, and ease that is totally hers—wherever she may be. Denise Hale, exotic in looks and style, entertains the rich and famous all over the world, at home or in fine restaurants when her guests are too numerous or she is away from home. Someone that stunning should have a few things to say for herself, wouldn't you think? Speak up, Denise.

"What I love the most is little dinners at home with the friends I love the most. One of the reasons I think my parties are good is that I ask only people I like. I have no ulterior motives or ax to grind. Positively no bores allowed. With very few exceptions, no one comes to me that I haven't met before. Oh, if a good *(Continued on page 448)*

Emerald Evenings—"I didn't want something just chic—I wanted something

breathtaking"

An homage to eighteenth-century artistry,
the Hales' drawing room blends ornate European furniture with richly hued
Chinese ceramics. On either side of the Louis XV mantelpiece:
Queen Anne gilded gesso tables, Chippendale girandoles.
On the mantel: K'ang Hsi porcelain figures of Taoist patriarchs of heaven, flanked by
K'ang Hsi seated kylins, fabulous animals native to Chinese porcelain.
On the wall: Pissarro's "View of the Louvre," 1902

Emerald Evenings—"The super-rich are super-bores—with

(Continued from page 446)
friend says—will you, for me, invite so-and-so?—that's different. Then I do, of course.

"I can't stand overheated dining rooms, so I keep mine completely cold until the guests come in. That's when the candles are lighted. Long cocktail hours drive me wild. When I have a dinner for ten at home, the cocktail hour lasts exactly thirty-five minutes. When I have a dinner at a restaurant for twenty-four or forty, the cocktail hour is exactly fifty minutes, and I start pushing at forty-five. I never wait for anybody—and I mean anybody. The late Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, the First Lady of Hollywood, taught me that a long time ago. If someone, even a good friend, cancels at the last minute—and by that I mean the same day—without a very good reason, I never ask that person again. And I mean never. I won't put up with vagueness." She does everything but stamp her foot.

Is she ruthless? Not at all: If she or any hostess allows a party to get out of her control, she is not only an inept hostess but a

A Redon pastel, "The Orchids," left, on a drawing-room wall, its floral exuberance echoed by the extravagantly carved Louis XV gilded console below, which holds a K'ang Hsi porcelain figure of a goddess of mercy, seated upon a lotus-petal base and flanked by eighteenth-century cloisonné figures of reclining elephants. Beyond the portières: an alcove with George III gilt armchairs, an eighteenth-century backgammon table, K'ang Hsi porcelain Fu dog. At right: Extravaganza of tulips, maidenhair fern, and ivy by Los Angeles florist David Jones engulfs the marble top of a Louis XV silver-gilded console in the entrance hall. On drawing-room floor, below, eighteenth-century Aubusson carpet, with an array of flowers. More flowers swarm across surfaces of seventeenth-century Dutch cabinet (opposite, below).

a couple of exceptions..."

stupid one. Have not we all sweltered while the candles melted and the windows remained hermetically sealed? Have not we all prayed we would not draw a bore or a doggie as a dinner companion? Have not we all waited and waited for some inconsiderate twit before the meal can commence? A hostess who holds dinner and makes everyone suffer because a guest is late deserves to be drummed out of the corps. Go on, Denise.

"The only two restaurants I use are *(Continued on page 451)*

Jacques Dirand

Dining room's Chinese motif is embodied in a pair of imperial cranes, examples of nineteenth-century cloisonné. Tree peony pattern of linen wall covering evokes Chinese wallpaper. Silver pagoda on table is surrounded by David Jones's arrangement of dwarfed Japanese maple trees, stephanotis, lily of the valley.

Emerald Evenings—"Denise alway

(Continued from page 449)
L'Etoile in San Francisco and Le Cirque in New York. My friends say my dinner parties there are like dining at home. Both Claude Rouas at L'Etoile and Sirio Maccioni at Le Cirque know exactly how I like things done. At L'Etoile, I bring my own floor-length Porthault tablecloths. The napkins must be folded properly—nothing fancy, no pleats. The food is served perfectly. Every vegetable is passed. I serve the same good wine—French or California— at cocktails that I serve at dinner.

"I try to have an interesting, amusing mix of guests, at least a third of them single bright amusing people. I like to invite the new face of the moment either in business, politics, or entertainment. When I invite a person alone, I expect that person to arrive alone. No date, please. Never under any circumstances do I put a married couple at the same table. What will they have to talk about when they get home? I try to give everyone at least one good dinner partner. If I give someone two, well, that person has hit the jackpot, and I hope she—or he—will return the favor some lovely night.

"Prentis selects the menu and the wines. He's the expert at that. He has more imagination than I do."

Would you say this woman is sure-footed? Does Porthault make tablecloths? Does Prentis make menus? Tell about some of your memorable parties, Denise.

"The most memorable wasn't one I gave but one I wish I had. It was given by President Sukarno of Indonesia in 1955 at the Afro-Asian Conference in Bandung. My first husband and I were Sukarno's only private guests and within the first ten minutes at the palace I met Chou En-lai, Nehru, Nasser, Crown Prince Faisal of Saudi Arabia in glittering gold and white, and New York Congressman Adam

(Continued on page 501)

Jacques Dirand

seems thrilled to bits to see you, as though the party were just for you"

ronstadt

Linda Ronstadt's leap to La Bohème is more than pop hubris. She gives voice to the new aspirations of the '80s—Romance, Class, and Culture

By Stephen Holden

Talented, pretty, and intensely ambitious, Linda Ronstadt is a fascinating example of an artist seized relatively late in life with a yearning for the Higher Things of Culture. It's a long way from a brokenhearted country-rock belter to a Gilbert and Sullivan maiden, but Linda Ronstadt has shown that it's possible for a singer to be both. Ronstadt's latest venture is singing Mimi in Joseph Papp's pop, English-language production of *La Bohème;* if it is critically successful, we can likely expect her to move further into high culture territory.

The natural gifts Ronstadt brings to her classical dabblings are indeed formidable. Her honeyed soprano with its innate sob lends an emotional tug to everything she sings, especially to lovelorn ballads—her favorites. Unlike the pop stars of an earlier era, Ronstadt didn't learn the ropes of professional singing by working with big bands where vocalists had to be rhythmic jazz instruments as well as interpreters. She belonged to the new breed of pure bel canto folk singers, exemplified by Joan Baez, who taught themselves to sing with acoustic guitars. Growing up in Arizona, Ronstadt had also had healthy exposures to such singers as Hank Williams and mariachi star Lola Beltrán.

Ronstadt's early solo albums have a strong country flavor. Alternately girlishly ingenuous and heartbroken, her singing combines a tearful country wail with a full-out rock declamation. But, at the same time, her purity of melodic line is strongly rooted in folk.

After teaming with manager-producer Peter Asher, Ronstadt became the most important and convincing exponent of a "neo-classic" idea of rock. In such albums as *Heart Like a Wheel, Living in the U.S.A.,* and *Simple Dreams,* Ronstadt and Asher gathered the best songs by everyone from Hank Williams to Smokey Robinson, from Chuck Berry to Elvis Costello into a new standard literature based on rock and roots music rather than Broadway, movies, and Tin Pan Alley. Ronstadt's voice remained as positively all-American (via L.A.) as a voice could be, and her style inspired a sub-genre of female pop-rock interpreters that included Nicolette Larson, Jennifer Warnes, Wendy Waldman, and Karla Bonoff.

As most good pop ideas tend to do, Ronstadt's and Asher's turned into a formula. By the end of the 'seventies, her popularity starting to falter, Ronstadt took a sabbatical from the pop world to play Mabel in Joseph Papp's production of *Pirates of Penzance*. And while she didn't prove herself a late-blooming operatic sensation, she acquitted herself decently in the role, projecting a coquettish sweetness and skillfully executing simple coloratura flourishes.

Last year, Ronstadt's intuitiveness and restlessness dovetailed even more successfully when she teamed with Frank Sinatra's veteran arranger-conductor, Nelson Riddle, to record *What's New,* an album of pre-rock standards associated with Sinatra and Billie Holiday. Riddle's creamy high-gloss orchestrations punctuated by subdued jazz solos showed off the natural beauty of Ronstadt's voice, which she had scrupulously stripped of rock mannerisms. In the 'sixties, traditional torch music with its febrile dreaminess was anathema to the rock generation and symbolized the 'fifties climate of sexual repression against which rock rebelled. One of the charms of Ronstadt's torch singing is her almost girlish awe in the face of the songs' pent-up emotions. Instead of trying to re-create another era's erotic climate, she pays homage to it with lovely evenhanded line readings offered in a spirit of wistful nostalgia. *What's New* revitalized Ronstadt's recording career by selling over two million copies, and, coincidentally, defined for her generation the spirit of a new 'eighties pop romanticism.

Fifteen years ago, the war-baby generation entertained a new idea called Counterculture. Now, that generation, led by people like Linda Ronstadt, is chasing dreams soaked in media images of Romance, Class, and Culture. Her voice, still girlishly enthusiastic at thirty-eight, carries the feel of a generation self-consciously trying on the standards it once rejected to see what fits.

Stephen Holden *is a music critic for "The New York Times."*

Herb Ritts

Linda Ronstadt is just your average all-American girl: pretty, talented, smart, and wildly ambitious

An interview by Jesse Kornbluth

A forty-seven-piece orchestra waited in the pit. Nelson Riddle, legendary arranger for Frank Sinatra, Judy Garland, and Nat "King" Cole, picked up his baton.

The curtain parted.

And there, cunningly disguised in coiffed hair, a strapless gown, and high heels, stood the First Lady of rock and roll.

"I've heard a rumor," Linda Ronstadt breathed into the microphone, "that Frank Sinatra's been doing my tunes." Her audience laughed—they had come to hear her sing the romantic ballads Sinatra had made his own.

But when Ronstadt came backstage and discovered that Sinatra himself had been in the audience—and had ducked out after four songs—she was mortified. "If I'd known he was here," Ronstadt said, "I'd have left."

In the old days, Sinatra's vanishing act might have pushed Linda Ronstadt into a decline that lasted for months. It wouldn't have mattered to her that, between 1975 and 1980, she was selling a million records of six rock albums in a row, a record exceeded by only one other female singer, Barbra Streisand. Nor would she have been consoled by the fact that hers was the rarest voice in rock, a pure, almost operatic instrument that made her laments about faithless lovers, busted romances, and her poor, poor, pitiful self heartbreakingly real. Instead, she would have sulked and despaired and wondered why, since everybody knew she had no stage presence and couldn't dance or even talk to an audience, anybody liked her at all.

But here is Linda Ronstadt, sitting cross-legged on the floor of a Los Angeles rehearsal room and telling the Sinatra story on herself. Her backup singers crack up over their late-afternoon salads and tell some disaster stories of their own. They are red-haired and glamorous; Ronstadt is short, stumpy, and disinclined to wear makeup. Who's the star? An untutored observer couldn't tell.

Nor could most of her fans. For this is not the Linda *(Continued on page 497)*

Jesse Kornbluth *is a screenwriter and a New York journalist.*

schrader

Taxi Driver's Paul Schrader is not crazy—but he does have a genius for darkness. Mishima should be his most controversial project yet

By Jesse Kornbluth

"The system is always beatable," Paul Schrader declared a few years ago. "You just have to learn to outwit it." At the time, with screenplays for *Taxi Driver* and *Raging Bull* behind him, and *American Gigolo* establishing him as a director who could do more than depict psychotics, Schrader had succeeded in transforming himself from a Hollywood intellectual—(author, at twenty-six, of a book about Bresson, Ozu, and Dreyer) into the town's most bankable curiosity.

In short order, he made a deal with Paramount to write and direct a blue-collar rock movie called *Born in the USA*, adapted Paul Theroux's novel *Mosquito Coast* for Peter Weir, Kazantzakis' *The Last Temptation of Christ* for Martin Scorsese, and, on his own, started looking for financing for his film about Yukio Mishima, the Japanese novelist who committed hara-kiri in 1970. But *Mosquito Coast* was indefinitely postponed and *The Last Temptation of Christ*, which Schrader calls "the best script I ever wrote," was "whipsawed to death." And Paramount decided not to make *Born in the USA*, thus condemning it to be nothing more than the title of the new album by Schrader's friend Bruce Springsteen.

Which left Schrader with only the *Mishima* script, the least commercial of his projects. The first liability was the subject: a right-wing, homosexual Japanese writer who first announced, at eighteen, his longing for "night and blood." The second liability was Schrader's approach to this story: He planned to make the movie in four sections, with *(Continued on page 499)*

Dudley Reed

the illicit joy of dufy

Are we ready to take Dufy seriously? Dismissed as a lightweight, he is now viewed as an inspiration by a new generation of young artists who dare to be "decorative." A current exhibition brings together Dufy's little-known textiles, furniture, and ceramics as well as the paintings that sprang from his ebullient vision

By Peter Schjeldahl

Raoul Dufy, shown here in his Paris studio in 1952, persistently painted the festive side of life—seaside resorts, racetracks, balls, regattas, and concerts. Violins, like the one in the painting on his easel, were a particularly favored subject—an emblem of taste, intelligence, and a sure hand.

Alexander Liberman

Raoul Dufy was perfect in ways for which generations of serious art people had no use. Perfumed and unabashedly mindless, his mature style was the candy-box sunset of the School of Paris, the final, urbane swoon of *luxe, calme, et volupté*. He was dismissed as Matisse without rigor, a wimp among Modernism's heavy hitters. Poor Dufy! In the apocalyptic precincts of art after World War II, the very generosity and impeccable modesty of this quicksilver stylist earned him a bonus of disdain. I suspect that, even then, a lot of people proud of knowing better were subject to furtive Dufy-love: little spasms of illicit joy in his saturated color and racy line. But Dufy, who died in 1953 at the age of seventy-five, would be a quarter-century in the grave before this love dared to speak its name.

What happened in the late 'seventies was a shift of artistic sensibility that flipped "decoration" from a term of contempt to one of esteem. The sheer pleasures of the eye have been okay for some years now—as witness David Hockney's preeminence—and, with optic nerves refreshed by a drenching in varieties of Post-Modern gorgeousness, we may be ready to salute Dufy's past mastery of the decorative. Are Dufy's compositions slack and formulaic? All the better to be beautiful with. Does his painting impinge on wallpaper design? Well, bravo.

It is fitting that New York City's reintroduction to Dufy—following a triumphal retrospective earlier this year at the Hayward Gallery in London—should be performed by Holly Solomon, whose gallery has led the *soi-disant* Pattern-and-Decoration charge in recent art. Holly and husband Horace have rounded up some good pictures and, most revelatory of all, startling examples of Dufy's little-known work in fabric design and ceramics. The catalogue includes panegyrics by P-&-D stalwarts Robert Kushner and Brad Davis. Striking the right note, Kushner dubs Dufy "a visual Noel Coward," "a tart player on painting's social mores, but never ripping through the fabric of the conventions." How interestingly these words, which not long ago would have dripped condescension, ring with approbation today.

As usual with rediscoveries, this one corrects a spell of historical amnesia, recovering the context in which Dufy, minor Fauvist turned major decorator, was fully valued by his friends Apollinaire, Cocteau, and Gertrude Stein. Circa the 1920's, Dufy was, if anything, too successful for his own later good. "One of the most brilliant props or totems of the jazz age," as Bryan Robertson notes in the Hayward catalogue, he had the kind of imperial influence on the look of an era that inevitably brings a backlash, as the *(Continued on page 456)*

(Continued) unfortunate master is tarred with the vulgarities of his epigone. It must be added that Dufy could be one of his own lesser imitators; but at the top of his form, especially in commercial work, he was a sorcerer of inexhaustible inventiveness. In his hands, the arch rigidities of Art Deco were molten, a melee of blooming color and firecracker line.

Dufy's work as a fabric designer dated from about 1911 to 1933, first for the dresses of Paul Poiret and then for the Maison Bianchini-Férier in Lyons. A protean ventriloquist of styles, from chinoiserie to geometric abstraction, he brought encyclopedic visual erudition to the great work of pleasing. His very modesty made him a champion in fields where the muscle-bound egos of his grander contemporaries could afford only strained self-quotation. Starting with William Morris, many modernists aspired to a festive marriage of fine and applied art. If anyone pulled it off, Dufy did.

The piquancy of Dufy's sensibility is its dissociative quality. In his paintings, color and line caper in feckless independence, vastly pleased with themselves. A little of such unflagging insouciance can go a long way—in painting. But it amounted to a majestic insight in the theory of decoration, a principle of incessant surprise and sexy abrasion. All elements in Dufy's designs are always exceeding their required roles. Celebrating freedom, caprice, love, joy, Dufy flatters our capacity to savor the sweet life—a flattery somewhat resistible in painting, perhaps; but stitch it into silk and "goodbye, melancholy."

What is the value of mere enjoyment in a tragic century? Large, in the view of Gertrude Stein. Writing from ruined Europe in 1946, she recalled another postwar year—1919—and a sofa with fabric by Dufy she had seen then: "Wars are sad but Dufy is in their midst a shock of pleasure. I often wonder who has that sofa, I would like to see it again, it was so real a pleasure, after a war, so real a pleasure." The Solomons don't have that sofa, but they present plenty of evidence in corroboration of Stein, who knew well that pleasure is an ache and that a seriousness that discounts it is diminished. "Raoul Dufy is pleasure," she also wrote. "To know to know to love her so." ▽

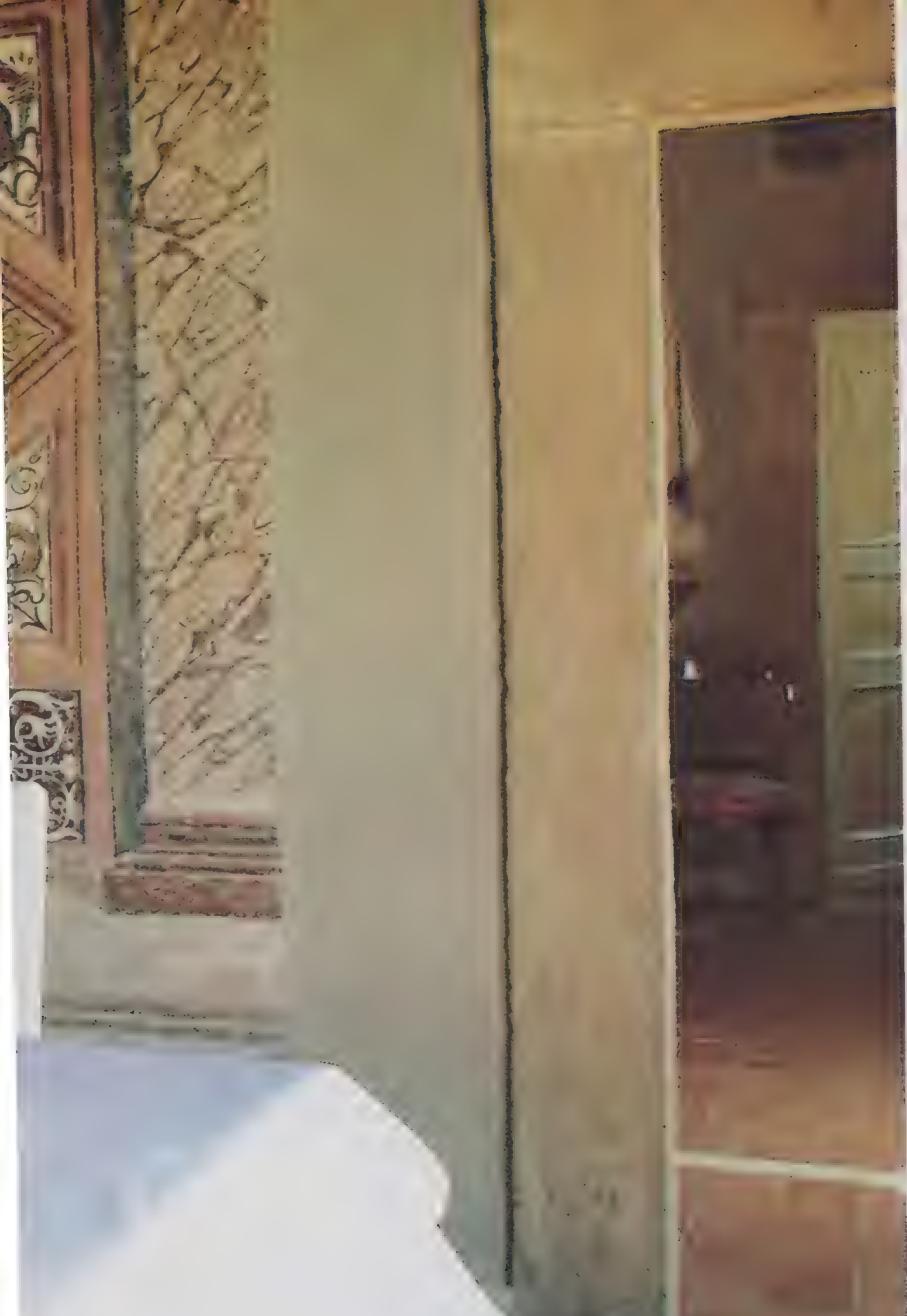
Dufy's esprit enlivened furniture, textiles, and ceramics, including (clockwise, from left) a horseracing scene and an abstraction, both designs for the French silk house Bianchini-Férier; a 1938 ceramic bowl with a ring of buoyant nudes; a 1934 Beauvais tapestry on a chair. Opposite: "La Rue Pavoisée" (1906), a Le Havre street scene transformed by Bastille Day flags into an early Fauve masterpiece.

Details, last pages.

...joy of dufy

Entertaining now can be anything
from a romantic dinner for eighty
in a sixteenth-century castle to blinis
at breakfast in the office with clients.
On these six pages, three women in design, each
celebrated in her field—architecture, graphics, fashion
—show how they juggle style, taste, and tight
schedules to orchestrate great good times....

DESIGN FOR ENTERTA



FROM FLOWERS TO DESSERT, AN ALL-WHITE BANQUET, LEFT, AT LAURA BIAGIOTTI'S ITALIAN CASTLE. RIGHT: WITH CHAMPAGNE COOLING IN AN 1850 HUNTING CUP, HORS D'OEUVRES—SKEWERED MOZZARELLA, ARTICHOKE HEARTS, AND BACON

LAURA BIAGIOTTI: The Romantic Way

In a renovated sixteenth-century castle outside of Rome, Laura Biagiotti contrasts classical formality with the modern, dressed-down look she considers the essence of her style (her signature is luxurious, unconstructed cashmere sportswear). Her luncheons and dinners are as staged and beautifully lit as a painting by Georges de La Tour, yet they convey a totally casual, even playful mood.

Dinner at eight is the standard for the parties Biagiotti hosts. But days before, she sets up the event by telephoning her guests. "Very often, I send cards but it is much nicer to call. I can do sit-down dinners for forty to eighty in the castle as well as buffets up to six hundred. In those situations, I use a very simple square white card with my monogram on it for the place cards. At very formal parties, I have waiters in attendance."

She banks white flowers against massive fantasy sprays of greenery collected from the castle grounds.

"Flowers are as important as the food. I like to use masses of lilacs, lilies, tiny roses, magnolia buds, mushrooms, ivy, and bracken from the woods-all mixed.

"I work hard, so I have no opportunity to shop for the food. The final decision is always a combination of what I want and cook's suggestions. We discuss the menu, but she goes to the market and may make a final choice, apart from the original plan, owing to the availability of fresh foods."

Scampi mousse, carré de veau with fresh pepper, and green beans laced with bacon, assorted breads—including a cumin-flavored loaf, olive bread, and breadsticks—would be accompanied by white Spumante Ferrari and a red San Giacomo Casa Vinicola Einaudi. For dessert a *(Continued)*

INMENT

By André Leon Talley

Jacques Dirand

(Continued) fantasy: a white glacé orange parfait garlanded with LB initials in shortbread.

For the table, Biagiotti has a supply of antique embroidered linens, but she likes the new double-skirted white taffeta tablecloth she designed. It complements the formal high-back dining chairs designed by Piero Pinto, who supervised the renovations of the castle, which dates back to 1527.

"We have special illumination-control systems in the entire castle. But women always look best in candlelight, so that's my perfect lighting. At the beginning of the evening, I open up the double doors to the dining room, and the candles are glowing. Then I turn up the lighting system so people can see the food, and recognize each other during dinner."

Biagiotti hates music during dinner, but highlights the dramatic backdrop in the living room by playing Handel or Vivaldi, often weaving bits of modern music within the course of the evening.

Is her list of guests as eclectic as her settings?

"Friends always come first. Then it's exciting to mix an exotic blend of people from every profession—fashion people, movie people, and politicians. I love conversation, it's relaxing after a hard day's work. Another detail: I have an old-fashioned guestbook. It serves as a fond remembrance of the party." ▽

LELLA VIGNELLI: A Taste for Perfection

"I am aware of precious time, not wasting an evening. I try to lead a streamlined life. In my work, I have learned from experience that when you try to do things very simply, everything must be perfect, even a dinner. Otherwise, it doesn't sing!"

As president of Vignelli Designs and co-partner with her husband, Massimo, Lella Vignelli is very serious about planning a perfect plot for her November dinners at home in New York City. The Vignelli couple, over the past two decades, has won international renown for their dishes, glasses, lamps, tables, flatware, and interiors. They were responsible for designs diverse as the striking interior of St. Peter's Church in New York City, the corporate logo for American Airlines, Saks Fifth Avenue shopping bags, and the New York City subway signs and maps.

"While there is no definitive Vignelli look, there is an unmistakable integrity and finesse in everything they do," wrote interior design specialist Martin Filler.

Lella Vignelli's bold and daring style carries over into their entertaining at home. She has, at all times, a taste for perfection. And she joins all the elements of her product designs—glasses, bar utensils, serving dishes, silver flatware, and condiment containers—with a dramatic neo-classical minimalism.

A native of Udine, Italy, a mother of two, Lella, with Massimo Vignelli, lives in a spacious duplex apartment in a building on Manhattan's Upper East Side. In the Vignelli home, entertaining must slide into efficiently preorganized slots.

"We're so busy in New York," notes Mrs. Vignelli with an extended grin on her bronze face. "I am run ragged by so many things and events in a given day, I am just too busy for entertaining unless it is for someone very interesting. I am aware of precious time, not wasting an evening.

"I try to lead a streamlined life. And in my work, I have learned from experience that when you try to do things very simply, everything must be perfect, even a dinner. Otherwise, it doesn't sing!"

Vignelli, who has a small, part-time staff that helps with dinners, says: "There is just never enough time, so everything is pared to a purity, a minimal style."

How does she manage to organize her form of new elegant entertaining?

"My dinners are usually arranged by telephone. I always like to let the people know who will be there, so they don't have to come with anxiety about other guests. We start on the late side, the Italian way. Drinks at eight. I always serve Champagne, as I think you need something light. My husband, Massimo, has a mixed drink we call the Little Max, which we serve—just a dash of gin, or gin and tonic, with Campari. The Campari is added for color.

"When I plan a dinner, I invite people with mutual interests, or it doesn't work. I also stay away from the usual New York caterers. A dinner becomes so standard when you cater at home, although it is excellent for big social dinners and charities.

"I have help with the shopping, but I make the lists. I also call around to the suppliers to verify the freshness of everything. And from my office, I can walk to a series of my favorite shops for fresh cheese, coffee, vegetables."

With her scrutinizing glance, she makes sure her northern Italian menus are light, hearty, and gilded with Vignelli fanfare.

"In a sense, the meal is home cooking. One of the classics of the area where I was born, at this time of the year, is the *cotechino* sausage with spinach and pignoli. Of course, pasta with *tartuffi* [truffles] is in season until Christmas. I am crazy about artichokes, and we always serve them. When I find fresh small artichoke hearts, I serve them raw with a *bagna cauda* sauce from the Piedmonte area of Italy, made with garlic, olive oil, and anchovies. Radicchio salad is totally colorful and in season. With that, I always do an olive oil and lemon dressing."

The Vignellis select regional Italian wines: a red Piedmonte that she likes because it is full-bodied and not sharp. They like a Grignolino red from Piedmonte, a wine used in the region of Parma in most traditional restaurants.

"Once a year, around Thanksgiving, I do a Mont Blanc dessert, made with puréed chestnuts. It's a total labor of love from my kitchen as preparing it is the most time-consuming part of a meal. With it, my after-dinner drinks are always Cointreau or Drambuie; Italian liqueurs are too pronounced in flavor.

"In arranging a table, it is important to be complex—not complicated, but complex in one's *(Continued on page 500)*

LELLA VIGNELLI DESIGNS IN DEPTH—SHE NOT ONLY PLANS DINNER BUT HAS CREATED, WITH HER HUSBAND, MASSIMO, ALL THE TABLEWARE, INCLUDING THE FLUTED CRYSTAL AND SILVER BAR UTENSILS (RIGHT, TOP). RIGHT, BOTTOM: TYPICAL ITALIAN REGIONAL MEAL—PASTA WITH TRUFFLES, RADICCHIO SALAD, ARTICHOKES WITH LEMON AND OLIVE-OIL DRESSING, AND COTECHINO SAUSAGE WITH SPINACH. ABOVE LEFT: BUST OF GOETHE OVERLOOKS MONT BLANC, COFFEE.

François Halard

BREAKFAST IS THE BEST WAY TO ENTERTAIN BUSINESS CLIENTS, ACCORDING TO NEW YORK CITY ARCHITECT BONNIE ROCHE. SHE TRANSFORMS HER CONFERENCE TABLE—HER OWN DESIGN OF GLASS AND STAINLESS STEEL—INTO A WARM, INVITING AREA FOR DISCUSSIONS. SHE SERVES COLD SALMON FROM A SLAB OF MARBLE, AND ESPRESSO MADE ON THE SPOT. SHE JUXTAPOSES SILVER PLATES FROM TIFFANY & CO. WITH GEORG JENSEN SILVERWARE.

DESIGN FOR ENTERTAINMENT

BONNIE ROCHE: Business over Breakfast

"The breakfast is always geared to what I feel is the essence of the client's taste. If I had a Southern gentleman coming in for the first time, I would try to find a good Virginia ham and fresh, hot biscuits"

Breakfast over blueprints and blinis: "I find it the most meaningful moment of the day. And with clients, it can become an interesting meal," says Bonnie Roche, who heads her own New York City architectural firm, just under a year old.

Roche, a native of Atlantic City, New Jersey, has a bachelor's degree from Skidmore College in Saratoga Springs, New York, where she trained in dance. She amassed thirteen scholarships in order to obtain her M.A. in architecture from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1979. Before that, she had studied at the Architectural Association School of Architecture in London, and spent a summer in Hong Kong where she helped to design the mass-transit system. Besides her portfolio of impressive educational credentials, Roche's creative expression is based on her experiences as a former dance teacher and on her own self-taught methods of design in everything from clothing to furniture.

Her first commission was to design the gallery space for Barbara Toll Fine Arts Inc. in New York City. On opening night, John Loring—senior vice president and design director of Tiffany & Company—walked in, and it was love at first sight. He asked Roche the next day to design his East Side apartment. Loring, who has a collection of furniture by Josef Hoffmann—the master designer of Wiener Werkstätte—wanted a harmonious space with an absence of excessive detail. His collection, including an original 1907 Hoffmann dressing table and chair, had to outshine the utterly simple, yet elegant, Roche frame.

Today, Roche has completed her design for Paloma Picasso's Manhattan duplex, a full-scale project that took two years. It includes a kitchen table made from an inch-thick, back-painted glass top that rests on a stainless-steel base. Roche uses the same table in her offices, located in the legendary Carnegie Hall Studios, for conferences and entertaining.

Why does she entertain over breakfast in the office? Roche, who races around the city from dawn through dark, devised this new way of pleasurable business entertaining because it is perfect for her work-centered life.

"I am heading my own firm, and it's new. There isn't any place in my life, at the moment, for *(Continued on page 500)*

color...
IT MAKES
ALL THE
DIFFERENCE!

What looks best for evening—the soft, narrow lines; luxurious, textured fabrics; the way the body's "held"—looks better still ... in color! And if it's bright-red silk/wool satin, i.e., the latest in Halston's series of wonderful easy pyjamas, *opposite*, with his simple as a "T" top and [illegible] usual pant[illegible] each [illegible] wrapped [illegible] narrow skirt [illegible] can be one of [illegible] most up[illegible] looks around. About $[illegible] Halston Made-to-Order [illegible] Olympic Tower, NYC. *Beauty Note*: Another soft, sensuous Halston design, his Halston Musk fragrance.

Brilliant touch went all [illegible] the Bill Blass [illegible] collection [illegible] series of [illegible] evening [illegible] simple and [illegible] weighted [illegible] ers. A [illegible] version, [illegible] chroma Y[illegible] sequins with black bugle beads, and matching loose-legged silk satin pants. Adding to the ease, a black cashmere sweater. About $5595. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach; The Fashion, Shreveport LA; Neiman-Marcus. To order at John Baldwin. These six pages: hair, Alex Hilliard; makeup, Leventé for Garren, NYC. Details, last pages.

Elisabeth Novick

color...
it makes
all the
difference!

Elisabeth Novick

Clear evidence of the impact of color, even if it's only an accent, *opposite*, the purple satin at the hip of Geoffrey Beene's flocked-velvet print taffeta dress. The color's as ornamental as glitter, adds charm to his leitmotif shape: a small top and big, soft skirt. Fabric by Bianchini Ferier. About $4085. Bergdorf Goodman; John Wanamaker; Neiman-Marcus; Frost Bros.; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; Liberty House of Hawaii. . . . And, in one of the narrowest silhouettes of the season, *right*, Valentino's stroke-of-red silk dress with a draped skirt, a shirred, sequinned bodice. From Valentino Boutique. About $3620. Bergdorf Goodman; John Wanamaker; Saks-Jandel; Valentino Boutique, Washington DC; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Sakowitz. Details more stores, see next to last pages

color...
it makes
all the
difference!

Elisabeth Novick

Irresistible—the combination of strong color and strong texture. You see in the Halston "sweater-and-skirt" opposite how the tonalities of green are skillfully [illegible] fabrics [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] Long-sleeved [illegible] skirt, [illegible] Alcott & Andrew's Mountain [illegible] Bloomingdale's [illegible] fuchsia with a shirred-at-the-[illegible] tunic and his great new skirt—pleats stitched for slimness, fanning out over the knee. About $2030. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans; Neiman-Marcus; Eleanor Keeshan, Los Angeles. . . .

Beauty Note: Also romantic and easy to wear, his signature fragrance, Oscar de la Renta. Details, more stores, next to last pages.

P.M. BEAUTY

On these six pages: the all-out glitter, the glamour of beauty at night, with a modern twist—with all the ease, the speed demanded now. What's diminished: the time factor, the artifice. What's not: the all-out, very refreshing appeal of makeup at night...

Modern advance: a beauty product that changes a woman's nail-color approach

MINIM

Now: one dazzler, a neutral face

Ultimate dazzler: the rainbow eye, *above*, and neutral makeup—fake turquoise/green/red lashes (Evelyn Marshall's), applied one by one, then brushed with vivid mascara (Christian Dior, Yves Saint Laurent, Barone, NYC, make them). . . . Ultra fast: Aziza's quick-drying nail "pens," *left*: a truly modern breakthrough allowing for foolproof, split-second nail-color changes. (Here, three of twenty-four colors coming next month.) Make-up, Lydia Snyder. Manicure, Elisabeth Drabinski.

Tohru Nakamura

AL DAZZLE

MINIMAL DAZZLE

The difference a hair look can make: the proof, in the photos here—two looks, two lengths, two moods on one model. *Right:* The essence of modern-at-night: minimal makeup with a jewel ear, "more" hair, with none of the artifice, the time consumption of a "do" (the secret: mousse; the newest: Estée Lauder's). *Above:* A real P.M. stopper: a wig that *looks* like a wig! . . . that's *not* matched to your real hair . . . The neutrals, *above:* Merle Norman's Spiced Cider lips. Theresa Wigs. *Right:* Estée Lauder's Spiced Cider/Creme Concealer lips. *Right:* Earring, *above,* Kenneth Jay Lane and, earring, *below,* Stephen Dweck. Both pages: hair, Sam McKnight; makeup, Linda Cantello. Details, stores, last pages.

Andrea Blanch

For the most impact,
a fast change: a fuller,
"richer" hairstyle

Glitter eye

Instant allure:
the cool sheen of silver
over ice white,
swept from brow to
cheeks. ... Maybelline's
Body Shimmer,
Vanilla eyeshadow.
Hair, John Sahag;
makeup, Lydia Snyder.
Cartier bracelet

Butterfly colors

New P.M. minimalism:
the balance of unblended,
pastel-shimmer eyes,
mouth . . . a sheer mix
of Elizabeth Arden's
Peony, Ginger Lip Fitness
Colors; Skyblue,
Chilled Rose eyes.
Makeup, Linda Cantello;
hair, John Sahag. Fashion
details, last pages

Color hit

With muted makeup, the delight of an electric-blue switch pinned into bangs. Here, Orlane's Satin/Chamois shadows; Perle Noire pencil liner. Sienna lips. Hairpiece, courtesy NYC's Salon Backer & Co. Hair, Gad Cohen for La Coupe, NYC; makeup, Lydia Snyder Tohru Nakamura

All-out glitter, used here in an unexpected way: gleaming hair—practically the only "makeup" you need at night. Stagelight's silver sparkle hairspray. Susie Wong Sable eyes. Hair, Suga of Suga Salon, NYC; makeup, Margaret Avery

Sparkle hair

Jim Varriale

MOBILITY: THE ADDED ATTRACTION

If you move from role to role, place to place, climate to climate . . . you need clothes that can move, too. On these six pages, the most appealing new moveable dressing; real-life, seasonless dressing that works anywhere, any weather, almost any time. . . . Some of the most versatile looks start with a coat, and Calvin Klein's big balmacaan of flax-colored linen, *right*, is a knockout. Over a creamy silk crêpe de Chine shirt and black linen trousers, it's a great at-home, resort, city look. Coat, about $381; shirt, about $160; pants, about $150. Bloomingdale's; Saks-Jandel; Jacobson's; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. . . . Being "dressed" can be as fast and uncomplicated as slipping into a jumpsuit. Particularly if it's as polished as Ralph Lauren's, *left:* slim-lined, uncluttered, with a simple, one-button top; trim, pleated "trousers"; his signature sash—all in crisp navy linen. About $378. Late Jan. at Bloomingdale's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Washington DC;

MOBILITY: THE ADDED ATTRACTION

When it comes to moveable style: Geoffrey Beene always does short short jackets—styled, shaped, and tailored exactly like his coats, and made of the same fabrics. The latest version, *right*, is in yellow double-faced melton wool with ornamental buttons. To wear with cropped pants and a tank top in navy wool/silk. To wear with charmeuse pyjamas, or a plaid skirt. To wear with assurance. Jacket, pants and tank, about $2000. Late Dec. at Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Jacobson's; Bullet's; Frost Bros.; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. . . . Just the ticket for [illegible]eling, *left*, Oscar de la [illegible]harming new [illegible]shmere [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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MOBILITY: THE ADDED ATTRACTION

No contest. Everybody agrees the Perry Ellis dress, *right*, is a winner. Because of its big, side-buttoned signature top (a top worth watching) and its easy, slim skirt with bright paisley at the hem, a sash at the hip. Because it's soft, light-weight, any-season black wool/silk challis. Because it's just so beguiling. About $390. Bergdorf Goodman; Saks-

[illegible]10). By Don-

[illegible]d Louis Dell'O-

[illegible] Anne Klein & Co.

Dec.; Saks Fifth Avenue; Kaufmann's; Burdines, Dadeland and Mayfair FL; Hudson's; Dayton's, I. Magnin. Details, more stores, last pages.

Eddy Kohli

VOGUE'S Last Word

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

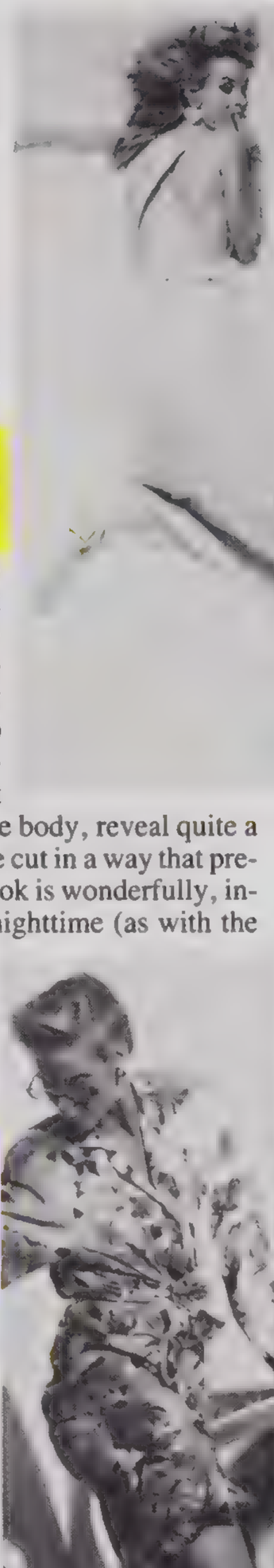
What works and what doesn't: when you're using color as an effective "accessory"...making the most of prints; if it's a question of skirt length...or evening dressing with a new romantic look

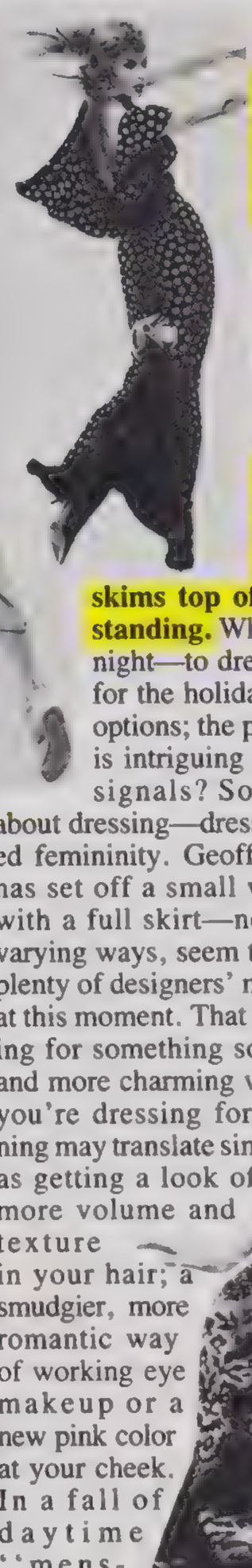
What works? Color, quite clearly: when it's used effectively, it's the key to some of the most attractive dressing now. That may mean using—as Stephen Sprouse did, *below left*—strong color to turn a familiar look: His city suit stands out not just because it has walking shorts instead of a small skirt; it's a real jolt of vibrant yellow. This suit is, admittedly, something quite special; **most women—most designers—feel most comfortable using sharp coloring as a single piece:** putting that Sprouse silk T-shirt with black trousers and a cardigan; using a chrome-yellow jacket (as Geoffrey Beene did, *above left*) to make navy jersey pants and a scoop neck T-shirt a great look for when you travel.

Even the soft pastels that are showing up in resort sportswear now work best as "pieces" dressing, be that a big blush-color sweater with a white T-shirt and shorts ...or soft mauve suede trousers (like Ralph Lauren's, *left*) played against a palest yellow sweater vest. Some things to watch for, too: pastels that are truly soft, subtle colorings; lush cashmere or suede fabrics; a certain generosity in a sweater or trouser's cut. **The appeal of this season's new pastel pieces, in large part, is their inherent luxury.**

When a bit of skin color—tanned or black skin—is almost mandatory: with the sorts of nearly backless dresses for day or night, *right*, that are also showing up, now, for resort wear. Most are meant to slip and slide a bit on the body, reveal quite a lot of body; these backs are cut in a way that precludes lingerie. And the look is wonderfully, intentionally flirtatious: at nighttime (as with the Valentino Night dress, *far right above*) easily takes the strappiest heeled sandal, sheer patterned black stockings, clip earrings with some degree of scale. **With backless dresses, across the board, for day or night, you'll want to keep the neckline bare.**

When plenty of colorful jewelry—clearly noticeable jewelry—turns up in this issue, interestingly, it's with clothes in hot-weather prints: new tops and dresses in bold, jungly florals. We placed a multicolor jeweled pin at the waistline of Thierry Mugler's printed silk dress, *right;* another printed dress might get hot pink shoes or masses of colored "jeweled" bracelets. **There's a noticeable wit to this season's prints; they've a special charm with equally ebullient accessories.** Worth noting here, too: a matter of length. You'll find in this issue—in this coming season—some decidedly short skirt lengths—for night, for a young woman, for a charming look. But **what "shorter" means—for day, for most designers—is this: a length that barely skims top of knee when a woman's standing.** When it comes to dressing for night—to dressing for "black tie" and for the holidays—there are clearly real options; the photograph *below*, though, is intriguing for two reasons. What it signals? Some new thinking about dressing—dressing with a decided femininity. Geoffrey Beene here has set off a small waist, worked with a full skirt—notions that, in varying ways, seem to be on plenty of designers' minds at this moment. That feeling for something softer and more charming when you're dressing for evening may translate simply as getting a look of more volume and texture in your hair; a smudgier, more romantic way of working eye makeup or a new pink color at your cheek. In a fall of daytime "menswear" dressing, they're appealing changes. ▽





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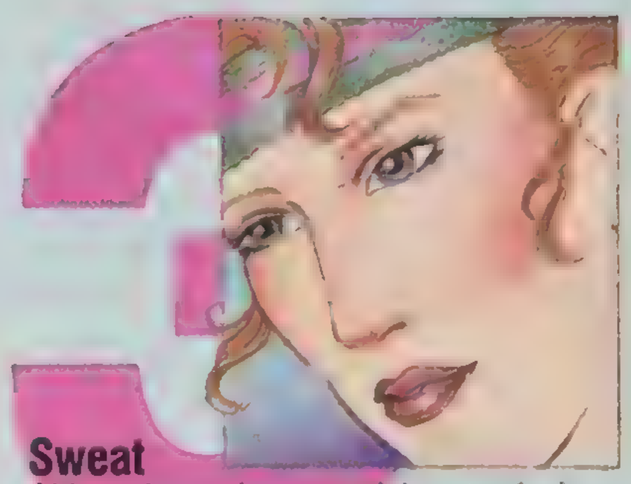
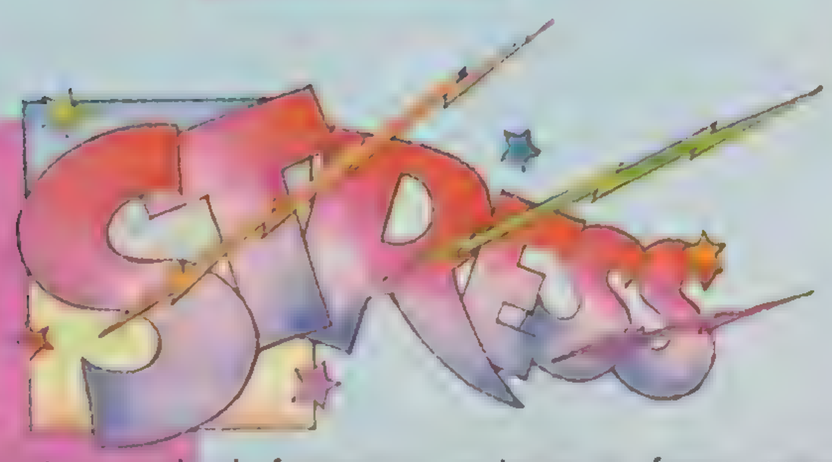


Sweat
Although you're exercising to feel younger, perspiration leaves behind a salty residue that can pull vital moisture out of your skin. And make you look older. Oil of Olay helps replenish the fluids perspiration steals away.



Stress
When we get an overload of pressure, we tense up, frown, perspire, even tire to the point of sleeplessness. Stress causes our glands to secrete hormones that reduce the blood flow to the skin. That's why we look pale and wan. Long, deep breaths will help bring oxygen back to your skin.

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You have a real hand in deciding how young you look. Observe yourself. When you cleanse or apply cosmetics, how do you handle your face? Train your hands to be delicate, and move upward, outward, and in a clockwise direction. Pulling down, or too much rubbing is bad. When you massage Oil of Olay on your cheeks, do it in clockwise circles. And apply it to your throat and neck in upward motions.

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Changes your body undergoes each month can affect the beauty of your skin. The balance of hormones called estrogens and progestogens is constantly shifting. And this "ticking" of your body's clock can cause water retention, puffiness, blemishes, and changes in skin's moisture and production of essential oils.

The more you know about your skin, the better you can take care of it with the mysterious beauty fluid, Oil of Olay. Because it is so similar to the natural fluids present in your skin, Oil of Olay works with them to replenish what time and skin's enemies can steal away. Cool, light, greaseless Oil of Olay eases dryness, softens tiny lines and helps you keep the fresh glow of youth.

Moving: the steps, the gear . . . comforting a sick friend . . . teeth tenders . . . post heart attack: sex? exercise? . . . can hypnosis "cure" smoking? . . . more

WOMEN IN MOTION

Walking is the one exercise that fits into an active woman's day with no change in basic life style. What's needed: comfortable low-heeled, soft leather shoes, a brisk stride, and thirty minutes to get the most from the movement . . .

News: You don't have to run your body into the ground to become fit, strong, and lean. In fact, as injuries increase from more strenuous sports, both doctors and exercisers are switching to walking. "I don't know a single jogger who hasn't had an impeding physical problem," said Grant Gwinup, M.D., director of endocrinology and metabolism, University of California at Irvine.

Walking is one exercise that doesn't require any special gear. Doctors do suggest soft, flexible shoes with heels no higher than one and one-half inches, but many classic day shoes fall into that category. It all means that a woman can easily add walking to her day as a means to an end, and a pleasure in itself.

Can walking really be as beneficial as jogging? "Walking one mile burns the same number of calories as jogging one mile. It's time, not distance, that changes the numbers: walking one hour uses 300 calories; stepping up the pace covers more ground, increasing that calorie count to 450 per hour; jogging burns 600 calories per hour," said Dr. Gwinup, whose recent studies show walking more than one-half hour a day every day causes weight loss without requiring *any* change in diet. *(Continued on page 486)*

CHRIS CALLAS. Pantyhose, Leg Lines. Shoes, Pancaldi Go. Details, stores, last pages

LOVE CHEMISTRY

As research unravels the chemical mysteries of the brain, pharmacology is increasingly integral to psychiatry; drugs that mimic or suppress brain chemicals can sometimes help to restore psychological balance more successfully than therapy, even for the lovelorn. Many doctors now believe that patients who are constantly falling in—and out—of love, who are elated at the start of a new romance, depressed at its inevitable failure, suffer from an imbalanced brain chemistry that literally causes an addiction to falling in love, "cured" only by finding a new object of affection at the end of each failed romance. In *The Chemistry of Love* (Berkley), Columbia University psychiatrist Michael R. Liebowitz, M.D., notes that in severe cases of such syndromes—ones diagnosed as clinical depression—in which therapy hasn't worked, a few months of treatment with antidepressant drugs has not only lifted patients' moods but helped them finally to break in-and-out-of-love patterns.

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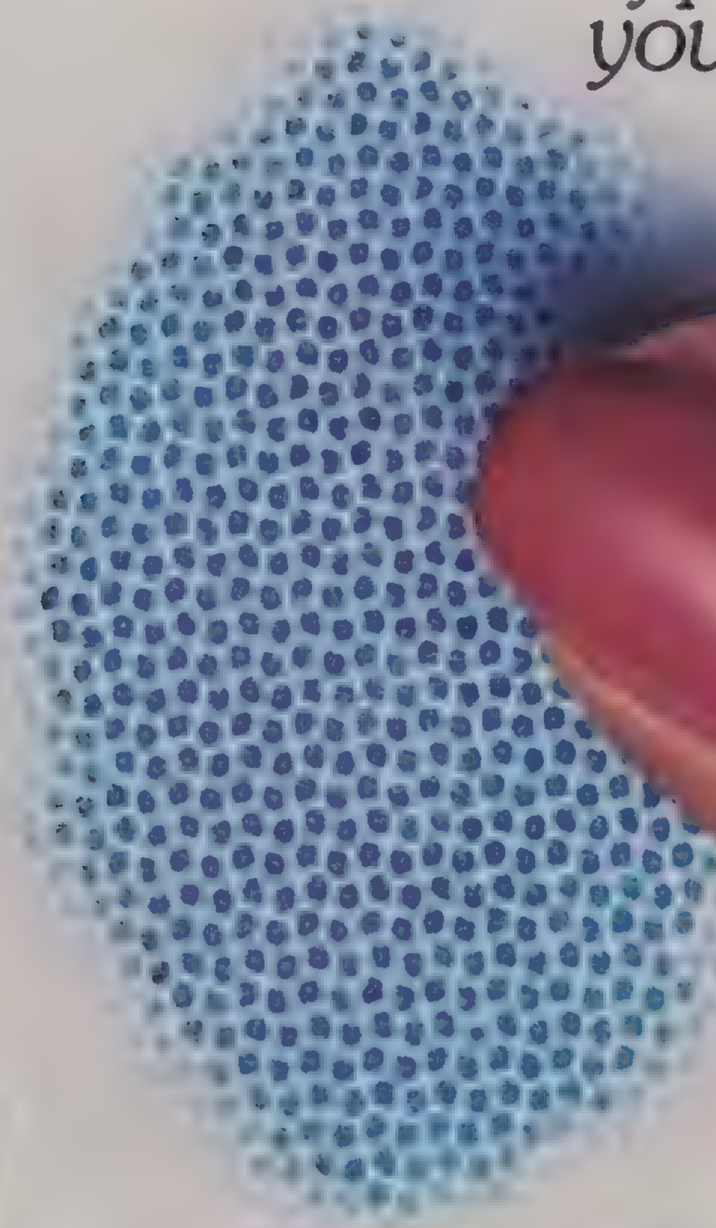

always

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(Continued from page 484)

"And as the time spent walking lengthens, weight and body-fat reductions become more dramatic."

For aerobic benefits, beginners must walk one-half hour a day three times a week. If you're aerobically fit to start, this program would maintain, but not improve, your condition. "Allow several weeks for your legs to adjust to a walking program before increasing duration. As longer workouts become more comfortable, focus on increasing intensity," said Michael Pollock, Ph.D., director, cardiac rehabilitation program, Universal Services Rehabilitation and Development, Inc.–Texas Heart Institute, Houston. "Start at a comfortable pace, then stride out," said Dr. Gwinup. "If your usual gait measures two feet, go two and one-half feet. Mix long strides with average ones, vigorously swinging arms."

Two spinoffs that speed up the pace and increase walking's benefits: "Wogging," a combination of walking and jogging, and racewalking—a skilled activity with careful attention to form. Walks for charity, Wog-A-Thons, racewalking clinics, city walking tours, and walking clubs are booming—and providing added incentive to walk for fitness. (A doctor should confirm the safety of a walking program before you start.)

FITNESS ON FOOT

In pursuit of fitness, aerobic dancers often ignore their feet—going barefoot or scantily shod. The pounding of aerobic dance requires better: a well-cushioned, supportive shoe made for the activity. One example: the Jane Fonda Workout shoe, *above*, designed with an orthopedic surgeon, has colored dots on its sole to highlight areas of high impact, energy-absorbing resiliency. . . . Today, the newest socks are beefed up and cushiony. But, according to one expert, the combination of cushioned sock and shoe can cause feet to lose their sense of contact with the ground, increasing the chance of landing improperly. On the plus side of a thick "support" sock: it can fill out the often too-wide heel of a shoe and can compensate for the loss of protective padding in our heels that increases with age. So can a thick shoe insert such as Dr. Scholl's Eliminator that fits into all athletic shoes to help absorb shock. . . . Feet are often neglected during warm-ups—which can lead to foot pain after exercise, according to Charles Gudas, D.P.M., clinical professor of surgery at University of Chicago. In many cases, before prescribing orthotics, Dr. Gudas recommends these foot warm-ups: ● Holding onto the railing, stand on one foot at the edge of a bottom stair, heel below stair level, then rise up onto toes. Hold for five seconds, working up to 25 repetitions per foot. ● Grab a one-half-inch-thick wood dowel with your toes. Grip and release 25 times each foot. ● Stretch toes by flexing them up and down, 10 times each foot. ● Standing up straight, roll foot over to the inside then the outside. Hold for a second; release and repeat 10 times with each foot.

MARK SCHREYER

Post-heart attack: Sex? Exercise?

By Skip Rozin

No medical situation may cause more anxiety than recovering from a heart attack. After experiencing life-threatening trauma, how do you resume a normal life? The first questions, for most: When do you begin to exercise? What about sex?

"We used to keep heart-attack patients flat in bed for six weeks," said Lenore Zohman, M.D., head of the Cardiac Rehabilitation Program at NYC's Montefiore Hospital. "Now, we get people up within a couple of days."

Exercise—the right kind and amount—is an important factor in complete recovery from heart attack and heart surgery.

Dr. Zohman described a program in which patients who have suffered heart attacks begin passive or light active exercise even in the coronary-care unit. Those who had surgery may begin their program of light exercise immediately upon leaving the recovery room. A heart-attack patient—one with no pain, normal blood pressure, and no extra heart beats—will begin walking and doing light calisthenics within that first week.

Some patients, after discharge, are given a doctor-prescribed program to carry out at home or in a group. Others, at greater risk, are brought back to a supervised setting where their exercise is monitored. They follow individually designed programs on the treadmill, pulleys, rower, and bicycle, until they have recovered enough to carry on at home. This may take weeks, months, or a year.

"If men and women start to exercise after a heart attack," said Dr. Zohman, "if they start slowly in the hospital and build up to a regular training program—three times a week at an adequate level of exercise—their physical fitness and capacities will improve. The heart's pumping capacity may benefit in some cases as well."

"Most people's ideas about sex after a heart attack or heart surgery are myth and misinformation," according to cardiologist Richard A. Stein, M.D., an expert in the area of the resumption of intercourse after heart attacks, and director of the Heart Exercise Laboratory, Downstate Medical Center, State University of New York. "The patient feels that after a heart attack, she is limited because she's heard of sudden death during intercourse, but the majority of patients can go back to a full, active sex life."

The view that sex puts great strain on the heart—a view that stemmed from Masters and Johnson data obtained while observing college-age students with unfamiliar sex partners—is no longer held. Today, doctors compare the work the heart does during intercourse with walking up two flights of stairs. The ability to do either is measured as routine.

Although most research has been done on men—men have more heart attacks, especially during sexually active years—the resulting guidance now seems to apply also to women.

Much of that guidance, concerning sex as well as general mobility, contradicts established theory. "A lot of those old ideas were greatly confining, taking the spontaneity out of sexual activity," said Dr. Stein. "There is no preferred time, or position. You should be sure you've taken your medication; most doctors recommend about an hour before. When to avoid intercourse: after eating a heavy meal, if you've had any alcoholic beverages."

According to Dr. Stein, most women who have suffered heart *(Continued on page 488)*

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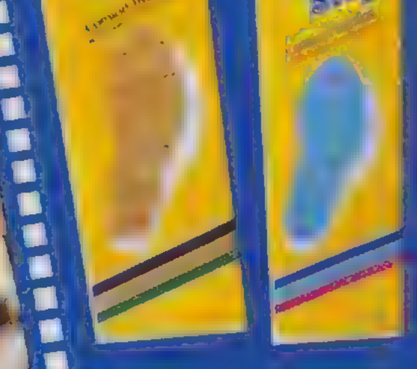

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(Continued from page 486)

attacks should be able to resume orgasmic sex within three weeks of going home if their doctors okay it. But if a man or woman has pain during or immediately after orgasm, he or she should call a physician promptly.

Before leaving the hospital, the heart patient's tolerance for exertion is tested; the results of that "pre-discharge exercise test" indicate just how active the patient can be and how soon. The potential for difficulty during coitus—chest pains, shortness of breath, rapid heartbeat—would also be reflected.

Less predictable are side effects of some cardiac medications, which can cause sexual dysfunctions, more common in men than in women. Beta-blocking drugs can also inhibit a man or woman's ability to become aroused.

"It is so important for the patient to tell the doctor what is happening...or not happening," said Dr. Stein, adding that often things left unspoken are left undone. In most cases, an alternative drug can be used.

In almost all cases, the patient's sex life benefits from properly planned and regulated exercise. "If patients go into a vigorous exercise program," he said, "among other things their heart rate during intercourse will come down, and they handle it better."

The point of exercising, improving diet, and other such efforts is to remove the patient from the high-risk profile that probably contributed to the heart disease in the first place.

best teeth tools *style*

In response to questions from consumers confronted with an ever-growing array of choices, at-home dental-care "basics" such as brushes and flosses were included in the American Dental Association's official evaluation program for the first time this year. Aside from looking for the ADA seal on the package, check here for what the ADA recommends:

■ *Brushes should have soft, rounded (or polished) bristles. Size and shape are matters of personal preference—but be sure the brush can reach top, front, and back surfaces of every tooth. "We found manual and electric brushes safe and effective. Using the type you're most comfortable with is probably best, as you'll brush most thoroughly that way," said Wayne T. Wozniak, Ph.D., of the ADA Council on Dental Materials, Instruments, and Equipment.*

■ *Should you use waxed or unwaxed floss? Unwaxed was once the only option; waxing makes flossing easier for people with closely spaced teeth. Both work, the ADA found, if used consistently every day.*

■ *"Oral irrigating devices"—such as the new palm-size travel Water-Pik, above—are not substitutes for brushing or flossing, but can help remove bits of food around teeth. Key to gaining the ADA's OK: that the water-pressure level be proven safe.*

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Statistics prove it: braces are no longer for children only. According to the American Association of Orthodontists, 850 thousand adults—including many with highly visible careers—now wear them. At every age, women wearing braces continue to outnumber men.

RANDOLPH GRAFF

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Q&A

Hypnosis: can it stop smoking? . . . caffeine vs. pain

For the twenty-four million women who still smoke, and want to quit, hypnosis is a solution to consider. While hypnosis hasn't received much publicity recently, it is being used more and more by the medical profession to treat such problems as asthma, allergies, premenstrual syndrome, insomnia, stuttering—even as a substitute for anesthesia during surgery. And it has been used at least since 1957—the year the American Medical Association gave its official sanction to hypnosis—as an aid for stopping smoking.

Although it's been said that "hypnosis is a therapy a person tries when other therapies have failed," its short-term success rate for smokers is extremely high, says Sidney Petrie, founder of the Petrie Corporation and the Institute for Hypnotherapy in Westbury, NY.

The principle behind the program: trained therapists (masters degrees in psychology or social work) induce a relaxed hypnotic state making the mind more receptive and giving the stop-smoking messages more impact.

Why does hypnosis work? "With an addiction of any kind," says Petrie, "thought results in action. You think 'cigarette,' you pick up a cigarette and then you light up. Hypnosis acts as a barrier between the thought and the picking up of the cigarette." Edward Lichtenstein, Ph.D., professor of psychology at the University of Oregon, feels the main benefit of hypnosis is to "temporarily focus people's attention and enhance their motivation" to quit.

While Dr. Lichtenstein sees "hardly any danger" in hypnosis, he cautions that it is a tool only as effective as the person using it. He suggests checking the hypnotist's credentials: Is he/she medically trained or at least have a master's degree in social work or psychology? What's his reputation in the community? Is he a member of a national hypnotists' association?

While results from behavior-modification programs show about 30 percent are not smoking one year later, Petrie questionnaires show that up to 85 percent of the two hundred thousand people who have completed his seminar (group or individual session) are not smoking six to eight weeks later; longer-term results are not available.

Added incentive for Petrie "graduates": a twenty-minute tape to play whenever motivation slips. (For more information: 1-800-645-4910.)

Anyone who's even considering quitting can find extra support on November 15: millions of smokers will give up cigarettes for at least twenty-four hours during the American Cancer Society's eighth annual Great American Smokeout (more about that on page 282).

While caffeine has had its share of bad press in recent years, a new study suggests a possible good side in the area of pain relief. Eugene M. Laska, Ph.D., and colleagues at the Rockland Research Institute in Orangeburg, NY, reported in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* that caffeine can increase the pain relief of analgesics by about 40 percent. Basing their findings on over ten thousand patients with postpartum uterine cramping, episiotomy, oral surgery, and headache pain, the researchers concluded that "the addition of caffeine, 65 mg, to an analgesic tablet taken in a two-tablet dose [equivalent to one and one-half cups of brewed coffee] results in a more effective analgesic."

Their findings contradict assumptions of twenty years' standing that caffeine has no added value in pain relief. The reason, say the authors, is that not enough caffeine was used in the past. (But, upping caffeine consumption should be discussed with your doctor.) ▽

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VOGUES

HEALTH *style*

Your Well-Being

By Barbara Lang Stern

Do you sometimes feel torn between wanting to comfort and help a sick friend or loved one and not knowing how?...or resenting the extra demands on your already busy life?

At stake in setting your priorities is your sense of human connectedness, reliability, and nurturing of others, balanced by separateness, productivity, and attention to yourself. At stake are fundamental values of compassion, support, and interrelatedness, which long have been entrusted to women, which we have the *right* to discard, but which we may *want* to reaffirm and safeguard as our lives become increasingly competitive and full.

But what if you feel you're simply *not* the basic, nurturing, "I'll-make-some-chicken-soup-and-bring-it-right-over" type? "I think it's important to recognize and do what you're comfortable with," says Ruth Oakes, Ph.D., clinical psychologist at the highly regarded St. Mary on the Mount Hospital and Rehabilitation Center in St. Louis. "Some people are more likely to be nurturers; they may have to learn not to let themselves be run ragged. But just because you don't have that inclination, don't back away completely out of fear that a small gesture won't be enough. There's value for both you and the sick person in your dropping off a book or sending flowers or a card, or simply telephoning. The important thing is to let the friend know, in some way, that you're concerned." Dr. Oakes also points out that by pushing yourself to do more than you ordinarily would, you might find you have endorsed and strengthened a relationship or expanded your own qualities and potential.

Nurturing the sick: how you can help without suffering yourself

Whatever degree of nurturing of a sick friend or relative you choose to do, some insights and practical knowledge can help:

● Expect the patient to be different and possibly difficult. "Any physical illness is a psychological as well as a physical stressor, and the patient will behave according to his or her usual ways of coping with stress," says Dr. Oakes. "When people feel really bad, they tend to regress psychically. They may return to the comfort and security of just lying in bed being cared for. They may become childlike, passive, indecisive, tearful, and in need of companionship. Other patients—often men—who have learned they should be independent, may fight the appeal of dependency. They may try not to give in to the illness or may start getting angry, demanding, and difficult in an attempt to maintain control."

Patience and understanding are grand; but Dr. Oakes suggests that there comes a time when *you*, as nurturer, need relief, or when you should be pleasantly assertive: "I imagine it's difficult for you to feel weak, but can you imagine it's difficult for me to be barked at?" She suggests adapting the environment to place the patient's needs within reach.

● If you think someone isn't all that sick and just wants to be indulged, you may be right. "I prescribe pampering for people when they're *well*; it's a legitimate need that should be met," says Dr. Oakes. "But most of us can't spend the day in bed catering to ourselves without feeling guilty, so we have to become sick in order to do that!"

From this perspective, you might see pampering a loved one as worthwhile, salutary, even amusing. With that sixth glass of orange juice you're bringing, you're really delivering reassurances of love, of being cared for. If you're ready with blood donations but resistant to indulging whims, you *might* ask yourself whether a hidden side of *you* hungers to be pampered. You might feel especially good about indulging a sick friend and then giving yourself a treat as well.

● Few people enjoy hospitals; many dread visits there. We face intimations of our own vulnerability. Yet hospitalized patients are especially subject to feeling neglected, helpless, and abandoned. Among ways of making a visit easier: go in the evening or on weekends, when fewer treatments are being given, and more visitors are around; stay only for a short time; go with a friend. Says Dr. Oakes, "If you can't face the hospital, you can be supportive in other ways. Also, share your feelings with the patient so she can understand and accept your absence. If you *can* gear yourself up to going, that's a valuable step in overcoming fears, gaining mastery." ▽

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It's not how hard you work that determines what you earn —the trick is to work where the payoff is highest.

My name is Joe Martin. Last year I became a millionaire. I live in an expensive Manhattan condo. I drive two "exotic" cars—a vintage Bentley and a Ferrari. So far this year I've vacationed in California, Puerto Rico, New Orleans, and Paris. Next month I'm off to Nantucket for a week.

Six years ago I was getting by on $25,000 a year. Then a friend showed me how to get started in mail order. Today I work my own hours, take whatever salary I need, and have an office full of people working for me—including a president who makes a 6-figure salary, so I can travel, or just stay home with my family, when I don't feel like going to work.

If this is beginning to sound like a pitch for a get rich quick scheme, relax. What I want to send you *could* make you rich. And it could make you rich *quickly*. But before you even think about becoming rich, you first need a way to *make more money than you are making now.* And that's where I can help you.

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There's No Excuse For Not Having A Good Job!

There's a job opportunity *explosion* taking place in mail order. And compaines such as my own are being *forced* to train people with no experience for **high power executive jobs that can lead to salaries of from $35,000 to $100,000 a year or more.**

If your career is being held back by too much competition in your field, or a "bad year" your company is having, or even by discrimination, mail order offers you a chance to earn *a whole lot more* than you are earning now, plus have the time to enjoy it!

Mail order is one of the few fields today where you can *go right to the top*—and **earn more money than many doctors or lawyers—without an advanced degree or a high tech background.** I began my career as a management trainee for a trucking company. Our president studied art and literature. None of us know more mathematics than you could teach yourself in a week.

You *Don't* Have To Be That Special!

Now you ask, with all this money being paid in mail order, don't you have to be someone special to get a job in this field? To answer, let me introduce you to three people whom I personally recruited, hired, and trained—

Kevin had studied architecture in college, but after graduation could only find a job as an assistant manager for a hamburger chain. After a while he quit and at the age of 27, he had been out of work for months.

I started him as a receptionist but **in less than two years, Kevin left me to become *president* of another company, where he is very successful on his own today!**

To his amazement, he has been able to move his family into a beautiful house in an exclusive suburban neighborhood. And his company will buy him any car he wants.

Marilyn was considering a job offer as a "trainee" at a large advertising agency. To hire her, I had to top their offer. But, even with all the money, she had serious doubts about working in mail order. She feared her opportunities would be limited.

Within eight months, although she was just beginning to learn the business, I was able to *double* Marilyn's salary!

Sure, her work was good...but, has good work ever gotten *you* that kind of raise?

Yvonne joined us to do simple administrative work. She had never worked for a business but her marriage was breaking up and she needed money, although she wasn't happy about having to take a job.

Thirty months later, Yvonne was *running* a multi-million dollar corporate group, with a salary in excess of $100,000 a year!

Today, she *loves* mail order and her annual salary is headed toward the 1/4 *million* mark! (Yet she still manages to take 5 or 6 weeks of vacation each year... and to leave the office by 4:30 most days, to go home and feed her cats!)

Wouldn't *You* Like To Work For A Company That Can Pay You A *Lot* More Money?

Regardless of where you live—or *want* to live—I'll bet you have *some* kind of mail order company nearby. In fact, *if you know how to look,* you'll find mail order companies scattered across every state, Puerto Rico, Canada, and in most parts of Europe. You can even find mail order companies in Africa, Japan, and other parts of the Far East.

But how do you find your way into a really high power mail order job, when you have absolutely no experience in the field? And, if someone were to *offer* you a job in mail order, how would you *know* whether it could lead to the rewards you want...or whether it was just a "go nowhere" job, where you would work your heart out while someone else makes all the money.

Most of my friends don't have any idea of how much money I make—and that's fine with me. I'm not out to be a celebrity. I like my quiet, private life. But I also enjoy helping people when I can. Hardly a week goes by when a friend doesn't tell me that he or she is looking for a job.

This Is How To Do It!

To help *anyone* who needs a better job, **I've prepared an easy-to-follow, step-by-step guide—based on my own *personal experience*—that lays out an almost foolproof plan to help you get an *excellent* job in mail order—*fast!***

I sincerely believe that if you follow this simple step-by-step path, within a very short time, you (and your family!) will be amazed by the changes for the better in your life. And, even if you don't become a millionaire in mail order right away, at least you'll have a practical plan that shows how it can be done.

Jobs paying from $35,000 to $100,000 a year or more are *common* in mail order, *even in small companies such as mine!* I can show you *how* and *where* to find these jobs—and **I can even help you get job interviews**—even if you've never worked in mail order before!

The Success of Others Who Have Followed These Steps Is *Proof* They Are The *Right* Way To Make Money!

Over the past five years, I have spent thousands of dollars to recruit good executives. I know the score when it comes to hiring. **I know what *really* gets people into the top paying jobs in mail order,** and it's probably *not* what you think.

My job guide for you is called, *How to Get Yourself A High Paying Job In Mail Order—Fast!*, and I believe it's value will be so great, you'll consider the price trivial. It's as if a dealer offered you a brand-new, show room fresh Cadillac for $2,000. Naturally you'd jump at the chance.

In fact, I believe that if someone had given me this book when I was 23, I could have used it to become a millionaire by the time I was 25—and a millionaire *ten times over* by the age of 30.

As it is, I am *still* following the simple steps I've laid out for you in this book. And I expect these simple steps will allow me to *double* my wealth again next year.

Act Now!

You can buy this book that was written for you and examine it without risk. I am convinced that when you see it, it will "sell itself" to you. But, if for any reason you *don't* agree that it is worth the money you paid, return it within 90 days and I'll refund your money. (Personally, I think you will *treasure it* and *wear the pages thin* as your new career takes off!)

You can order on your Master Card or Visa by calling **212-594-0061**, or you can use the coupon below. Either way, I urge you to *act today*...and see how mail order can surprise you—as it surprised me—with such *tremendous* riches!

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Please rush me Joe Martin's book, ***How To Get Yourself A High Paying Job In Mail Order—Fast!*** I understand that if I don't think it's worth the money for any reason, I can return it within 90 days for my money back. Please send me—

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the americanization of proust

Europeans cite Proust, Americans read him. His powerful vision of impermanence—in love, and in society—speaks directly to us because we are the most restless people on earth.

By Edmund White

Long ago, when I first moved to Rome for a year's stay, a friend—a Roman, a painter, a well-traveled woman with a jaundiced heart, not to mention liver and eye—took me to the sort of *mondaine* Italian party I now know fairly well but then found bewitching and bewildering, an evening of splendid entrances and showy exits with a longish dull stretch in between. She introduced me to a young diplomat from Parma who in the course of his suave and agreeable conversation managed to fit in several apt allusions to Proust.

I became very excited, since I'd just finished reading Proust, and I launched into that feverish, joyful train of shared associations ("Then what about when Odette actually turns out to be the lady in pink? And isn't that just wild when Mme Verdurin actually becomes a Guermantes?") so familiar to every reader of the Master. The diplomat frowned, turned cold, caught an eye across the room ("Ciao Fabio, quando sei tornato?") and gracefully segued off. I must have looked confused. My friend laughed and said, "But Edmund, only Americans *read* Proust. Here we merely *cite* him."

Later, in the car home, she explained, drawing on her knowledge of both cultures, that in America—at least my America of the Midwest—no one ever gains points for having read Proust. If people go to the bother to read him at all (or anything), they do so despite general indifference or even hostility. "Over here, *comunque*," she said as we were circling the Piazza del Popolo, caught in the crossfire of angrily flashing brights as the twin Baroque churches revolved past like ornate tea cozies coddling tall pots—"over here people feel they must read Proust, though they seldom get past *Swann's Way*. That diplomat, you'll notice, was sticking to volume one."

It's true that educated Americans do revere Proust. When I had the temerity to offer a course in Proust at Columbia two years ago, the class was mobbed with writing students, a scared but eager team ready to scale Mt. Remembrance. Whereas other modernists (one thinks of Stein, Joyce, Pound) rejected intimate confession in favor of impersonal formal experiment, Proust was a literary cyclops, if that means he was a creature with a single great "I" at the center of his consciousness (no matter that the first-person Narrator is only occasionally the literal Marcel Proust). Every page of Proust is the transcript of a mind thinking—not the pell-mell stream-of-consciousness of a Molly Bloom or a Stephen Dedalus, each a dramatic character with a unique vocabulary and an individuating range of preoccupations, but rather the fully orchestrated, ceaseless, and disciplined ruminations of one mind, one voice: the sovereign intellect. Young Americans are more drawn to autobiography than to objective portraits of other people; they are starved for authenticity.

> *We Americans are responsive to Proust's brilliant analyses of love because we, too, have never taken love for granted*

If Proust is specially available to us, that may also be because Americans have none of the usual social or political responses to twentieth-century European writers. Whereas the English long persisted in regarding Virginia Woolf as the leader of that outmoded, ivory-towerish Bloomsbury crowd so shamefully insensitive to national woes, and the French dismissed Colette as that disgraceful old gossip their grandmothers used to read under the *duvet*, Americans, never having learned these associations, rediscovered both women and established their fame. In the same way, most Europeans continue to read Brecht as some sort of Marxist, Kafka as a prophet of the Nazi doom—and Proust as the valedictorian of the Belle Epoque. To be sure, all three writers did work out views of contemporary events, but Proust, like the others, is more a fabulist than a chronicler, and Americans have turned their very ignorance of modern European history into an advantage.

Americans are perhaps more open to the imaginative works of other cultures than any other people, partly because we're heir to those cultures and partly, no doubt, because we receive their novels free of context. For us, European or South American or Japanese novels are as "universal" as everyone has always considered music to be. Proust emerges in America, then, as the supreme symphonist of the spirit, someone who renders essences rather than accidents (or who finds the essential in the accidental). Americans don't measure his accounts against a reality they already know. Instead, we read his fables of caste and lust, of family virtue and social vice, of the depredations of jealousy and the consolations of art not as reports but as fairy tales. He is our Scheherazade.

Of course, Proust is also popular because he wrote about glamour—rich people, nobles, artists. And he wrote about love. It doesn't seem to matter that he despised love, exploded it, reduced it to its shabbiest, most mechanical, even hydraulic terms, by which I mean he not only demystified love, he also dehumanized it, turning it into something merely Pavlovian. The love Swann feels for Odette is in no way a tribute to her charms or her soul. In fact, he knows perfectly well that her charms are fading and that her soul is banal. Moreover, as he says to himself in the last sentence of *Swann in Love:* "To think that I've wasted years of my life, that I've longed to die, that I've experienced my greatest love, for a woman who didn't appeal to me, who wasn't even my type!"

Proust is always trying to uncover the laws that govern desire. For instance, the Narrator looks at the sleeping body of his beloved and tormenting Albertine: "Seeing that expressionless body lying there, I asked myself what logarithmic table it constituted, that all the actions in which it might have been involved, from the nudge of an elbow to the brushing of a skirt, should be capable of causing me, stretched out to the infinity of all the points that it had occupied in space and time, and from time to time sharply reawakened in my memory, so intense an anguish, even though it was determined by impulses and desires of hers which in another person, in herself five years earlier or five years later, would have left me quite indifferent."

Despite his scandalously disabused way of looking at love as a logarithmic table, Proust retains his reputation as the great "romantic" novelist. Perhaps it's enough to malign love in order to be considered one of its champions; almost every critic of romantic love, including Proust, Flaubert, Tolstoy, and Roland Barthes, is embraced by the public as a romantic. Of course, Proust has often been confused with his enemies. For example, he is the most profound critic of snobbism, the relent-

less satirist of social follies, but he is sometimes simply dismissed as a snob himself, a title-chaser, a duchess-hunter. This error may hold some truth, for if Proust had not been susceptible to the false lures of love and society, those empty ambitions that in his system compete with the one true faith of art—if he hadn't been such a great sinner, he could never have become the great saint.

We Americans are particularly responsive to Proust's tireless and brilliant analyses of love because we, too, have never taken love for granted. Whether we're stretched out on the analytic couch or huddled cheek to jowl in encounter groups, we are always making the personal public, the intimate political, the instinctual philosophical in our determination to question every iota of desire. Of course, we question love in order to make it the one common language of all experience. We are monotheists and our one god is Amor, though few of us have seen him recently and no two could agree on a description.

Proust may have attacked love, but he did know a lot about it. Like us, he took nothing for granted. He was not on smug, cozy terms with his own experience. We read Proust because he knows so much about the links between childhood anguish and adult passion; when the grown-up Narrator waits in pain for Albertine, he recognizes that this feeling rhymes with his longing as a boy for his mother's kiss. We read Proust because, despite his supreme intelligence, he holds erudition in contempt and knows that only the gnarled knowledge that suffering brings us is of any use. We read Proust because he knows that in the terminal stage of passion we no longer love the literal beloved; the object of our love has been overshadowed by love itself: "And this malady which Swann's love had become had so proliferated, was so closely interwoven with all his habits, with all his actions, with his thoughts, his health, his sleep, his life, even with what he hoped for after his death, was so utterly inseparable from him, that it would have been impossible to eradicate it without almost entirely destroying him; as surgeons say, his love was no longer operable."

Proust may be telling us that love is a chimera, a projection of rich fantasies onto an indifferent, certainly mysterious surface, but nevertheless those fantasies are undeniably beautiful, intimations of paradise—the artificial paradise of art. I doubt whether many readers, American or not, could ever be content with Proust's rejection of rustling, wounded life in favor of frozen, immobile art; but his powerful vision of impermanence certainly does speak to us. We are, after all, the most restless and volatile population on earth. The rise and fall of individual loves on the small scale and of whole social classes on the grand, the constant revolution of sentiments and status, is a subject Proust rehearsed and we've realized. Gertrude Stein once observed that the United States is the oldest country in the world because it's spent the longest time in the twentieth century. If so, Proust is the oldest writer, for he was the first to describe the permanent instability of our times. ▽

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norma kamali

(Continued from page 433)

her revolutionary high-tech grey and black sweat clothes, she's now switched on to a new mood, a new idea of "dressed-up" sportswear dressed-down by absurd accessories.

The footnote to the whole sense of amusement in this collection—Kamali's exaggerated poke at the madcap fashion victim of the Hollywood 'forties: lace-up linen and calf platform shoes, open-finger lace dance mitts, blood-red hearts in rhinestones or blackamoors sprayed white as ear ornaments are witty inventions full of surprise and comic, laugh-inducing spectacle.

That lacquered, perfectly groomed, manicured look is very much a part of Kamali's own self-administered maintenance. She has an impeccable veneer: a look as if two maids on call had pulled everything into place before her arrival at work at 7:30 A.M. It's noontime before Kamali breaks for a conversation within the security of her empire. Last year, her designs for Jones Apparel Group earned $30 million in sales. That almost Rosalind Russell dressed-to-the-nines-at-noon look is still unrumpled as Kamali moves to her private conference and video-screening showroom. She walks past a rack of her signature sleeping-bag coats, first designed in 1975. They are silent but explode against the walls, like baby whales, as Kamali collides with them, before finally settling down in a steel-grey chair and crossing her legs.

This morning, Kamali is wearing her sheets of black glossy hair loose. Her shoulderpads have to get attention, slight adjustments are made frequently as she sets them, balances them. The dress is an ankle-grazing, early Hollywood-bungalow, congested-floral print. Its eight gores swing against her cab-yellow anklet socks and yellow suede platform shoes. Just under five feet, four inches, Kamali stretches her length by wearing some variation of the Hollywood wedgie or towering heel. Her complexion is flawless. Her voice is an attractive, full-bodied contralto. There is nothing aggressive, pushy, or strident about Norma Kamali. If she were a painting, instead of a designer, she would be a Manet: his portrait of the exotic magnetism of Jeanne Duval, Baudelaire's mistress; or indolent Odalesque—Olympia.

In every move of her professional career, Kamali has been an optimistic gambler. There is no compromising in her risk-taking. She has the strength of self-assuredness, the flexibility and elasticity of a keen intelligence and keen wit. She now carries the banner of a truly original American design talent, a woman who is a pioneer, very much the way Claire McCardell did in her career.

"Kamali invented her own style," says Paris-based Karl Lagerfeld. "She is sort of the McCardell of the 'eighties. She floods her work with a touch of Hollywood glamour. And why not? Hollywood is an American invention; it does not come from some European references."

Where does the wonderful, the acute sense of entertainment in her clothes come from this season? The toss-off element of provocation is close to Schiaparelli, a designer widely copied and imitated this year. Yet Kamali's reference points are not of the *ancien regime* of Paris dressmaking circa 1935-1939. They are as American in originality and impact as the Busby Berkely films, something Kamali admires tremendously.

"Very few things in our lives bring us entertainment," she says. "I think we have to seek it out today. Busby Berkely is visually original to me. His sense of multiples, repeats of shapes, and creating shape with human bodies are graphically beautiful. The inspiration of that is somehow directly a part of my idea of creating multiple clothes for many types of women. Repeats that become individual when women put my clothes on. To be serious all the time," says Kamali, "is not important in fashion.

"I have admitted to myself after many years that I am in the business of fashion. I am in the business of making clothes that should make people happy. I just try to make people look great. And the best compliment to me is when a woman walks into the store, takes the clothes and experiments with them. There is no ideal. The Kamali ideal is taking combinations and creating one's own magic."

In this season of often androgynous and overtly masculine dressing for women, Kamali women, if not quietly understated, always look exhilarated. Upbeat. The post-nuclear style of the Japanese, the wild fluorescent minimalisms of the 'sixties, the English Regency collages of pattern on pattern gain no ground at Kamali: she steers clear of current fashion dicta; hers is a woman with a light, humorous side. Think of Judy Holliday as Billie Dawn in *Born Yesterday*. It's a woman, who, like Billie, might clip a diamond leaf to a lace top and pull above-elbow opera gloves on at noon to saunter off sight-seeing or shopping.

At its best, the look is a charming punch to Kamali's adherence to street style. At the worst, thrown together with a package-deal lack of individuality, it becomes fancy dress.

Of her new romantic turn on Carmen-clichés—such as snoods for day with plastic discs, she says: "My style is to reverse the standard idea about fashion. When I decided to do cotton lace as sportswear this year, I was tired of the *sameness* around. I wanted to create a jolt! When I think lace, I always think how to bring it to the street level. Fashion today is born in the streets, in my mind, and it must then be made or geared to the streets," she exclaims.

"It's a matter of honesty with myself, my work. I have to be and do what I understand. I understand the streets, that's my background. It would be bad, very mediocre at best, if I tried to be somebody who understands castles.

"Today, I've grown as a designer. I feel I am better, and I can do a lot more for many women. I thought, for a long time, it was enough to design for only seven people besides myself. (Those clients included Diana Ross, Bette Midler, Raquel Welch, and all the members of a former Soul group, LaBelle.) It's more challenging to design a good rayon skirt and shirt. Anyone can design a beautiful expensive dress from a bolt of fabulous French silk. With that, the sky's the limit," adds Kamali, a native New York City girl.

"A lot comes from my mother and her sense of invention. She lives in Manhattan, and I see her all the time. Sometimes, she wears my clothes. But then why should she really? She still makes her own.

"This second is the most difficult time in my professional life. I have been taking more risks than ever, and I sense a tremendous change in my life." As with any strong designer who creates an image, Kamali's lineup of licensee arrangements keeps growing: there are Camp Hosiery, shoes for a division of Vittorio Ricci, a future license to design belts for Rayman-Riddless. And there is much talk about Kamali and her first fragrance for Warner Cosmetics—the same company that created the Gloria Vanderbilt, Ralph Lauren, and Paloma Picasso fragrance lines.

How does Kamali feel about her marketability and her strength? "I am dying to do cosmetics and fragrance. I want to do it in a big way. If I don't meet the challenge of doing cosmetics, I know I will regret it for the rest of my life. And at the same time, if I don't meet the challenge of having a commitment to another human being, I will regret that for the rest of my life. At this point, I'm petrified. The thought of having to go out there and make myself more accessible to the buying public, I must deal with it. I now have to compromise my privacy, something I've shielded for so long."

> *"I understand the streets, that's my background. It would be bad, very mediocre at best, if I tried to be somebody who understands castles"*

To quote Beth in *Little Women*, Kamali could say, "I have an infirmity, I am shy." That's what she's said for years. She avoids public appearances, turns down requests from magazines to be photographed. Her first full-length fashion video, which features the special "Shoulder Pad" song by Walter Grant, and specially arranged music, was filmed in Palladium, a soon-to-open club in Manhattan. Kamali decorated the upstairs floor, creating her own 'forties ballroom, her private Roseland.

And what does the workaholic Kamali, who usually ends her days in her workrooms at 10:00 P.M., do when she goes home?

"I go home and work more. I have a huge, wonderful living space that very often allows me to work out new patterns and ideas at home. Sometimes, I go out, not much. I try to fulfill all my time and experience many things, living life to the fullest.

"I take that from my mother. Last year, she went to China. Believe me, that's not her first trip to the other end of the globe. She's an explorer, an adventurer. I think this has rubbed off on me. I constantly need change, I want something different all the time." ▽

linda ronstadt

(Continued from page 453)

Ronstadt who once used interviews as confessionals ("My big fantasy," she told one reporter, "is to seduce a priest"), and allowed herself to be photographed sprawled across her bed in a red slip and lace-trimmed tap pants. Nor is this the Linda Ronstadt who, nerves trembling, made her theatrical debut in 1980 as Mabel in a New York Public Theater production of *Pirates of Penzance*. This is a newly self-confident Linda Ronstadt who is pressing on with a radical mid-career transformation.

Last year, she released *What's New*, an album of torch songs and pop standards that, against all expectations, soared up the charts and sold over two million copies. While the critics praised her courage, many wondered if the album was, at bottom, a stunt. Ronstadt's response was to follow up that Sinatra-soaked record by touring with Nelson Riddle and the orchestra. In September, she started recording *Lush Life*, a second torch record with Riddle. For the next two months, she'll upgrade light opera to the real thing as Mimi in the Public Theater's Broadway production of *La Bohème*. As for rock, she says, "I don't care if I never sing 'Heat Wave' again."

Ronstadt's professional independence is more than equaled by her personal outspokenness. In interview after interview, she's spoken freely of her sexual acquisitiveness, and defended her right to seek sex as men traditionally do. In 1977, she delivered the boldest of these broadsides to a *Time* reporter: "I used to think you could only go to bed with a man out of pure love. I still think that's the best reason. . . . I've now included pure lust as the second reason . . . and a perfectly acceptable third reason is curiosity. It's a good way to get to know someone." This spring, *People* ran this opinion in an article about her romance with *Star Wars* director George Lucas. Ronstadt forgot that she'd ever said that, exploded, and declared all personal questions off-limits.

She still holds to that position. But as she settles herself in her manager's office and starts talking about her new music, it quickly becomes clear that even a professional chat leads, in her case, to personal revelation. Ronstadt doesn't just relate an anecdote, she propels it, 150 words a minute, toward her visitor.

Indeed, with rock behind her, Linda Ronstadt finally comes across as the articulate and complex woman her friends have known for years. She's smart, she reads, she's curious about everything. It's because her interests are so free-ranging, she says, that she got into the music of the 1930s and the 1940s in the first place.

In 1976, she began singing "What's New" at the sound check before her rock concerts. And when Mick Jagger presented her with a Charlie Parker record with a ballad medley on it, she began playing it during the intermissions of those concerts while kids yelled "Rock and roll! Rock and roll!"

It was Kermit the Frog, though, who finally made it impossible for Ronstadt to continue as a rock singer. "Television is something I don't do," she recalls, "but Peter Asher [her long-time manager/ *(Continued on page 498)*

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linda ronstadt

(Continued from page 497)

producer] called to say the Muppets had asked me on their show—and said I wouldn't have to sing my hits. I said, 'If they'll let me sing "I've Got a Crush on You" with Kermit, I'll do it.' And they did. And it worked out great. And once I'd gotten a taste of it, there was no turning back."

In 1982, she called Nelson Riddle and asked him to arrange one song on her own album. Riddle suggested that he do the whole album. Ronstadt saw the chance she'd been waiting for.

"If I never go on the road again, it'll be too soon," she once said, citing autograph hunters and her dislike of the long nights of trucker-talk with her all-male entourage. And then, of course, the inadvisability of on-the-road romances with her band ("though if there's another band traveling with you," she said, "things can get pretty interesting"). But now she finds it a thrill, every night, when the curtain opens, and there, looking up at her, is Nelson Riddle. Now, for the first time, she can do all the girlish things she missed out on by leaving Tucson, Arizona, at eighteen with $30 in her jeans.

"The girls and I love to get dressed up and paint our faces," she says. "We see books about old movie stars and paint our mouths that way or get a 'forties roll in our hair." She has expanded her wardrobe from half a dozen pairs of jeans and two dresses to a collection of things that almost fills a small closet. And, for her show, she has "lots of dresses, and two wardrobe girls who steam yards and yards of net skirt so I can look formal every night." But that interest in fashion doesn't extend beyond the stage. A friend shops for the "six things I wear all the time and carry around with me."

This no-frills approach extends in all directions. She makes no political appearances: "People think I'm political because I dated Jerry Brown, but I've *never* been political." And, despite her appearance in the film version of *Pirates of Penzance,* she turns down all movie offers: "People call and say 'This movie would be really good for your career,' and I say, 'The only thing that's good for my career is for me to sing.' " Her new repertoire is demanding: no longer can she risk her voice with late-night meandering; to sing these songs properly, she says, she must keep banker's hours. She quotes Flaubert: "Be regular and orderly in your daily life, so you can be violent and original in your work."

It is possible to believe that Linda Ronstadt, by following her enthusiasms rather than record-business wisdom, has taken a step that, by happy accident or shrewd calculation, anticipated the romantic and nostalgic longings of her audience. It is even possible to believe that natural talent and voice training will prevent her from embarrassing herself as an opera singer. But the purity of feeling in her love-'em-and-lose-'em songs—and her long history of tattered romances—would make anyone who's ever heard her sing or read one of her interviews wonder if a regular, orderly life is even thinkable for Linda Ronstadt.

Is she so disciplined, for example, that she'd decline to sing an obvious rock hit? "If someone brought me a new Elvis Costello song and I put it side by side with something by George Gershwin, there'd be no contest," she says. "To me, the choice is easy. For a singer who's arrived at a point where you'd like to have a little more sophisticated sentiment, Gershwin is what comes out of your mouth." ▽

sons & mothers

(Continued from page 443)

in the male brain and the dance away from mommy occurs once again.

The age of feminism and single motherhood has its own special peril. If a mother is bitter toward males, the son will inevitably absorb the hostility. Some women try to extinguish the offending masculinity of a son or unconsciously raise him as the male they should have married, an increasingly common excursion into psychic incest. Others set the boy up as a pal or advisor who's expected to approve her boyfriend and soothe her troubles away. The consequent confusion about who is raising whom, says Kaplan, helps to produce an adult male who is distant and unable to commit himself emotionally.

Many other quirks of the grown male are also basic replications of the mother-son relationship. The man with a magnanimous, all-forgiving mother will usually shop for a professional saint as a wife. Chances are that he will expect instant and total absolution from a spouse, no matter how large or frequent the outrages he perpetrates. "I *said* I'm sorry, what else does she want out of me?"

The son who manipulates mom with a hug and a darling smile is likely to swamp a mate with the same strategic charm. It follows that a woman who wonders where a relationship is going should do some basic research on Mother. The conventional way is simply to get the boyfriend or beau talking about his mother. No other conversational topic will be half so freighted with crucial data, no matter how cryptically delivered. This sort of chitchat should be combined, if possible, with an early field trip to see the actual mother in her natural habitat. Many women report that their beaux seem diminished or enhanced by the presence of their mothers. The diminished types have many standard flaws, one of them being a lavish propensity for philandering. Enhancees, puffed up by maternal veneration, have their own famous problems; but at least there is no obvious drama about the oppressive woman waiting to be played out with an unwitting wife.

A lot of men tell their women how different the women are from Mother. This part of the conversation can be safely ignored. It is best to assume that you are a variant or a slightly improved model of the mother, or else he would not be going out with you at all.

Mothers, as we all know, are readily available to take the blame for most of the world's ills. They can ruin a son by a bit too little of this, a bit too much of that, all the while juggling Oedipal problems and the growing male's overly hormonal approach to life.

Every sensible parent knows that sons are far more trouble than daughters in every way. I used to take my turn presiding at a parent-run preschool for three-year-olds, where children of all races and backgrounds would gather at 8:30 each morning and sexually segregate themselves by 8:31, the girls sitting at a long table, talking quietly and building or drawing, the boys bouncing off walls and parents, whooping and breaking every available toy, shredding every adult nerve. Mine was the normal reaction: the brutes should be put in straitjackets until they are twenty-one. For women, this barbarian invasion of sons must be far more troubling. A baby boy is not only a strange alien from another gender, but also one of *them,* the higher-caste world-beaters who shunted her aside in youth.

One woman told me that she felt like Moses—she could lead her sons to the promised land, but was not allowed to enter. The lure of living through a son is no longer a major problem for mothers, but the old resentments are bound to bubble up at the birth of a boy. One clue is that many women report that their baby sons remind them of their brothers, presumably the male siblings they were supposed to be before they let their parents down by emerging as daughters.

It is officially correct in this feminist age not to care whether one's child is male or female, but this is foolishness. Everyone has a psychic agenda, however hidden. In retrospect, I can see that I was rooting strongly for my three children to be girls. (All were, or are.) Though normally aggressive, I have no taste for the head-butting rituals of father and son; and in playing with other people's kids, I always liked cavorting with girls and seem to find their wavelength with ease. I suspect that a great many mothers-to-be are now rooting strongly for boys, though they have the good sense to shut up about such backsliding.

Carole Klein edged toward this idea in her recent book, *Mothers and Sons,* based on a survey of several hundred mothers and fathers. "I cannot tell you how my son complements me," said one mother. And another: "It is as if, through him, I've found the missing half of myself." This type of happy yin-and-yang comment, Klein found, was so common and strong "that it must be regarded as central to the intensity of feeling a woman has for a male child." The fathers admitted no such feeling about daughters.

For all its success, feminism has had the effect of flattening out this psychic terrain, and much of the theory remains stuck on the level of buying him a doll and her a welding kit. At its worst, it amounts to a plaintive call for the repeal of biology—I think of Lois Gould's children's book *X,* starring a child of unspecified gender who does not even know, for some time, whether it is he or she. We can all give thanks that neuter children do not seem to be the world's future. Apart from sheer entertainment, the great gift of child to parents is the chance to relive and heal the traumas of childhood. In raising a child, we psychically reenter our own childhood to set matters right. At the risk of being drummed out of the men's auxiliary of the feminist movement, I suggest that specifically because of the harm done to women by men, the women of today will be lucky to have sons. ▽

(Continued from page 453)

each section flashing from Mishima's past to dramatizations of his stories, and then to the last day of his life. And just to ensure it couldn't play to a mass audience, Schrader planned to make it in Japanese.

When the creator of a movie such as *Taxi Driver*—the hallucinatory 1976 film that led John Hinckley, Jr., to believe that the best way to impress actress Jodie Foster was to shoot President Reagan—decides to mine equally blood-soaked material almost a decade later, it's hard not to think he's hooked on nihilism. And given Schrader's genius for darkness, it's hard not to imagine that there are latter-day Hinckleys who will take this movie as inspiration for their own disembowlings.

Early reports from Japan suggested that Schrader's film would be extraordinary. They also told of a chilly reaction from the Japanese. Taken together, they generated unusual interest in a film that isn't slated to be released until the fall of 1985. So when Paul Schrader returned to America to edit his film not long ago, it seemed like a good time to see how bound he was to his work—whether he had, at thirty-eight, once again embraced gloom and madness.

In a borrowed office in New York City, however, the open-faced man in the Armani suit looked anything but crazed. A tape recorder and some pop tapes sat on the desk next to an empty cigarette pack and a phone message Richard Gere had left about seeing *Balm in Gilead* at the Circle Rep that night. Strangers bustled in seeking someone long departed. Anyone else condemned to spend a day here would have been out of sorts by mid-afternoon. Not Schrader—he was too eager to make clear that he is not the man we suspect him to be.

Which isn't to say *Mishima* won't be another *Taxi Driver*. On the contrary: "If the movie works, it will feel like *Taxi Driver*. You get inside that man's head, and you can't get out. And by the time you realize you don't want to identify with this character and his train of thought, it's too late—you already have."

This identification, though, is merely a bonus. More important is that Schrader feels he has, in the past year or two, ended an accelerating dialogue with despair. "In Los Angeles, I'd become a moderately successful director," Schrader says. "I saw a life and career stretching out before me. And I didn't like the look of it. So I made a three-fold decision: To leave Los Angeles; to get married and have a child; and to do a specialized film for the art market. I do see my life in organized patterns. Those were very conscious changes."

Schrader may write screenplays fluently—the year he wrote *Taxi Driver*, he completed three more scripts—but he has never been described as sociable. Raised as a Michigan Calvinist who was forbidden to see films (he first sneaked into a theater at seventeen), he is still a loner who says he likes his own company; indeed, he has been known to sit silently during a restaurant meal, put his money on the table as soon as he's finished, and pace outside until his companions are ready to join him. But once Schrader put Los Angeles behind him—"It's a great place when you're full of fire and will go through anything to get your film made, though not a good place to work during your mature years"—he became considerably more affable. With immediate results: last year, he married actress Mary Beth Hurt, and their daughter Molly was born this past January.

All that remained to accomplish was to get *Mishima* financed. And that didn't seem imminent. "Going to Japan to make a long tone-poem to death which can't be released in a thousand theaters simultaneously must, in many minds, put you out of the arena," Schrader says, with dry understatement. "But George Lucas and Francis Ford Coppola were patrons in the classic sense. They gave me their names and good offices to help raise the money."

Schrader's script called for forty-one sets (designed by Eiko, the ubiquitous Japanese designer who works in fashion, television, and now film) as well as twenty-six locations and a seventy-five-day shooting schedule, unusually rigorous for a low-budget film with only six English-speaking crew members. But the artistic aims of the filmmaker were so high that almost everyone involved worked for scale. The only tension on the set, Schrader reports, came from the crew's awareness that the subject of the film was so controversial the movie may never be released in Japan.

> *Schrader has felt his work literally endangered his life*

"Yukio Mishima's been appropriated by the far right in Japan," Schrader explains. "He's become an icon. And the idea of a Westerner making a film about him is threatening and insulting to that political element. But Mishima wasn't that political. He's just an accessible symbol for everyone: the right-wing, the homosexuals, the anti-Americans."

In fact, the only visible protests the film generated occurred when posters condemning Schrader were slapped on walls in his neighborhood—after he left Japan. But although his cast and crew weren't aware of it, the biggest threat to the film was internal. "I think I originally got involved with Mishima to exorcise a progressive death fantasy of my own," Schrader says. "One of the strange things about making this movie was that we had a child just before I started shooting. I'd expected to hunker down into this death fantasy, but it didn't happen. Somewhere between the writing and directing, I didn't feel so much in the grips."

Because he was, in the end, freed of his obsession, Schrader feels he's arrived at an objective view of his subject. "This was an extraordinary life—there's none like it. A man who is in the upper echelon of world authors comes to believe that writing is an insufficient means of expression, and, over a ten-year period, gradually becomes one of his own creations. He starts with photo albums, moves on to acting, to films, to directing, to politics, to his own army. And he chronicles this progression very carefully in his essays."

This is not, as Schrader sees it, lunacy. "It's even scarier than crazy, because it makes sense. It's an artist following through an artistic neurosis to an ultra-logical conclusion. Mishima thought it wasn't enough to see, you have to be seen while you see, you have to achieve what he called 'Harmony of Pen and Sword.' And he gradually pursued this very chilling neurosis—or pathology—to its conclusion."

Following that twisted chronology would be tricky enough, but Schrader has further stacked the deck against himself by telling Mishima's story in a mosaic form that has no precedent in the history of film. "It's hard to tell if the pattern has any sense, much less beauty." he admits. "I've cut an hour, and I think it's working, but I'm not sure. It's like building a skyscraper in marshland—the tests and plans tell you that you can do it, but until you put it up, you don't know."

Does this approach deglamorize his subject?

No, says Schrader. And then again, yes.

"A psychotic, who is a loose cannon, is going to hook onto *something*. To identify with a dangerous pathology, to see it in perspective, to see it as something apart from you and yet still a part of you—it's a way to purge those violent wishes. And then there are people who get inside a fantasy and can't get out. But they were in that fantasy *before* the movie started; and if it's not this movie, it'll be another one. I think as many people walk out of *Fantasia* and commit mass murder as they do after *Bonnie and Clyde*."

Still, filmmakers have a moral obligation to their audience: "There *are* irresponsible movies. There *are* movies that should be censored. But I don't think *Crime and Punishment* is on that list—even though it's probably inspired a few murders."

What separates movies about psychic violence from exploitation movies is, for Schrader, the willingness of the filmmaker to place his own psyche at risk. Schrader has, in the past, felt as if his work literally endangered his life. Although he doesn't feel that way now, he continues to define his job as "venturing into areas that other people are uncertain of, getting a little closer to death, and dancing on the edge with some grace."

His new projects bear that out. There's a film biography of George Gershwin for Robert De Niro and Martin Scorsese. And a play about the origins of psychoanalysis for English director Peter Hall.

Even more benign is Schrader's present movie fantasy. "After being out of the country for a year and out of the Hollywood mainstream for a couple of years, I have a desire to let the pendulum swing the other way," he says. "I really want to rush out and do the first commercial thing."

With great comic timing, he lets the unasked question—is this *really* Paul Schrader?—hang in the air for exactly one beat. Then he laughs. "But I have the feeling *that* idea will go away." ▽

fashions in living

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Clayton Powell. Every African and Asian leader was there in native costume. I was like a kid in a candy store. I didn't know where to start first."

But what about your parties?

"The ones I remember best are the little ones like the dinner I gave at Annabel's in London for Carol Channing after her Royal Command Performance. There were just twelve of us, including the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and Viscount and Viscountess Rothermere. Then there was an intimate supper I gave at Maxim's in Paris with the Crown Princess of Denmark and Princess Ghislaine de Polignac among the guests. Really, Prentis and I have given very few big parties in our thirteen years of marriage, maybe two or three, one for Princess Napoleon for seventy, another for the Attorney General and Mrs. William French Smith, also for seventy. Both were in L'Orangerie at Le Cirque."

Do you invite only the super-rich to your parties? "No, no, no! The super-rich are superbores with a couple of exceptions, like Paul Mellon, a true gentleman of remarkable accomplishments, and Anne and Sid Bass, the most beautiful present Texas ever gave us. I have no time for bores or troublemakers or insecure women who try too hard. More and more, you see people trying to buy their way in with money. That's something I never had to do."

"I have no time for bores or troublemakers or insecure women who try too hard. More and more, you see people trying to buy their way in with money"

Down with the upstarts. So whom do you invite? Who do you think makes a party? "Pat Buckley is the absolute best. I think she's not only the greatest guest but the greatest hostess today—witty and brilliant and wonderful fun. Because she is so attractive, she attracts the most interesting people. Ann Getty is another who makes a party go. She's wonderful looking and bright. Give me the foreign minister of Saudi Arabia, Prince Saud Al-Faisal, who looks like a movie star. And Philip Johnson for a good gossip. And Bill Paley and Dr. William Cahan and the beautiful Duchess of Abercorn and the Countess Chandon de Brialles and Michael Caine and Victor Skrebneski—the fabulous photographer and fabulous dancer—and Gloria Steinem and Gloria Vanderbilt and Marietta Tree and Nini Martin of San Francisco. The Baron Alexis de Redé of Paris—he's so elegant—is marvelous at a party; and so are Henry McIlhenny, the Philadelphia Grand Seigneur, and Felix Rohatyn and David Brinkley and Heine Thyssen and Mary Lasker and, definitely, Zubin Mehta, one of my closest friends for years. I introduced him to his beautiful wife Nancy.

"When I was married to Vincente Minnelli and lived in Hollywood, my favorites were Anne and Kirk Douglas, Richard Harris, who gave smashing parties, Fran and Ray Stark, Betsy Bloomingdale, Rex Harrison, Warren Beatty, Omar Sharif, and Connie Wald. All of them make a party snap and pop."

Her friends think Denise is pretty snappy and poppy too. Henry McIlhenny says, "Denise is a first-class hostess because her fare, both solid and liquid, is superb; she mixes people in a real potpourri and always comes up with someone new." Says Marietta Tree, "You can count on her for electric evenings, energy, speeches, and surprises." And Pat Buckley says, "Denise always seems thrilled to bits to see you, as though you were the most important person there and as though the party were being given just for you."

One last thought, charming hostess. What do you suggest when someone commits the cardinal sin and switches place cards? Capital punishment? "Is that legal in every state?" asks Denise Hale. ▽

the grand allure

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cologne he could pick up in any discount drugstore. Even so, something in all of this didn't quite add up. I had my suspicions, which I kept to myself. And, as time went on, my friend confirmed them. This man, she complained bitterly a few months later, had been divorced for three years now and still hadn't gotten over his ex-wife. My friend loved this man, but there was no getting through to him. Finally, she broke things off, but not without a few unpleasant scenes, in the course of which it emerged that Le Dix was his ex-wife's perfume.

Memory enables us to recognize a smell, Freud said, but not to re-create it. Think about Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* and you can hear the music in your head. Think about your best friend in the sixth grade and, with a little effort, you can see her face in your mind's eye. But try and conjure a scent, no matter how familiar, and . . . nothing. At best, you can rattle off the adjectives you might use to describe it, but the smell itself eludes you. I wonder if that's partly why scent wields such power over us in our everyday lives, because the experience of it can't be planned or predicted, and the memory of it can't be owned.

The local ballet teacher in the town where I grew up wore a very distinctive perfume; we could smell it as we came up the stairs into her studio. She would guide us to our places in line, steering us by the pressure of one hand on the back of our heads, and her perfume would surround us, each in turn. The smell was, I thought, just like her—exotic and floral, glamorous, sophisticated. She had lived in New York City, where she had enjoyed a brief career in Broadway shows before retiring at an early age to our small town, to teach. I studied the way she moved, the clothes she wore, the things she said; I would be just like her when I grew up.

We kept in touch. I moved to New York and a year or so later, she came to town and asked if I would meet her for breakfast at the Waldorf. I stood waiting at the foot of the escalators. Right on schedule, she made her entrance. Legs first—fabulous legs, still—she descended into view: her fur coat, her face. She had just turned fifty, and I was glad to see that the woman I remembered as looking like a million bucks had over the years kept pace with inflation. And then, six months later, she died.

Years went by. One afternoon, not long ago, I was killing a few spare minutes on the first floor at Bonwit's, browsing around the glove counter, when suddenly I smelled my ballet teacher's perfume. I stopped and looked around to see who might be wearing it, but there was no one close by and eventually the smell faded. Then and there, I resolved to go to the perfume counter and try every bottle until I found the right one. It would be mine to buy and keep, to uncork whenever I was feeling nostalgic, maybe even to wear. Systematically, I moved along, smelling every perfume—not that one, no, no, not that one either. And then, after six or seven, I stopped. I realized that, by buying a bottle of that perfume, I would be behaving like some rabid dance fan who, in a futile attempt to hold on to the experience he had in the theater, clutches at a photograph of his favorite ballet.

Fragrance is by nature fugitive, hit-and-run, here and gone. Consider for a moment how splendid it is to be visited every now and again by some long-forgotten scent, like an old song that comes over the radio and brings back a summer at the beach, when you were in the arms of a boy you haven't thought about in years. Like music, scent bypasses words, common sense, and the business at hand and goes straight to the heart of our minds, where all the people who have ever mattered to us are gathered in a room, trading stories about the times we had together and waiting to be recalled. ▽

Memory enables us to recognize a smell but not to re-create it. Try to conjure a scent, and . . . nothing

Holly Brubach *is a staff writer for "The Atlantic" magazine.*

fragrance's allure

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memories, can still be fickle. As François de Roussy de Sales, directeur délégue de président of Christian Dior Perfumes, says, "You wear an established 'fact' . . . a Bulgari necklace, a Cartier watch, a Christian Dior fragrance. You wear what you want to be or what you are . . ."

"Designer fragrances" have helped this search for identity—and vice versa. Chanel No. 5, created in 1921, was the first great designer fragrance and is still a major worldwide success. The first American "designer" fragrance was Norell, created in 1969. Today, there are many "designer" fragrances to choose from—among the best sellers are Oscar de la Renta and Ruffles by Oscar de la Renta, Grey Flannel by Geoffrey Beene, Polo by Ralph Lauren, Bill Blass for Women, Laura Biagiotti, and the most recent outstanding success, Paris by Yves Saint Laurent. "Ready-to-wear" fragrances appeal too, such as Albert Nipon and Calvin Klein—all to reflect in the most personal modern way a sought-after image. New ones continue to appear all the time. This month: a beautiful new scent, Diva by Parfums Ungaro . . . and Krizia Uomo, a semi-Oriental of herbs, woods, and spices, for men. There are also innovative variations on the designer-named fragrances; for example, Parfums Cartier representing the well-known jewelry store. Just introduced: Houbigant's Lutèce; the ancient Roman settlement that eventually became Paris, Lutèce is also the name of one of the great restaurants of New York City. Early in 1985 will come Maxim's, by Pierre Cardin, to "epitomize" the romance and glamour of the great restaurant of Paris.

As well as the physiological explanation for a "fickle" nose, there is also an environmental one. It is becoming increasingly difficult for fragrance manufacturers to rely on the stability of many of the natural ingredients necessary to produce perfumes we have known and loved for years. As Henry G. Walter, chief executive officer and board chairman of International Flavors & Fragrances, says, "Vintage flowers such as jasmine change from year to year like wine. Today, there is a world market in flowers. It's like buying furs—very competitive because it is difficult to find the right quality in the quantities needed. Changes in soil owing to different methods of fertilization—even climate changes registered since man began to experiment with the atmosphere—mean variations in crops, which in turn can suddenly alter the whole balance of a long-loved perfume."

Guerlain is one of the few fragrance houses with its own in-house perfumers, and master perfumer Jean Paul Guerlain still prefers to dwell on the mysticism and magic of fragrance rather than the new facts emerging all the time about the relationship between our olfactory sense and our fragrance choices. "In the dark, the only thing left of a woman is her fragrance," he says. Perhaps when all the facts are in, we too will prefer to use perfume because of its mystery and magic. ▽

bonnie roche

(Continued from page 463)

establishing some lace-curtain idea of entertainment at home in my apartment. I feel today, more and more, women who are working are occupied with that, more than anything, outside of family. I would love to be able to organize big parties at home, and have a staff do everything—ideally, that comes later.

"As my work is the center and core of my life, I find this way cuts out a lot of impersonal meals at restaurants. I find it an interesting juxtaposition, the tension of intimacy and the working out of agreements and projects with clients. It can be a moment when big deals are made, and it gives a protectiveness the client doesn't get meeting in a restaurant for lunch, drinks, or dinner," she states.

"One of the first things I bought for the office was an espresso machine. I keep a stock of those wonderful Italian cookies, Amaretto di Saronna, to offer with the espresso. The working breakfast is not casually thrown together," adds Roche, whose personal style runs to a rainbow YSL Rive Gauche dress and Chanel black-and-white shoes.

"My office is a few doors down from The Russian Tea Room, and that's fabulously convenient for ordering blinis and cold salmon the day before the breakfast is scheduled. I can pick them up on my way to the office.

"Most of my clients are creative people. And there's a very generous sense of collaboration between us. I was aiming at a dramatic sense of lighting when I designed the table. For floral arrangements, I usually order a mix of monk's head, bell flowers, joepi, wild mustard, and wild aster." For other mood swings, Roche orders masses of phlox.

> *"Most of my clients are creative people. And there's a very generous sense of collaboration between us. Everything has to be simple, yet somewhat luxurious"*

"Fresh juice and lush fruit are carefully chosen for color and tone and texture as well as energy-booster factors in the morning. A sense of real warmth in hot food makes a breakfast a solid meal. Everything has to be simple, yet somewhat luxurious. I go only to Fraser & Morris [a Madison Avenue supplier of everything from English jams to fresh-baked croissants] to hand-pick the fruit.

"The breakfast is always geared to what I feel is the essence of the client's taste. But I would never call clients and ask them what they would like for breakfast. However, if I had a southern gentleman coming in for the first time, I would try to find a good Virginia ham to slice and some fresh hot biscuits."

When she does entertain outside of the office, her style of choice is Sunday drinks at five o'clock. "Sunday early evening is the most marvelous in-between. The week is over, the new week hasn't yet begun. It's always drinks at my apartment, which I can organize on my own, then we all move on to dinner at the Café des Artistes. It is my favorite New York City restaurant for mood. The architecture, the decor, the people-watching are perfectly entertaining, and it fits into my favorite time zone." ▽

lella vignelli

(Continued from page 460)

references. Low surfaces are ideal for serving. It is an influence on my work from Japan. It is also very much a key to the simplified life in the house. All our low tables roll on casters. You go back to classical Italy, the Renaissance, Japan; and then you blend all these references into a single picture.

"That little Palladian villa made of porcelain I found just strolling through Tiffany's one day. It often becomes a part of the centerpiece. I also like to change it by arranging amusing, informal Italian garden replicas around it. Candles are always part of the tables for dinner, even when it's just family at home."

Palladian architecture is part of Vignelli's upbringing and, she admits, a defining element in her idea of the ideal hostess.

"My best and most marvelous memories of parties remain in Europe. For years, we were guests at Marina Volpi's Villa Maser, the most famous of all Palladian villas. Everything was done lavishly and perfectly, and with a great sense of elegance. We were often there for two weeks during Christmas. It was for me two weeks of continued entertainment. The hostess really worked at making everything perfect. At one point, for twenty-five house guests, she had exactly twenty-five servants. Evenings at Villa Maser were a lesson in perfection."

For thirty-six guests, Vignelli organizes a buffet dinner, her system based on special circular plywood convertible tables that get covered with her mother's hand-embroidered damask linen sets and tablecloths. The six tables are arranged in the living room as the food is served from the large dining-room table—another Vignelli design.

What does Lella Vignelli avoid as a hostess?

"Never ruin a party by calling the evening to a halt by a certain hour. If I'm very tired, I just slip upstairs. Everybody understands, and Massimo can see the last guest to the door. And at parties in someone else's home, I slip out the door. I will call the day after.

"The biggest no of any evening today is spending an evening of small-talk." ▽

fashion information

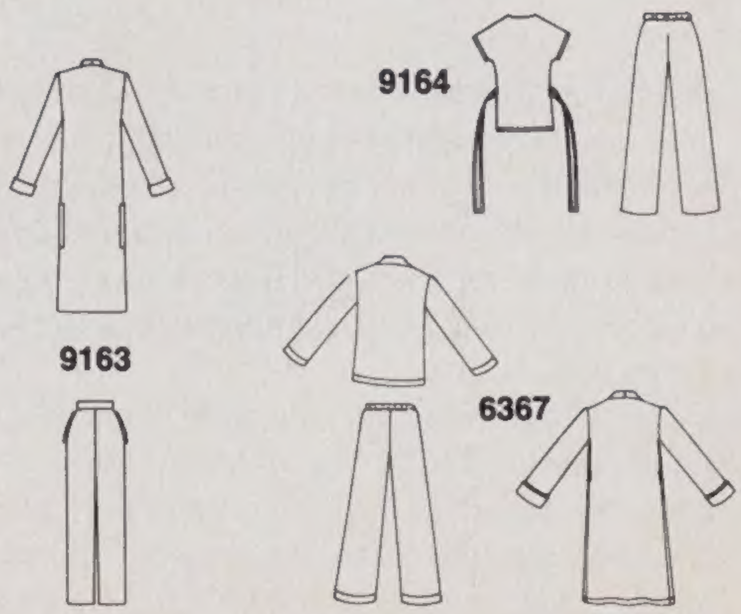
Page 118: Dress, Scaasi Boutique. Hair and makeup by Susana Perks.
160: Stevi Brooks cotton/Lycra/polyester unitard, $36. Stevi Brooks Boutique, Beverly Hills; Palais Royal, Houston TX.
240: Hair, Victor Vidal for Cloutier/L.A.; makeup, Francesca Tolot for Cloutier/L.A.
250: Zoran sweat shirt. Hair, James Harris. Makeup, Maria de Schneider.
258: Earrings at J. Antonio, NYC.
306: Two prints of Russian views; early nineteenth-century brass candlestick, cobalt blue and gold coffee set; vase, nineteenth century; white china plate with gold rim; from Malmaison, NYC. Black ebonized framed silhouettes, from Vito Giallo, NYC. Biedermeier sofa, early nineteenth-century Russian armchairs, paisley throw; from Juan Portela, NYC. Sitar, early nineteenth-century cut crystal vodka glasses; nineteenth-century glass bowl; from James II, NYC. Large portrait of Elena Pavlovna (daughter of Czar Paul I) attributed to V.L. Borovikovsky 1757-1825 32" x 26"; two smaller portraits: portrait of Czar Nicholas I (1796-1855) artist unknown; portrait of Catherine the Great, attributed to Anton Graff (1736-1813) both $8\frac{5}{8}$" x $7\frac{1}{16}$", courtesy of A La Vieille Russie, NYC.
392-393: Turnout at Lord & Taylor, Dept. 104; Montaldo's, Dept. 90. Also at Jamie, Nashville TN; The Denver, Denver CO. Shoes, Norma Kamali.
394: Dress at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 309; Filene's, Dept. 351; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 36. Earrings, Stephen Dweck. Barneys New York. Hat, Patricia Underwood. Fogal Legwear of Switzerland, NYC.
395: Dress at Altman's, Dept. 147; Jordan Marsh, Dept. 133; Sakowitz, Dept. 55; Frederick & Nelson, Dept. 348. Earrings, Kathryn Post Fun Jewelry. Bracelets, Yves Saint Laurent. Leg Looks by Burlington. Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour.
396: Outfit at I. Magnin, Dept. 53. Bag, Roberto Cambronero. Henri Bendel. Necklace, Stephen Dweck. Shoes, Ralph Lauren Footwear.
397: Outfit at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 373; Dayton's, Dept. 404; I. Magnin, Dept. 267. Also at Hattie; Palm Beach FL. Fabric by Angona. Bag, Prada. Ultimo, Chicago. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. Rings with metal stones by Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Plain colored band rings by Alite Jewelry by Al. Tech. Write On Broadway, NYC. Hanes Hosiery. Shoes, Grendha. Steppin' Out, Redondo Beach CA.
398: Outfit at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 373. Also at Just Add Water, Dallas. Necklace, David Raney for Artcessories. Detail, NYC; La T Da, Dallas. Panty stockings, Fogal Legwear of Switzerland, NYC and Bal Harbour. Shoes, Charles Jourdan, Trump Tower, NYC; Tulsa OK; Beverly Hills CA.
399: Dress at I. Magnin, Dept. 267. Earrings, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Bracelet, Robert & Lynn for Coro Jewelry. Bloomingdale's. Shoes and stockings, Stephen Sprouse.
400: Dress at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 390. Earrings, Bill Schiffer at The Bill Schiffer Gallery, NYC; Glitz, Los Angeles CA. Bag, Rafael Sanchez Designs. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Panty stockings, Fogal Legwear of Switzerland, NYC. Shoes, Casadei. I. Miller, NYC.
401: Dress at John Baldwin, Dept. 83; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 57. Earrings and bracelet, Peter M. at Kruger Gallery, NYC. Leg Looks by Burlington. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC.
402: Dress, Albert Nipon Collectibles. For stores, see page 403. Earrings, Mary Hayslip. Artwear, NYC. Hat, Hat Attack. Charivari, NYC; Handle With Care, Chicago. Scarf, Jenny Kee. Bracelets, Eric Beamon Crystals to Wear. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
403: Dress at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 341; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 36; Frost Bros., Dept. 500; Montaldo's, Dept. 01; I. Magnin, Dept. 210. Also at Macy's, Kansas City MO. For accessories see information page 402. Shoes Paul Mayer.
404: Dress also at Emanuel Ungaro Boutique, Bal Harbour; The Denver, Denver CO. Earrings and bracelet, Laurette Gneagy. Savage, NYC; La T Da, Dallas. Bag, Carlos Falchi. Cyreld, Brookline MA. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. Evan-Picone Hosiery. Lord & Taylor.
405: Turnout at Lord & Taylor, Dept. 211; I. Magnin, Dept. 211. Also at Ruth Meyer, Oklahoma City OK. Earrings, Stephen Dweck. Barneys New York; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills.
406. Fashion details see page 407. Accessories, see information page 407.
407: Glasses, Tura. Laytons Opticians, NYC; Smeelink, Grand Rapids MI; EyeSite, Houston. Earrings, Richard A. Serbin. Pin (at waist), Alex and Lee, one-of-a kind. Obiko at Bergdorf Goodman; Twigs, Birmingham MI. Hanes Hosiery; Altman's; Marshall Field's. Shoes, Pancaldi.
408: Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 531; I. Magnin, Dept. 266. Also at Colitti, Millburn NJ; Hattie. Earrings, Bill Schiffer. Bill Schiffer Gallery, NYC; Glitz, Los Angeles. Bracelet, Riviera Ltd. Vamps, NYC; Caché, Miami.
409: Turnout at Lord & Taylor, Dept. 216; I. Magnin, Dept. 55. Also at Alexander Beegle, Virginia Beach VA; Dayton's; John Freeman, Tyler TX; Bullock's. Bracelets wrist to cuff: small stones, Robert & Lynn for Coro Jewelry. Macy's, Herald Square. Larger stones, Richard A. Serbin. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Neiman-Marcus.
410: Swimsuit at Lord & Taylor, Dept. 28; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 28; I. Magnin, Dept. 219. Also at Filene's. Swimcap, Anne Cole Collection.
411: Swimsuit at Bonwit Teller, Dept. 77; I. Magnin, Dept. 219; Liberty House of Hawaii, Dept. 384.
412: Swimsuit at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 342; John Wanamaker, Dept. 4716; Montaldo's, Dept. 50; Frost Bros., Dept. 280. Swimcap, Speedo America. Paragon, NYC. Towel, Fieldcrest Mills. Lord & Taylor.
413: Swimsuit at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 373. Montaldo's, Dept. 58; Jordan Marsh, Dept. 143; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 28. Also at Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills. Swimcap and goggles, Speedo America. Morrie Mages Sports, Chicago.
414: Blouse, Bill Blass. Cap, Yumiko for LaCrasia. Bloomingdale's; Lois Geans, Magnolia AR.
415: Earmuffs at Nan Duskin.
416: Fur also at Furs by Gartenhaus, Chevy Chase MD; Kriegsman Furs, Greensboro NC; The Fur Centre, St. Louis MO; Roberts Furs, San Francisco. Hat, Jean Paul Gaultier. Bergdorf Goodman; Susan of Burligame, Burlingame CA. Earrings, Susan Cohan. Kruger Gallery, NYC. Perry Ellis Scarves. Altman's; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago.
417: Fur also at Robert Mann Furs, Southfield MI; Jonas Bros. Furs, Denver CO; Capriccio, La Jolla CA. Hat by David. Barneys New York; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Riviera sunglasses. Macy's, Herald Square. Earrings, Dennis Higgins. Artwear, NYC.
418: Fur also to order at Joseph Hamilton Furrier, Denver. Earrings, Aram and Elsa. Artwear, NYC. Matsuda gloves.
419: Shirt and tie, Paul Stuart, NYC. Hat, Patricia Underwood. Bergdorf Goodman; Filene's. Earrings, Mary Frost.
426-427: Negligee to order at Jackie Rogers Boutique, NYC.
429: Silk charmeuse short, $74. OMO Norma Kamali Boutique, NYC. Mirror at Bergdorf Goodman.
430-435: Hair, Gad Cohen of La Coupe Salon, NYC; makeup, Leslie Lopez.
430: Skirt and top, acetate/rayon. Skirt, $86; top, $60. December at Barneys New York; Garfinckel's, Dept. 37; Swansons on the Plaza; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 195; Bullock's. Accessories, Norma Kamali.
432: Antron/Lycra swimsuit, $62. OMO Norma Kamali Boutique, NYC. Accessories, Norma Kamali.
434: *Left:* OMO Norma Kamali Chinese silk shirt and skirt. Each $500. OMO Norma Kamali Boutique, NYC. Norma Kamali hat. *Right:* Shoes, Norma Kamali. Macy's, Herald Square.
435: *Left:* OMO Norma Kamali, cotton T-shirt, $10. Norma Kamali polyester/wool gauze skirt, $78. Both at OMO Norma Kamali Boutique, NYC. All accessories, Norma Kamali. *Right:* Cotton/acetate/nylon camisole. $56. Cotton T-shirt. Acetate/rayon shorts, $88. Camisole and shorts at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 772; Ultimo, Chicago; Swansons on the Plaza; Sanger Harris, Dallas; I. Magnin, Dept. 274. All accessories by Norma Kamali.
436: Fabric, rayon/metal. Fabric Plus, Garden City NY; Fabric Land, North Plainfield NJ; Eastern Costume, Greensboro NC. Earrings, Jay Feinberg. Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's. Edwardian silver-mounted tortoise hand mirror, circa 1910 at James II Galleries, NYC.
437: Fabric, lambswool/angora/nylon. Park East Sewing Center, NYC. Walter J. Penny Fine Fabrics, Atlanta; Promenade Fine Fabrics, New Orleans LA. Octagonal glass by William Gudenrath at Sointu, NYC. Biedermeier fruitwood chair, circa 1830 at Malmaison, NYC.
438: Pratesi sheets. Victorian oak and silver-plate tea tray circa 1880 at James II Galleries, NYC. Mason's ironstone breakfast cup and saucer, circa 1820 at James II Galleries, NYC. Spoon by Boda Nova at Sointu, NYC. Silver-plate German teaset by W.M.F., circa 1918 at Primavera Gallery, NYC.
439: Fabric at Park East Sewing Center, NYC: G. Street Fabrics, Rockville MD; Richard Brooks Fabrics, Dallas. Bracelet, Aram and Elsa. Artwear, NYC. Ruhlmann chaise longue, circa 1927 at Primavera Gallery, NYC.
456-457: "Les courses," 1928, gouache© Maison Bianchini Férier, Lyon, France. Composition Abstraite, aquarelle© Maison Bianchini Férier, Lyon, France. Chair, designed by Hester Diamond: courtesy of Holly Solomon Gallery, NYC. La Coupe Bleue, 1938: Musée National d'Art Moderne, Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris. "La Rue Pavoisée," 1906: SEF/Art Resource, NY. All photos© 1984 S.P.A-.D.E.M., Paris/V.A.G.A., New York.
464: Earrings, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Saks Fifth Avenue; La T Da, Dallas. Christian Dior Legwear.
465: Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 376; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 57. Bracelet, Valentino Night. Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA.
466: Silk/rayon dress at Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 57; Frost Bros., Dept. 520; Liberty House, Dept. 354. Also at D.H. Holmes, New Orleans LA. Earrings, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Panty stockings, Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon.
467: Dress at John Wanamaker, Dept. 4716; Sakowitz, Dept. 48. Also at Sara Fredericks, Fort Lauderdale FL. Bracelets, Aram and Elsa. Artwear, NYC. Christian Dior Legwear. Shoes, Walter Steiger.
468: Outfit at Altman's, Dept. 70; Montaldo's, Dept. 01; Sakowitz, Dept. 48; I. Magnin, Dept. 30. Also at Charles Sumner, Boston; Loretta Blum, Dallas; Giorgio, Beverly Hills. Earrings, Stephen Dweck. Altman's; Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY. Shoes, Stuart Weitzman for Mr. Seymour/Martinique.
469: Outfit at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 511; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 57. Earrings, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Ibiza, NYC. Bracelet, Scooter. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Shoes, Stuart Weitzman for Mr. Seymour/Martinique.
472: Earrings, Bill Schiffer. Bill Schiffer Gallery, NYC. Scarf around neck, The Honey Collection. Bloomingdale's. Necklace, Emanuel Ungaro. Scarf around collar, Kazuko Oshima. Artwear, NYC. Manicure, Elisabeth Drabinski.
473: Rhinestone earring on top at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Wing shaped earring on the bottom at Bergdorf Goodman. To order at Etc. at Village Sportswear, Mountain Brook AL.
474: Scarf, Kazuko Oshima at Artwear, NYC.
477: Turnout at Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 36; I. Magnin, Dept. 56. Also at Rich's; Swansons on the Plaza; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; Frederick & Nelson, Dept. 352. Belt, Calvin Klein. Glasses, Exotique. Morgenthal Opticians, NYC. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC.
478: Turnout at Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 50. Calvin Klein Scarves. Altman's. Bracelet and belt, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Bergdorf Goodman. Mespo Umbrellas. Panty stockings, Leg Looks by Burlington. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC.
479: Turnout at Rich's, (Jacket, Dept. 1606. Pants, Dept 2642); Jacobson's, Dept. 21; Frost Bros., Dept. 520. Also at Sara Fredericks at Bonwit Teller, Boston. Shoes, Geoffrey Beene.
480: Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 320; Kaufmann's, Dept. 815; Hudson's, Dept. 394; Dayton's, Dept. 361; I. Magnin, Dept. 54. Also at Tootsies, Houston; The Denver, Denver CO, Dept. 175.
481: Dress at Marshall Field's, Dept. 175; Frost Bros., Dept. 500; I. Magnin, Dept. 5248. Also at Higbee's, Cleveland OH; Lois Gean's, Magnolia AR; Nordstrom, Costa Mesa CA. Cuff, Martha Sturdy, Canada.
484: Panty stockings at La Rue de Rêve, Soho, New York; Joseph Magnin. Shoes at Eric Shoes, NYC. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

vogue patterns

Back views, yardages, details of pages 436-439

Dressing gown and pants: Vogue Pattern #9163. Sizes 8-18. Size 10. 9 yards of 44" fabric. $6.00. Canada, $7.30. **Angora robe and pyjama:** Butterick Pattern #6367. Sizes 34-38. Size 38: 6 yards of 42" fabric. $2.00. Canada, $2.10. **Wrap pyjama:** Vogue Pattern #9164. Sizes 8-18. Size 10: 6 yards of 45" fabric. $5.00. Canada, $7.00.

Sewing tips: Add shoulder pads to every item except classic white silk charmeuse pyjamas. Lengthen angora robe to floor. Eliminate front pocket from white silk charmeuse pyjama.



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